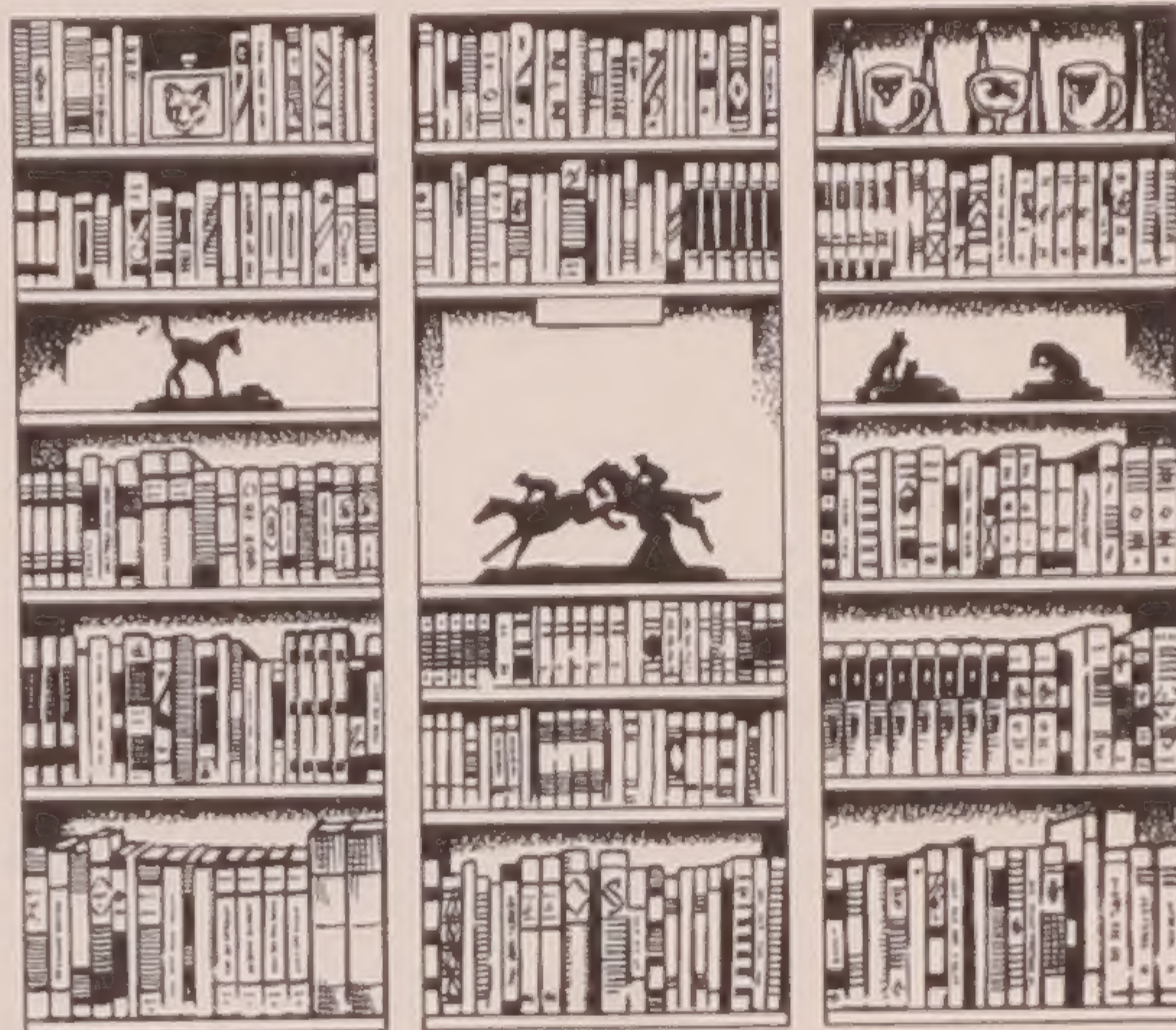


# ANOTHER CATCH



ARTHUR ST JOHN NEWBERRY





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# ANOTHER CATCH

More Fugitive Notes on Sport  
and Other Things.

By



Printed for the Writer by  
THE BRYAN PRINTING COMPANY  
CLEVELAND, OHIO







This book, published after the death of the author, is

No. 52

of a limited edition of seventy-five copies,  
and carrying out his wishes, is presented  
by his widow to

*John W. ...*

*C*

in his memory.







Pictures from photographs by the writer unless  
otherwise stated.

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Lionel C. Humphrey

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*To My Wife*  
*A Very Present Help in Trouble*







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*Freshly Caught Dolphin*







## P r e a m b l e

We all have experiences and ideas that might be interesting, and perhaps useful, to some one else, but, unless some permanent record is made, quick coming death puts them, as it puts all the rest of us, beyond reach. Hence arises the wish to express oneself in a lasting way, and the only thing that is indestructible, eternal and free from the limitations of time and space is an idea. Therefore one is impelled to write, so that possibly he may not all die, but a hand may reach back through the veil and now and then, perhaps, receive and give a friendly grasp.

Like my previous little book "Caught on the Fly," this successor is mainly devoted to Sport, with a few digressions toward more serious things. It has been written chapter by chapter, as events occurred, or were remembered, in the intervals of active work and while struggling to carry the burden of poor health. It may give pleasure and help to some to read it; to write it has given both to me. As these books will be given to my family and friends only, I have permitted myself a candor and frankness which might otherwise not be allowable.

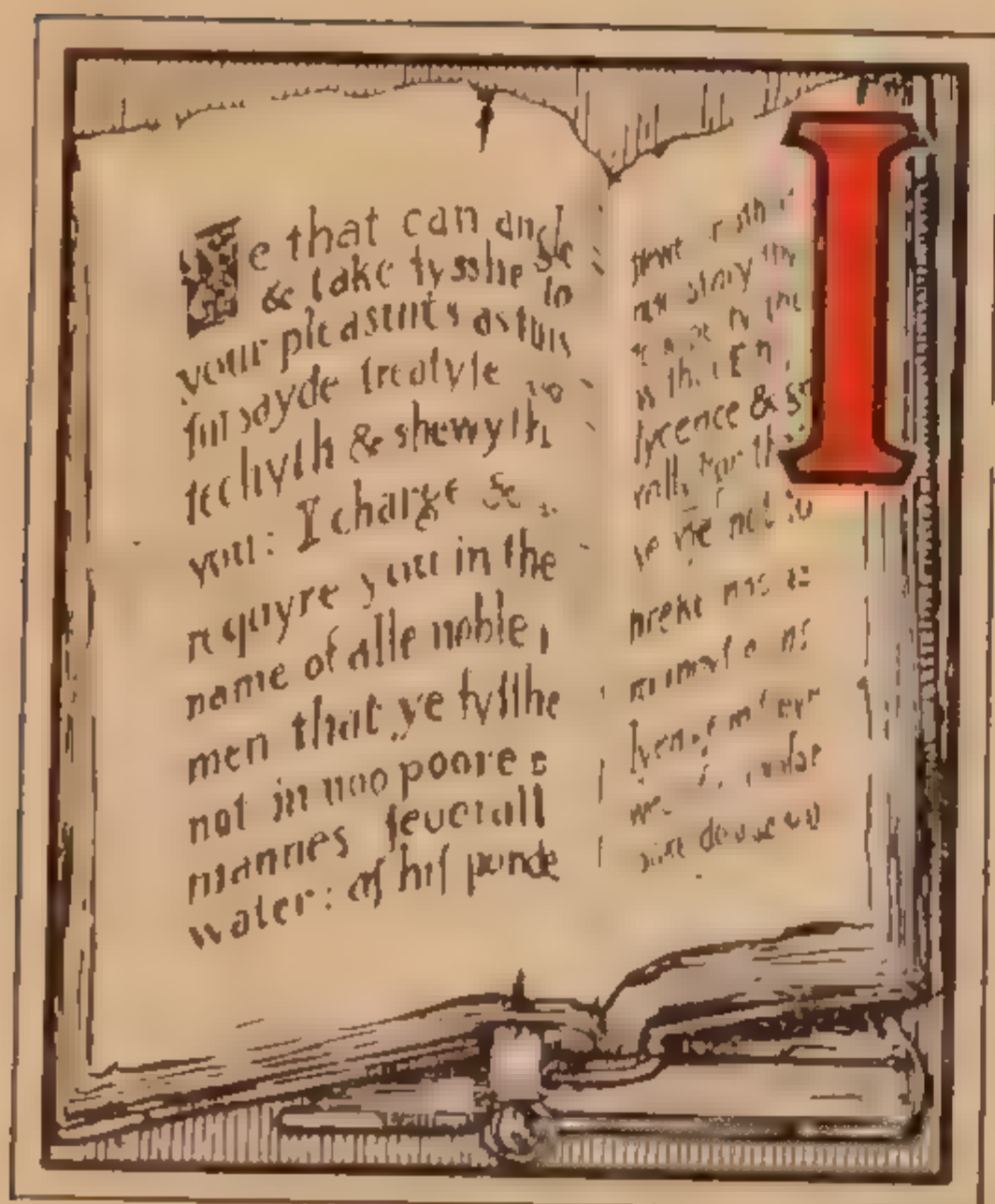
Cleveland, 1912.







# The Conduct of a Sportsman



**I**N 1496 there was printed at Westminster the "Book of St. Albans," containing with other matters a "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an angle," attributed to Dame Juliana Barnes, and being the oldest work on angling printed in English, if not in any language. It appears to scholars

that this book was merely a collection and hash up of much older work, among which was a manuscript of the early part of the fifteenth century, which is printed by W. Satchell & Co. of London in 1883, named as above, and differs slightly from the first printed version.

After a discussion of all sports, with their merits and demerits, and concluding that fishing by far exceeds any other sport, the writer proceeds to give full instructions as to making and use of tackle, manner, time and place for angling, kinds of fish and baits to use for each, list and description of flies; and ends with such wise and honorable advice to fishermen, words expressing so fully the true spirit of sport, that they should be familiar



to us all. Therefore this most helpful and admirable passage is placed at the beginning of this my book.

\* \* \* \*

“Here folowyth the order made to all those whiche shall haue the vnderstondynge of this forsayde treatyse & vse it for theyr pleasures.

Ye that can angle & take fysshe to your pleasures as this forsayde treatyse techyth & shewyth you: I charge & requyre you in the name of alle noble men that ye fysshe not in noo poore mannes seuerall water: as his ponde: stewe: or other necessary thynges to kepe fysshe in, wythout his lycence & good wyll. Nor that ye vse not to breke noo mannys gynnys lyenge in theyr weares & in other places due vnto theym. Ne to take the fysshe awaye that is taken in theym. For after a fysshe is taken in a mannys gynne yf the gynne be layed in the comyn waters: or elles in suche waters as he hireth, it is his owne propre goodes. And yf ye take it awaye ye robbe hym: whyche is a ryght shamfull dede to ony noble man to do that that theuys & brybours done: whyche are punysshed for theyr euyll dedes by the necke & otherwyse whan they



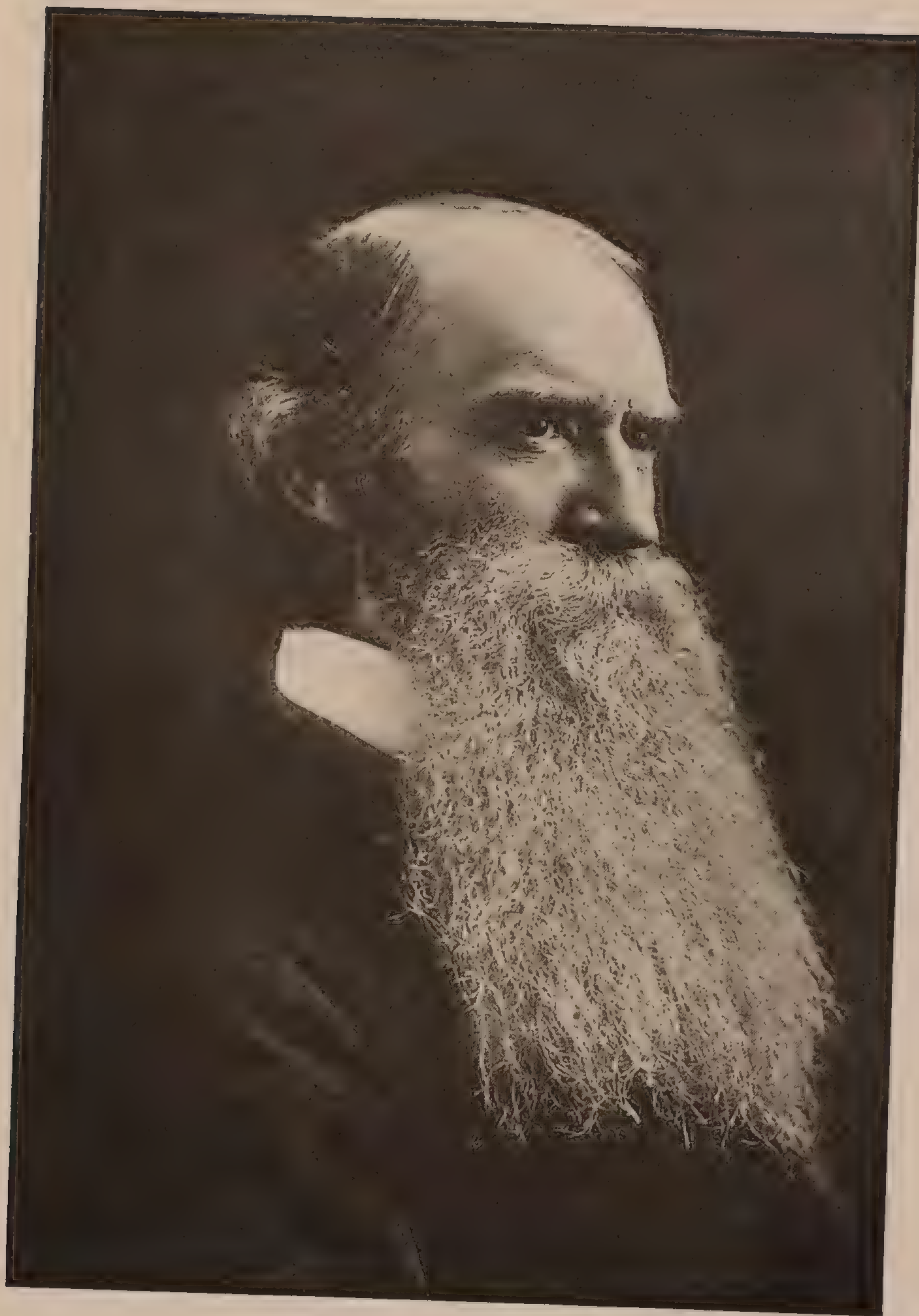
maye be aspyed & taken. And also yf ye doo in lyke mannere as this treatyse shewyth you: ye shal haue no nede to take of other menys: whiles ye shal haue ynough of yowr owne takyng yf ye lyst to labour therfore whyche shal be to you a very pleasure to se the fayr bryght shynyng scalyd fysshes dysceyued by your crafty meanes and drawen vpon londe. Also that ye breke noo mannys heggys in goynge abowte your dysportes: ne opyn noo mannes gates but that ye shytte theym agayn. Also ye shall not vse this forsayd crafty dysporte for no couetysenes to the encreasyng & sparyng of your money oonly, but pryncypally for your solace & to cause the helthe of your body, and specyally of your soule. For whanne ye purpoos to goo on your dysportes in fysshynge ye woll not desyre gretly many persones wythe you, whiche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye maye serue god deuowtly in sayenge affectuosly youre custumable prayer. And thus doynge ye shall eschewe & voyde many vyces, as ydylnes whyche is pryncypall cause to enduce man to many other vyces, as it is ryght well knowen. Also ye shall not be to rauenous in takyng of your sayd game, as to moche at one tyme; whyche ye maye lightly doo yf ye doo in euery poynt as this present treatyse shewyth you in euery poynt, whyche sholde lightly be occasyon to dystroye your owne dysportes & other mennys also. As whan ye haue a sufficyent mese ye sholde coueyte no more as at that tyme. Also ye shall



besye yourselfe to nouryssh the game in all that  
ve maye: & to dystroye all suche thynges as ben  
denourers of it. And all those that done after this  
rule shall haue the blessinge of god & saynt Peter,  
wyche he theym grannt that wyth his precyous  
blood vs bought."







*Dr. John S. Newberry*







## Boyhood Days



MY father and mother were of New England stock, their families emigrating from Dorchester, Mass. to Windsor, Connecticut in 1636 and staying in that little town until the West opened about 1824, when they were part of the emigrants to the Western Reserve of Ohio. My grandfather settled at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, on account of the water power there and my father had a college and medical school education, at Hudson and Cleveland and, soon after his marriage, about 1848, spent a year or two in France. Then he practiced medicine for a while, but was drawn, by his love of science and of out-door life, to take part first in the original U. S. Survey of the Colorado River, and later in that of Northern California and Oregon, away back in the fifties. During the War he was Secretary of the Western Department of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, was made Chief Geologist of the Ohio Geological Survey by Governor Hayes about its end, and was later appointed Professor of Geology and Palaeontology in the School of Mines, Columbia College, New York, which po-



sition he held to his death in 1892. He had a keen sense of humor, a tender heart and a great love for all wild nature, which seem to have come down to me; also a gift for making friends, which led the boys at the College to call him "Uncle John" and to go to him in all their troubles. My mother was a woman of brilliant intellect, a housekeeper of the old-fashioned kind, doing much of her own work, and a family of six boys and a girl, with only a professional man's income to bring them up on, gave her little leisure for pursuits outside of her home. She was not naturally of a demonstrative nature, and I remember no evidences of affection from her, though perhaps none were deserved, until my father's death left me in a way the head of the family, and she grew to depend on me as I did once on her.

All we boys and especially the elder ones were full of mischief, not from evil tendencies but from a spirit of adventure, and I fear were a terror to the neighborhood. Certainly boys nowadays have quieted down, and leave untouched opportunities for adventure that we would have gone miles to avail ourselves of. We were brought up in the old school, very respectful to our parents in their presence and free as air when out of their view, had little or no money and so had to make' our own pleasures, all the keener for that, and all grew up with-



out coming into serious conflict with the law, at which I am not infrequently surprised.

About 1860 we moved into the brick house built by my grandfather, Mr. E. F. Gaylord, on the north side of Prospect Street, the site of which is now covered by the southwestern corner of the Colonial Hotel. There was quite a garden around this house with many fruit trees, apples, pears, plums, peaches, apricots, and a grape arbor, all of which we climbed over and fell off of, and at the north end was a barn belonging to one of the Euclid Avenue houses. There was at first a lumber yard on the corner of Sheriff and Prospect St., extending eastward to our premises, and a sort of wood yard and paint shop, owned by a Mr. Heard, on the southeast corner of Euclid and Sheriff St., over which the Opera House was built later. I was born in a little house on the westerly side of Sheriff St., which has long since disappeared, but the first home I recall was a little frame house on the south side of Woodland Avenue, just east of Perry St. On the southwesterly corner of Sheriff Street and Euclid Avenue stood old St. Paul's church, west of which was a stone yard and the whole of lower Euclid Avenue was filled with residences and one or two vacant lots. When I was about ten or twelve years old St. Paul's church built on a new site on the corner of Case and Euclid Avenues and the destruction of the old church was begun, leaving the belfry and bell accessible, which tempted us so that that bell was kept ringing a good



deal of the time. The noise proved a public nuisance and a policeman was placed on the corner to prevent its continuance, which of course was simply a temptation to us wicked boys to try our wits against the powers of the law. We therefore watched the policeman until he had gone to luncheon, then scrambled up to the belfry, made a loop of weak cord around the end of the clapper, to this was attached a strong piece of twine, which was thrown out of one of the belfry windows and carried over the top of a barn about a hundred or more yards off, on the further slope of the roof of which we waited the return of the officer of the law. When he came back and began to pace his beat a steady pull on the cord started the bell tolling. The officer rushed into the church, shouting exultantly, "I've got you now! Come down, you little devils, come down!" and the bell continued solemnly to toll. Expressing in violent language his opinion of boys in general and doubtless ourselves in particular, he started up the stairs, but, just before he reached the belfry, a violent pull snapped the weak cord, the whole line was swiftly drawn away to where we were concealed and, when the door swung open, the astonished officer found himself in a room occupied by a still quivering bell, but otherwise absolutely void. It was some time before he reappeared, scratching his head and doubtless suspecting that some evil power had been at work; meanwhile we wicked youngsters rolled on the roof of the barn in spasms of laughter.



Along the west side of our place an alley ran northward for about a hundred and fifty feet, upon which abutted the rear of the Sheriff Street lots, of which most were occupied by a brick block owned by the Brainard family, among which were two red headed boys with whom I and my brothers were sometimes at peace and sometimes at war, not for any particular reason that I can recall except mere boyishness. During one of the periods of warfare our neighbors built themselves a play house, as was the fashion of boys then, in which they installed their desks, tables, book-cases and other cherished possessions. After the house was completed, furnished and occupied, our own party devoted a Saturday to a long expedition into the woods, bringing back a basket, tightly covered, holding eight or ten good sized snakes of the common species. These we kept in store until we had seen our enemies start off for church, when we invaded their sacred premises, stowed a snake in every available drawer or cupboard, retreated behind our own fence and waited for the return of our victims. At last they arrived and headed right for their little house, from which in a few minutes came a tremendous racket, with shrieks and other language, very emphatic and irate, while we choked down our laughter and revelled in a pure and sacred joy.

At somewhat near four or five years old I had climbed one of the apple trees and, to astonish my small brother, swung off from a branch fifteen feet



or so from the ground, and hung by my hands. Unfortunately I hung just a little too long and, when I tried to swing back again, found that my strength was not equal to it. My elder brother scrambled hastily up the tree and did his very best to pull me up, but the dead lift and disadvantageous position were too much for him. I felt sure it would be death to fall and so hung on desperately, but at last the sheer weight proved too great, my grasp loosened little by little until my hands opened and, doubtless with one last helpless shriek, I fell. But there was no terrible sequel, only a sharp bump, a moment's confusion, and a very shamefaced small boy gathering himself up from the grass totally unhurt.

We had heard about trapezes as an arrangement of ropes and a stick, so nothing would do but that we should hang one on the branches of the old apple tree but, in our ignorance, the lines were made fast in the center of the stick instead of at the end, and one day we learned our error by practical demonstration. It was my big brother, familiarly called "Shanks" on account of his six feet three, who was swinging at that psychological moment, and as he reached the extreme outward end of the arc the stick broke, and he sailed off into space, desperately gripping the broken ends, with a face stamped with astonishment and horror, landing in a sitting position with force enough to make a dent in the ground several inches deep. Did I rush to aid him? Alas no! I dropped to the ground, shrieking and rolling with





*Old Newberry House, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio*







uncontrollable laughter, and was only recalled to the true situation when he began to recover from the shock, glare balefully, and gather himself up with blood in his eye. Then recalled to the need of action for my own safety, I scrambled up and fled to the house for refuge, making the haven by a scant second.

My first clearly remembered schooling was in the Prospect Street School, where a large red haired lady kept a hundred small boys in order, no small job, but wasted little time in teaching after modern ideas. Then we were sent to Eagle Street School, and finally put in two years at the old High School, later the Cleveland Public Library, and now vanished. Then I had two years at Exeter, entered Harvard, without conditions, in 1872, graduated in 1876 and was soon after admitted to the office of Hon. R. P. Ranney, to study law, and later was employed in collecting rentals for a large estate, succeeding Hon. Myron T. Herrick, now ambassador to France, and this was the start of a lifelong friendship, while my income of six hundred dollars per year was the beginning of my independence and thereafter I stood on my own feet. Having been admitted to the Ohio bar in 1878 my family all soon left me, going first to Europe for a year or two and then making their home in New Haven, so from that time until my marriage in 1880, a most happy one, I was alone and self-dependent, until others began to depend upon me. From my mother I took a strong literary taste,



a highly nervous organization, and a defective stomach, the first of which has been the joy of my life, as the last has been its curse, at least I have had keenness of suffering, as a companion to eagerness of enjoyment, and whether this is a blessing or a curse is apt to depend on one's judgment of the world. Fortunately I do not believe we are here for joy or sorrow, but to do our work, and the greatest joy seems to me to do such work and do it well.

A keen interest in animals, birds, trees, flowers, and all the rest of nature, both organic and inorganic life, a mighty love for the outdoor world, were part of my inheritance from my father and, so soon as books were open to me, which was early, everything that his rather extensive library held about such subjects was greedily devoured and all holidays were as a matter of course spent in the open. The fundamental instinct of the chase, coming down from the time when our earliest progenitors, man and beast, sought to destroy other lives that their own might be preserved, was strong in me and, until years taught me mercy, I took a great many lives, which I wish it were now possible to restore, though wanton destruction or cruelty was never a temptation, so far as I can recall.

In eighteen hundred and sixty, when I was seven years old, Cleveland was but a little town embowered in trees and called "The Forest City," and the real country, with its wild life, was within easy walking distance, so every Saturday in spring, summer and



fall, my brothers and myself, usually with another boy or more, would start out on foot for a long day, fishing, nutting, shooting when we grew old enough to carry guns, but always getting away from the town, training our young bodies by long tramps, breathing the good fresh air, and continually learning something new and interesting. Even winter did not stop us, for we tracked many a rabbit to his pile of brush or hollow log, though so far as I can remember we found very few at home; but we could always build and defend snow forts, and skating on river lake, canal, and later upon a park on the flats, was a constant joy. The best skating was on the river, though the old canal, which then entered the Cuyahoga close to the present Superior Street Viaduct, was a favorite with us also. The Lake ice was apt to be wobbly and broken into hummocks, and if the wind changed to the South was likely to float away bodily. After a bunch of us had been caught by such a change of wind, and had to jump a four foot crack to get to shore at all, we did not try skating on the lake again.

Of course we played marbles, gathered pinch bugs and put them into a tin can, from which they would shake out in a solid mass, each one hanging tightly to his neighbor, made kites and flew them, and the days were too short for our many occupations. Once we made a very big kite, flew it in a strong wind with a clothes line cord, and it lifted me



several feet into the air before the sticks broke with the strain and let me down with a bump.

I vividly remember, when quite a small boy, seeing great flocks of birds, looking like dark clouds and each numbering hundreds of thousands, if not millions, all crossing the city toward the southwest, one or more flocks being always in sight. These were the famous passenger pigeons on migration, still numberless though already much scarcer than a few years before, when no one used a gun for pigeons, a stick being quite sufficient to secure all that were wanted, or so the older men told me. When I had grown big enough to be trusted with firearms the flocks were much further reduced and rarely exceeded fifty or so, but were still numerous, following the old course, and everybody that could get and use a gun lay in wait for them in the spring. Standing at any point east of the city, where there was a reasonably good outlook and one was not actually in a valley, a flock would pass over and within reasonable shot every few minutes, though they were apt to seem nearer than they really were, and by no means every barrel brought down its bird. Through the summer pigeons were not uncommon in the woods, generally perching on trees so high that our cylinder guns, for this was before the days of choke bores, were often ineffective. On Put-in-Bay Island, Lake Erie, where many of my boyhood's summers were spent, we found and slew a good many of these birds up to about the year eighteen hundred and seventy. The



passenger pigeon had the strange habit that, if so many were shot as to break up the flock, the few survivors would gather together and perch on the nearest tree. I had always heard this stated to be the case and once saw it happen just east of Cleveland, when a flock of thirty or forty birds, while crossing a peach orchard full of guns, was reduced to six, the survivors dropped on a branch near me, well within range, and, I regret to say, my last barrel brought down five of the remnant.

The Cuyahoga river even so early was badly tainted with oil, and most of the fish caught from it were too strongly flavored with kerosene to be edible. The Cuyahoga canal was yet free from this taint and was a favorite ground for the quiet bank fisherman. We, however, despised this pursuit and only sought fish in the canal when it had been drained for repairs. They would congregate in the few comparatively shallow pools remaining, in which we made great catches, using improvised spears, composed of a ten foot pine stick, with two big hooks straightened out and screwed and lashed on opposite sides of one end, barbs in, and so took sunfish, rock bass, perch and now and then a real black bass.

It was then the custom, and may be now, to anchor large boats in the lake just outside the harbor, and give minnows, tackle, and half a day's fishing for twenty-five cents a person, and this sport appealed to us very strongly when we had been able to save,



or otherwise raise, the price. One fished in twenty-five feet of water, with a two ounce sinker and stout line fastened to a twelve inch stick, and caught blue pike, yellow pike, perch, ling, and sometimes herring or black bass, and it was not uncommon for each of us to carry home a peck or more. The blue pike we firmly believed to be a different species from the yellow pike, as it certainly looked, though I believe the closet naturalists find no structural differences, and it then often ran up to a weight of three pounds or so, which seems to be rarely reached in these degenerate days.

My first speckled trout was taken at about twelve years, in a highly surreptitious not to say criminal manner. What were called "Water Cures," using the "Hydropathic" treatment, were still flourishing then, and a large one, run and operated of course by a crank, stood at the edge of the slopes of the valley of "Kingsbury Run," then a charming woodland brook overhung by great black walnut trees and bordered with wild flowers, now a hideous trench, running oil and sludge acid, overhung by smoke and stench, and bordered by oil refineries. A draw, down which flowed some cold springs, had been dammed, forming a lake of perhaps two acres, which was filled with pond fish of all the ordinary kinds and the cold water had permitted some trout to be introduced and to flourish there also. Fishing in this pond was strictly forbidden, and this of course added another



temptation to the natural charm of the sport, the combination being too great for any really enterprising boy to withstand. One day I was in all apparent innocence throwing scraps to the fish, when some of these big trout were stirred into action and began taking the scraps with such rushes as to throw themselves clear of the water. A line was quietly slipped out of a handy pocket and a baited hook substituted for the preceding fragments of food. Then came a fierce rush and jerk, a darting to and fro, a big flopping fish was yanked from the pond and dropped on the grass, where a boy fell on him, clasped him to his bosom, and fled wildly with the booty. Doubtless this was an awful crime, but all men, and especially boys, are more or less bandits when you get deep enough down, perhaps not for the plunder but for the adventure. I have loved trout and trout fishing ever since, and the water cure was a good deal of a humbug anyway, so this particular offense does not trouble my conscience much now.

Neither my older brother nor I were fond of getting up early in the morning, so the responsibility of our Saturday outings was divided, we furnishing the dog and the lunch and somebody else acting as alarm clock. On Friday night one of us would make fast to his arm a piece of strong twine, sufficiently long to go through the window and reach the ground, and this the awakener for the day, one of our school-boy friends, who was an early riser, would about sun-



rise haul until a yell from above advised him that the necessary effect had been produced. Then came a hasty toilet and breakfast, all punctuated by the enthusiastic howls of our old dog, who knew the weekly holiday better than we did and encircled the beginning of our march singing hymns of joy and triumph. Our muzzle loading guns, copper powder flasks, long leather shot pouches and copper caps would seem a queer and cumbersome equipment nowadays, but were the correct thing then and entirely satisfactory to us who knew nothing better. We must have made an odd procession through the streets, but the town was small and conventionalities not furiously insisted upon, it was too early for the critical to be out, and we, happy, were full of the joy and confidence of the very young, so questions or doubts about appearances never troubled us one bit. Sometimes we struck off to the west along the lake shore toward Rocky River, perhaps getting a snipe or two, or even a duck along the old riverbed, then an unimproved marsh, now a mass of ore docks and railroad switches, and in the farms and woodlands beyond sometimes finding a pigeon or even a quail or two. I remember two special events happening in this territory. Once we found, in and around a small pond and marsh, quite a lot of rail, both the Carolina and Virginia, and took home a dozen or more, being the first I had ever seen. Evidently a flock on migration had been overtaken by daylight and dropped into the handiest refuge available. It was capital



sport to kick them out of the bushes, try to accurately intersect their short and irregular flight, and look them up in "Wilson's Birds," of which a beautiful colored copy was our most valued book, after we got home.

One day in the early fall we met here something that I have never seen before or since, that is a migration flight of hawks, all traveling eastward along the lake shore, flying low through the trees, and so numerous that some were always in sight; about all our ordinary hawks were included and plainly actuated by a common purpose, which I have always supposed to be the following of an eastern migration of pigeons. Hawks are by no means common with us and to see six or eight nearby within one day would be notable, so to have seen a thousand or more in a single afternoon, as we did, was certainly remarkable and due to some extraordinary cause.

It was not often that many squirrels formed part of our bag, perhaps because we hurried through the woods too noisily and without caution enough, for they were certainly not scarce. In early days the Black squirrel was not infrequent, one having been a pet of mine for several years, at first in a cage, then turned loose to make a home in a big hickory, from which he would always appear, eager for nuts, when his name was called. The last black squirrel disappeared very long ago, and we then for a while saw nothing but grays. These in turn were succeeded



by the little Red, who waged an incessant warfare against the larger species, and now seem to have driven them out by sheer numbers and persistence, so that I think a gray is now rarely if ever found around Cleveland. One day I heard a great racket some way off, crept up cautiously, and finding a big gray being pursued by several reds, got a fair chance and dropped him. On picking up the game I found a hole in the side skin, with the hair all gnawed away from around it, through which showed something black, stiff and movable. On cutting the hole wider this proved to be a pupa, about half an inch in diameter, but which unfortunately I cannot further identify. Evidently some insect had stung the animal, laid an egg in the wound, the larva had hatched, grown and undergone the pupal change, the efforts of the host to dislodge it having been unsuccessful. Probably this is not uncommon but I never heard of or saw such a case before or since.

It will be plain that we did not confine ourselves entirely to what is strictly considered game, and, although we preferred grouse, quail or duck, were not above taking a good many other lives that I now wish had been spared. I remember especially that I wanted to shoot a crow and could never get within shot of the watchful things. Finally, seeing several of them a good way off, I hid behind a rail fence and got my friends to make a wide circle and drive. It was a great success, for the birds came directly over



me and, though they cawed loudly and flew their best when I rose under them with gun ready, it was too late for one of them to get away. This is the only crow I ever killed and I was not more than fourteen years old, so perhaps I may be pardoned.

East of the city, over what is now Euclid Heights and around the Shaker Lakes was another favorite ground. About where Cedar Avenue and Seventy-second Street now cross, all open country then, my first ruffed grouse rose to my left and flew straight across me, perhaps thirty feet away. I fear the gun was poked out in his general direction and fired without much attempt at aim, but at any rate it cut a small section out of his backbone which was quite adequate to stop him. In the valley of Doan Brook, quite near Euclid Avenue, I once saw a large flock of robins, with a curious light colored bird among them. Having stalked and shot him, he turned out to be an "Albino," white where a robin is red or gray, and grayish where he is dark, and his skin is now preserved in the museum of Columbia College, New York.

Some miles up the valley of Doan Brook, and far out in the country then stood the Shaker settlements, the two artificial lakes furnishing water power to the mills that turned the handles for their famous brooms. We often stopped there for bread and milk, and were interested in the queer little community, odd dresses, and notably the colors of the houses,



which were painted pink, green, purple, or any other color that happened to be handy. East and north of the lakes was a dense woodland where were a good many woodcock in the proper season, and ducks and waders were not uncommon on and around the water.

But our favorite territory was the valley of the Cuyahoga River and we covered every foot of it, beginning at the old skating park, bordering on what is now Centre Street, and extending as far as we could walk and yet be able to get back home in a day, the eight mile lock on the old canal being about our limit. Here we found game, at times, of about all kinds, and had a series of adventures too long to even begin to tell; ordinary enough they would be now though they were thrilling then. It was in a little grassy meadow near what we called the "Beech Woods," that I walked into my first bunch of quail, and was so startled at the whirring all around that it never occurred to me to shoot, in fact I had no idea what in the world was making such a racket. It was half a mile or so below that we found half a dozen ruddy ducks in the river, and one by one shot them all, for they would not fly more than a few yards at a time. The woods held pigeons and doves, the old bayous, "horseshoe ponds" we called them, produced a duck, plover or snipe every now and then, and some wooded swampy tracts were a pretty sure find for summer woodcock. So every Saturday or other holi-





*E. S. N., W. E. N., R. T. N. and W. B. N.*







day a troop of us started off somewhere, spent the whole day in vigorous exercise in the open, carried and devoured with relish a hearty cold lunch, had a series of adventures greater or less but all interesting, and tramped wearily but happily homeward through the dusk, to where the big silver tureen full of stewed oysters, or something as good, if anything truly is, awaited our robust youthful appetites. It is my perhaps presumptuous opinion that every healthy and normal boy would rejoice in such expeditions, and that his health and normalness are directly proportionate to the extent of his inclination to such natural and wholesome pleasures, rather bloody in their purpose but rarely sufficiently so in result to seriously lessen the life of the world, or to wither the kindlier feelings that succeed the thoughtless cruelty of boyhood.

A cluster of some twenty islands, large and small, lies in western Lake Erie, and when I was about twelve my father bought a place on Put-in-Bay, so named from its connection with Perry's battle, and there were spent several summers following. This island and the others were all naturally of considerable beauty, a great resort for ducks and for the notable black bass, and when we first came had not been much disfigured by transient trippers, the only hotel being a very small and modest one. At the distance of say a hundred yards from shore an unceasing column of vociferous terns circled the



island from morning to night, flying so closely that it seemed as if a shot anywhere must kill several, though experience showed that it did not. These swarms nested on adjoining reefs, ranged anywhere for food, and seemed absolutely countless, but today are represented by a few survivors only, much less than one in a thousand to the best of my remembrance. Our place bore a comfortable house, too small to hold our large family, so we bigger boys set up some iron beds in the hayloft of the old barn, making this our bedroom, which was not bad, for summer, even though the bats did fly around pretty freely and have to be subdued with brooms when they were particularly numerous. Here we hunted, fished, and did the thousand things that healthy boys find to take up every moment of their time until we scattered to school or college. One day having seen a small duck settle in a marsh by the neck of East point, I induced my big brother to lend me his gun and let me go after it, pushed carefully through a belt of willows, came out on the edge of a hidden little pool, and was greeted by the roar of wings of a dozen great mallards leaping from the water. The gun was, I fear, held blindly in their general direction, and the trigger pulled without any exact aim, nevertheless its bang was followed by a cascade out of the sky and a splendid big, flapping, broken-winged mallard lay at my mercy. I hastily quieted this enormous prize, my first duck, for fear he should get away, when another dozen, who had not minded the



first shot, rose just round a little corner of bushes. But that was a detail only; I bore my prize home in triumph, and the same thicket and pond yielded us many more ducks afterward.

The eastern and central parts of the island were practically all divided into farms and cultivated, but the western third was nearly all forest, along the edges of which, and especially around a pond near the western point of the bay, wild pigeons were not uncommon, and I remember that my very first was killed with an old-fashioned horse pistol, which threw a charge of shot with quite sufficient accuracy and force for twenty-five or thirty yards. In the high and dry woods toward South Point we found woodcock numerous in the fall and got a good many when old enough to make good practice at such man's game. Nearly the whole west shore consisted of limestone cliffs, twenty feet high or so, from which great blocks had fallen into the lake, making enticing underwater crevices and caves, abundantly occupied by rock bass, large sunfish, and semi-occasionally a real black bass, though the latter were found freely only in the spring and fall and over rocky reefs and points. With a light cane pole, line of about the same length and no sinker, we would creep along the cliffs, dropping a grasshopper or black cricket on the surface in likely places, and the rock bass or big sunfish would take it with a rush not unlike a trout's. Among the weeds, through the channels and



over the reefs inside the bay we took perch, pike, an occasional bass and many "amia" (dog fish) with minnows, and trolling with a spoon around points and over reefs would sometimes produce something worth while.

These islands being of limestone formation abound in caves, cracks, crannies and hiding places, large and small, suitable for all kinds of wild life. Not infrequently I ran across foxes, and once met something considerably more dangerous. While fishing on the west cliffs an uncommon racket in the usually silent woods announced the coming of human beings, the only living thing that never can be still, and presently there appeared a squad of boys and girls, some of whom I knew. Joining them we all went on through the rather rough woods until one of the girls stood and waited for us near a small log, looked down on the ground close by her feet, gave a squeal and darted back to us, too much frightened at first to speak coherently; but after awhile calmed down enough to say something about a big snake. Going forward very cautiously I made out, close by the log and with head lying over it, a long strip of brown and black crossed by bands of yellowish diamonds, which could mean nothing but a rattlesnake in his new coat. Of course the temptation to show off before those girls was pretty strong to a young male, and the knowledge that a rattler is inclined to be sluggish after casting his skin helped to keep me



from being much alarmed, so I carefully cut a four foot stick, crept up on tiptoe, ready to jump back, took the very carefulest of aims, and put in the vital first blow square on top of that flat and ugly head. Then crotalus woke up, buzzed his rattles and wiggled all he knew, but was at a hopeless disadvantage against the shower of blows that followed the first and soon left him limp and quiet; and there came to my flattered ears, in almost breathless voices, the sweet words, "Isn't he brave." This snake was four feet long, had seven rattles, and is the only one that I have ever met that was certainly a rattlesnake, though there are doubts about several others.

Among our other tastes for nature we cared also for geology and by this taste were once brought into a rather ludicrous predicament. On little Green Island, half a mile to the west, belonging to the government, bearing a light and inhabited only by its keeper and his family, there was quite a deposit of sulphate of strontia, "Celestite," differing from the ordinary in that the crystals, instead of showing the bright blue color from which the mineral takes its name, are transparent. A fine pocket of these existed on the south cliffs and three of us, getting a boat, tent, camp outfit, and supplies, with picks, bars and wedges, started over to plunder its contents. We made our camp and then put in a whole long day quarrying down the face of those cliffs, struck into the pocket from above, cleared it of its treasures, and, as the



sun began to sink low, hungry, tired, but happy, went joyously home to prospective supper and bed, and found the doorway of our little tent occupied by the rear elevation of a cow. Of course we bombarded her with everything within reach, limestone chunks of handy size being plenty, but they seemed to produce no particular effect beyond driving her off, and then we discovered that the hateful beast had devoured every last fragment of our grub, and the sun set over the tragedy.

In desperation the others set out on the almost hopeless task of catching a fish for food, but I, wiser, sought the lighthouse keeper and laid before him the story of our sorrow and the perfidy of his cow. He heard me with a sympathetic air and then declared, "That cow is possessed of the devil! She has the whole of the lake to drink from and a good road down to it, yet, when the tubs of bluing water are set out on wash day, she will drink them dry just to spoil her milk!" Then he opened his heart and his pantry and produced cold chicken, bacon, coffee, bread, cake, doughnuts, eggs and canned peaches, enough for supper and breakfast too; and I gave him my blessing and went back to greet the poor unsuccessful fishermen, struggling up through the bushes in the dark, with the most joyful sight they could possibly have had just about then. So the next morning, weary of that calamitous island and its beasts, we borrowed a few eggs, a chicken or two and some fresh vegetables, omitting the trifling form of asking

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the consent of the owner, and sailed away to another isle. Some might criticise us for this, but they have forgotten that their and our ancestors, if you go far back enough, were undoubtedly pirates and that boys are prone to revert to the primitive type.

On this same trip we had sailed around the East point and were coasting along shore a mile or more out when it began to grow very black to the westward. Down came our mast and sail, two pair of oars were shipped and we started for land as fast as we could, but when still three quarters of a mile from it the squall struck us, dead ahead, and with a fury that I have rarely seen equalled. Close by was a big pound stake driven into the bottom and, by rowing our very hardest, changing hands when one of us got played out, we just managed to hold the boat level with that stake and to avoid drifting out to sea, where we would certainly have been swamped in a few minutes. For at least half an hour, and it seemed a good deal longer, we pulled our very hardest without gaining a foot but, just when it seemed as if there wasn't another stroke left in us, the squall dropped as rapidly as it had risen, and we got into shore in a few minutes. I have always thought this my closest squeak, and that if it had not been that we were in the lee of the island, where the waves could not reach any size, we would have been certainly swamped and drowned.

Of course as we grew from boys into young men, had a little more money and cared a little more for



appearances, we had less hardship and less fun, less exertion and less adventure, the long tramps of our boyhood gave way to more ambitious expeditions by street car, rail or boat and, instead of doing the work ourselves and glorying in it, we were not ashamed to depend on packers, guides and boatmen. Thus we got less work, more fish and game, but undoubtedly far less happiness. Joy comes from youth, from work well done and from the affections, not from the things you have, least of all the amount of money you have heaped up.

From this boyish training we got a good working knowledge of all our common beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes, flowers, fruits, trees and plants, with their respective habitat, habits, colors, notes and other qualities, much of which has stayed with us even to this late day, and has been an ever renewed source of interest and pleasure.







*Elizabeth Newberry, and Shot*







## Some Dogs



THE current saying—"The more I see of men the more I think of dogs"—has its origin and justification in a fundamental difference. Few men, however strong their affections, give the constant, devoted and self-sacrificing love that one accepts, as a matter of course, from his dog.

Practically no man is capable of perfect frankness, even with himself, much less can he always be truthful towards others, while one is never for an instant in doubt as to the thought and feeling manifest in the eyes of the dog, through which there shines such a true and earnest soul as you may long vainly seek among humanity. All dogs are truthful and sincere, and nearly all, at least towards men, are courteous, kindly and as friendly as they are permitted to be; so it is the duty of every man, "*exceptis excipiendis*," to respect and admire the great qualities which every dog contains and, if he be so happy that one shall come to love him, to respond to that love to the best of his power, for love is the greatest thing in the world.



From boyhood and through manhood I have known and loved many dogs, once mine and now coming to be called my children's, and it has been my privilege to have the friendship of some very admirable canine gentlemen and ladies. Part of the characters and careers of some of these still lingers in my memory, and I shall try to faithfully set down a few episodes in the life of each as they come back to me.

"Shot" must have lived with us from about my twelfth to my fifteenth year; a very large black and white setter, well along in years and decided in his notions, but wildly fond of sport, untiring, thoroughly trained in the art, having a remarkably keen nose and being a highly capable retriever. Being naturally impetuous he sometimes overran his birds, maturity not having cooled the fire in his blood, but this was almost his only fault in the field. Coming to us as a full grown dog, and perhaps being rather cold by nature, he never became so devoted to us personally as some dogs are to their masters, but was nevertheless our faithful, loyal and useful companion for three years or more. He slept in the cellar under the kitchen and, every Saturday, very early in the morning, when we descended for our hasty breakfast before starting for a holiday in the open, the first footstep would start a series of howls which never ceased until he was allowed to join us, would subside into whines of joy while he ate with us and,



when the door at last opened and we went out into the dawn, would break into whoops, shrieks and yells as he pranced around us, mad with the joy of living and making the whole world resound with his paeans of rapture. No tramp was too long and no weather too severe for Shot, none of the few real game trails we came across were too difficult for him to puzzle out, and never did I see him fail to bring in a dead or wounded bird, no matter how long the swim, how cold and full of ice the water, or how high the waves ran. Of all his achievements I distinctly remember only one, when he started after two ducks, one dead and one wing tipped, passed the dead, caught the wounded one after a long chase, and then swam back round a point, picked up the dead bird, and brought them both in together; but one may be sure that the cleverest, ablest and strongest of setters would not have been disgraced by old Shot's record.

Distemper usually comes in youth, but attacked Shot in his maturity, made a very sick dog of him, and left behind a partial paralysis of the hind quarters. As he did not seem to improve we finally arranged to send him to a friend who lived on a farm in Northern Illinois, hoping that country life might bring him back to health. The family already possessed a cross-bred collie and a very large black and tan, who had not been consulted about another dog, so the new arrival was greeted by a fierce attack from them both and, being sick and weary, Shot got



out of the way as best he might. For weeks and months he took a very retiring attitude, intruding on his predecessors as little as possible, until plentiful food, pure air and, perhaps regular exercise in running away from the other two, gradually brought him back to something like his old self. Then one of the boys, hearing an awful racket and running into the barn, found the three tied in a knot and promptly kicked off the small one, leaving the other two to fight it out. Having done up his first adversary Shot made a quick search of the farm for the other, found him and gave him a good dose of the same medicine, after which day the old dog was Boss and proceeded to show it in a very curious and human way, which would have seemed hardly credible if I had not actually seen it. After dinner at the house the cook always filled a plate for each eagerly waiting dog and set the three in a line out on the grass. Shot would stride up to his plate, sit down by it and give a deep growl, when the other two would back away and then circle round at some little distance, growling and snarling, while the big dog calmly sat there, looked at the scenery a while and then very deliberately began his meal, ignoring the existence of the other dogs unless one came too close, when another growl would send him off to a proper distance. After finishing his dinner and resting a little the boss would stroll carelessly away, leaving the others to their food, which he never touched at all; but he was the master and



proved it by always eating at the first table, standing ready to maintain this right by battle.

Shot never returned to us and, after a dogless period of many months, most painful to boy sportsmen, Fortune and a friend sent us "Jack," a large, broad-browed, liver and white pointer, who had reached full maturity and had a thorough training added to great natural aptitude. In personal character he was above reproach, a dignified, self-respecting, courteous, kindly and high principled gentleman, a sincere and loyal friend who put right and duty far before personal interest, who loved and honored his master and was loved and honored in return. There may have been many men like him, but I have known few. He grew to have a place in our hearts that no other dog ever had, or could have, and for nearly eight years was our constant and close companion, our loving and devoted friend and helper, doing all or more than "Shot" could do in the field and giving and receiving an affection that the other could neither offer nor arouse. Other dogs have doubtless equalled his professional achievements, at least in part and on occasion, and if the reader will recall all the feats of skill that he has heard or read of as performed by a bird dog, and imagine them as done by one dog, usually and as a matter of course, he will have a fair idea of Jack's abilities; but a few incidents may perhaps give a faint idea of his admirable and lovable character.



It is not necessary to say that he never showed ill temper toward anyone. Offense to his dignity by a stranger, man or dog, of any kind, was promptly resented, and his courage was apparently without limits, at least I never saw him show fear. On the other hand, those he loved might take any possible liberty without arousing any resentment, little as he liked it. Chastisement, always occasionally necessary with man or dog, was very rarely required and no one knew better than Jack when it was deserved. He would come at a call, crouch down and receive the few blows I could find it in my heart to inflict, and the instant the stick was flung away Jack was up in the air, careering around, barking furiously, fawning on his master, and licking his hands, saying, as far as absence of articulate speech would permit—"Hurrah! it's all over! Nobody bears any malice! Everything's settled! Hurrah!"

A large and very prolific maltese cat was also a member of our household, and she and her successive progeny generally lived with the big dog in entire harmony. But it happened on one unlucky day that Jack was strolling with the family through the flower garden after supper, when his spirits ran away with him and he began to describe figures of eight at full speed, bark, and otherwise generally carry on in a fashion more suited to a puppy than to one of his years and dignity. Now supper for the cat and her family had been put out near the back door, and in



his excitement, not looking ahead, the big dog shot through the group, knocking plate, food and cats in all directions. The next moment all of those cats had their claws deep in poor old Jack and were carried some distance before he could stop. Then his spirits vanished, his tail dropped and he disappeared, partly to lick his wounds and partly to escape the laughter that was uncontrollable for the moment, and was worse for him than the pain and the fact that he had made a fool of himself in public.

At a livery stable in the next block there lived two coach dogs, spotted black and white as usual. So far as I know they were well behaved enough and never gave Jack reason for offense, but he seemed to feel that they were just a little too much like pointers to be tolerated, and that it was essential that, about once in so often, they should be reminded of their inferior rank. So every few weeks he would go up to that stable, find the dogs and give them a shaking up, taking the two together, and then march back home feeling that his duty had been done. He never did either of them serious harm and even their owner regarded Jack's regular discipline as a joke and used to laugh over it whenever we met.

In the spirit of mischief that was then characteristic of most boys we felt it our duty to keep the neighborhood lively, so once rigged up a lay figure in human form and clothing, carried it up to the



top of the house and, when a woman came by, gave a wild yell and threw the dummy over, hiding ourselves behind the parapet. It struck the pavement with a thud while the unfortunate passer-by shrieked with horror and clung to the fence, and we wicked boys rolled in our concealment, sick with laughter. Having played this game until it grew stale, we carried the manikin into the back yard, propped it against a post and forgot about it. When dinner time came Jack went along as usual and saw, through the open French windows, an apparent intruder trespassing on his sacred premises. Roaring furiously, he dashed down to annihilate the trespasser and, only when a few feet away, did he see that the figure was a fake and that he had been imposed upon. Looking back he saw us all standing at the window in fits of laughter at his expense, and realized that he had made himself thoroughly ridiculous. Dropping ears and tail, he slunk out of the back gate, went down to my brother's office, and stayed there until next day, when he ventured home, evidently hoping that we had forgotten the episode.

Jack strongly objected to any liberty being taken with him, so I used sometimes to get a good hold of his big tail and hang on. Round would come his head with a fierce growl, jaws wide open as if to bite savagely. Just short of touching me the fierceness would vanish, the jaws would close, and in a moment my hand would be humbly licked, as much as to say



—“Let go if you please”—and this same ferocious demonstration, with its gentle sequel, could always be produced in the same way. I never saw him show bad temper or start a quarrel, and he would always try to ignore small annoyances and avoid any company where these were likely to occur. After he had been with us several years there was added to our household a small female black and tan puppy, active, intrusive and without reverence for her biggers and betters, who was a great trial to the older dog. She would jump at his nose, nibble his feet, snatch part of his dinner or, when he was resting in peace and quiet, was likely to climb onto his back and lie down there. Jack generally managed to act as if the small dog did not exist, but the last liberty was always too much for him, and he would moan, in heart-breaking tones, what evidently meant—“Do somebody come and take this little beast away.” Of course so small a dog, and especially one of that sex, was immune from any chastisement by him.

When the short life that is allotted to a dog was drawing toward its end, when his eyes were no longer bright, his vigor no longer equal to long days in the woods, and he could only bask in the sun during the day, his favorite place was near the front gate, watching the passers-by with dim eyes, and when something seemed familiar in an approaching figure, fixing his gaze on it, until doubt grew toward confidence, the big tail began to move, and as he grew more certain



he would struggle to his feet and come to meet his master with as much demonstration of joy as was consistent with his age and dignity. At night he loved to sit in front of the open fire, as close as possible without really scorching, and nod at the flames in a half sleep. Then, when he only wanted to finish his days in quiet with those he loved, until the inevitable end of his short life brought peace to him and tore our hearts open with useless grief, our family was suddenly broken up, I going into bachelor quarters and the others leaving the country for years, and there was no longer any place for poor old Jack. I could not give him a home, nor could I find one where it was even likely that a useless old dog would be properly cared for. So on the very last day, after the house had been cleared of its accumulations and was a home no longer, I called my poor old friend into the garden, patted him once more, put a pistol to his ear and pulled the trigger. As he dropped limply at my feet and I leaned over and spoke his name, his tail feebly stirred in the answer that had never failed me, and all that I could do, with a big sob in my throat and dim eyes, was to fire another shot and send that big, kindly generous soul out into the unknown. So I buried his poor body and left his grave, feeling like one who had murdered his best friend. If there is a future life for men we evolutionists must believe that there is one also for the "lesser brethren" and especially for dogs, and in that life I am sure that Jack has a high place, and bears





*Mrs. J. S. Newberry, and Speck*







no malice to his unfortunate master who had, bitterly against his will, to send him through that change which is called death.

“Speck,” the irreverent female terrier before referred to, came to us as a mere puppy and grew to a small sized black and tan. She was the embodiment of mischief as well as of affection and none of us ever came into a room where Speck was without her rushing to welcome us, wagging her tail so furiously as to almost break it away and actually gasping for breath with her delight. When the family was broken up it proved possible to find a home for Speck with some cousins and after several months without seeing her I went out on purpose to make a call. My ring at the door bell instantly brought out a sharp bark and a scurry of small feet through the front hall and my voice through the door changed the bark into a whine of delight. When I finally got into the house Speck sprang into my arms, licking my face, wagging her tail furiously and gasping for breath until I really feared that the poor little dog’s heart would stop. I never saw her again, for in some way she picked up poison and died, to the great grief of us all.

I had no dog during my lonely bachelor existence nor for some years after, but when married and with a family of my own we were all adopted by a pug, whose owner was a young lady living near us, and who was without companions. The children



made him welcome, calling him "Puggsy," and every morning for more than a year he would appear to greet us at breakfast, stay until we put him out at night, and then go home to sleep. Having never had a master he had never learned to obey, so one night, when I found him curled up in my boy's crib, and called him to come out, he refused to stir, and first growled and then snapped when I started to lift him out. Here was an emergency that had to be settled right away, so I went and got a good heavy cane, ordered him out and, when he only snarled in reply, gave him a sharp tap. Then he leaped from the crib and rushed for me, only to meet a good sweeping cut that rolled him over and over. Gathering himself together he fled downstairs, followed by his fierce chas-tiser, who drove him into the street.

The next morning Puggsy appeared in the door of my bedroom, looked at me very doubtfully, but when I spoke to him pleasantly, dropped down nearly flat, crawled over to my chair, was patted and forgiven and never offended again. He had learned once for all that a dog needs a master and must obey and love him, just as his master must command and love the dog, and he lived with us in the same queer relation until Robin came, when he left us at once and I never saw him again.

About 1882 we began to spend our summers at the summer place of my wife's father, "Oakwood,"





*Robin*







on the western corner of Lake Erie and Rocky River, a tract of about 140 acres, and a delightful summer home for us all, including especially "Robin," who grew into a small, fine-coated skye terrier, devoted to us all and especially to my children, and intelligent and affectionate to an extreme. One of his great delights was to go down to the lake beach and to bark furiously at the waves as they rolled in, in spite of our ridicule, but one day the little dog turned up walking on three legs and manipulation showed the right foreleg broken close to the shoulder. My father-in-law's coachman, whom we generally thought rather sulky, but who was very fond of dogs, carried him clear into town and had him examined by a veterinary, who decided that it was useless to attempt to bandage the leg and the only thing to do was to leave him quiet and hope that the injury would heal of itself. So I got a large flat basket equipped with a comfortable cushion and installed it in our bedroom and this was meant for his infirmary, but it proved impossible to induce him to stay in it unless somebody was in the room also, and I used to find him walking on three legs in the direction where he knew his beloved child companions were. From this injury he finally entirely recovered, but one night in some way picked up poison, did not come in as usual and I found his poor little body stiff in death in the morning and buried him in the garden, mourned over bitterly by my children and perhaps by their father also.



Some years afterwards I bought in Juarez, Mexico, what pretended to be a Chihuahua Mexican spaniel, at least a very small, shaggy, dark brown dog, who would disappear readily in the side pocket of my coat, and started to bring him north. At Raton, a little town in the New Mexican Desert, I got out and let the little dog loose for a walk. We were overtaken by a very large and very drunken cowboy, wearing a huge white slouch hat, who regarded the dog with astonishment and after careful inspection said, "Is that your dog?" On my saying "Yes," he said, "Well, I never saw anything like that before in all my life." He stooped to pick up the dog and in so doing dropped a navy revolver about two feet long, fondled the dog a while, put him down, picked up the gun and went away without committing any crime.

"El Chico," the little one, called "Chico" for short, proved purely a Mexican at heart, amiable and pleasant enough but entirely without any idea of obedience unless he knew that compulsion could be brought into play, but was utterly amazing to the dogs of the neighborhood, who watched the little scrabbling fluffy thing, about as big as my fist, with an expression which evidently meant, "Well, whatever can that possibly be?" After a time his brown hair fell out, or faded, and he became dark gray, then later turning light gray, and showed various variations of color from time to time, but he lived





*Eli*



*Eli*







with us for many years and finally had to be chloroformed on account of an incurable disease.

Some years afterwards my daughter got a dark bull terrier puppy whom she named "Eli," the head almost black, the body dark brindle and the feet more or less white, which grew to be a most interesting, intelligent and affectionate companion. I soon found that correction by beating was undesirable in his case, as it made him want to strike back, but if I would take him by the collar, point out the fault and scold him a little, reproachfully, this was quite enough and the fault would never be repeated. In this way I cured him entirely of a tendency to tear up the furniture by giving him a lecture over a hole which he had torn in one of the rugs. He never showed the slightest ill-temper or snappishness, quickly acquired all sorts of tricks and would do everything but speak; with other dogs he was entirely amiable until the strangers showed ill-temper, when Eli would sail in joyfully, and I never knew him to lose a fight. He was rather a terrible looking dog and the children at the Sibley School close to our house would sometimes show fear when he appeared, whereupon someone would cry, "Oh, pshaw, he won't hurt you! That's Eli!" and the introduction having been made they were friends for all time. He developed quite a trick of running out and barking at teams and street cars, so one day my daughter appeared with her eyes full of tears, exclaiming



"Where is Eli?" and answering to my reply, "I don't know," "Well, then, he is dead," sank into a chair and gave way to grief. A little cross questioning showed that Eli had been out for a walk with her, had run out to bark at a passing street car, had been caught by another traveling in the opposite direction, shaken around inside and finally thrown out by the mud guard, gathered himself up and started for home as fast as he could go. I went to the back door and found Eli stretched out on the mat, from which he slowly raised himself and came into the house, walking one leg at a time, evidently because it hurt too much to use any more. Inspection showed no bones broken but a good deal of hair and skin rubbed off and my daughter put him on a cushion in the hall, with his head on a pillow like a Christian, and tucked him in with a blanket, in which position, showing only his black head and rolling his white eyeballs, he looked exactly like the wolf in Red Riding Hood. He soon developed a strong desire to follow anybody who went out, which was often inconvenient. On one occasion my daughter wanted to go to a tea and I tempted Eli into the house while she slipped out the front door. Getting out about a half hour afterward I saw him come out of the front of the house, circle and take up her trail and go away on it with his nose down. He turned up shortly afterwards in the middle of a tea party to the considerable confusion of his mistress. One day he followed my wife and boarded a street car after



her. When she, after some hesitation, asked the conductor to put him off, the conductor after a careful examination replied, "I don't care much about meddling with that sort of a dog."

Eli wore a collar bearing his name and address, which once proved most annoying to my stout Swedish cook, whom he had taken the liberty of following to church, where the sexton had to shut him up through the service. The next morning she told her story with considerable heat, ending up with words not unlike the following: "Now I saw my friends on Sunday, at church, and that was enough but, now that they have my address off of that dog's collar, already they come and ask me for money."

There lived next door a shaggy dog who came over every day and visited, in fact they were regular companions; but once hearing a sharp yelp toward the rear of the house I took a few steps so as to get a clear view. There stood the two dogs, Eli, having a firm grip on his friend's ear, calmly led the other out through the back gate, let go and stood waiting, while the shaggy friend scuttled off in a hurry. Evidently the neighbor had offended Eli's sense of propriety and been sent home in consequence, but neither appeared to bear malice and they were good friends again next day. So he lived with us for a year or more till finally he disappeared. Whether stolen or killed I don't know, but none of us have quite recovered from his loss yet.



We had a number of other dogs at various times, whose personalities, which vary in dogs quite as much as in men, have left no distinct trace on my memory. As the city grew and trolley cars and automobiles increased in number and speed, it became soon impossible to keep a dog of good blood within its limits. One must either give up most of his time to watching the dog, taking him out on a leash for needed exercise and never giving him any real liberty, or be certain that he would be killed or stolen, so that there was at best only a choice of evils. As our last experience my daughter, married and gone from us, sent her younger sister a Boston terrier puppy, who endeared himself to us all at once. But, after we had kept him just long enough to learn to love him, illness and necessary absence from home made it first needful to provide for his temporary care and at last to send him back to the giver, with whom we hope "Patsy" may live long and happily.

If love is ever wasted, that which we give to a dog, who must inevitably be soon taken away from us, by theft, accident, and in any case by the short life allowed him, is so thrown away; but I at least hope that it is not thrown away and will somewhere and somehow bring forth its fruit of good.

If one must have love, and who must not, let him get at puppy age a dark bull terrier, and in fairness to the dog bring him up in the country where he can be free and safe. Chastisement in the form of



*The Stanley Studio  
Springfield, Mass.*

*Richard Hooker, Jr. and Patsy*









actual beating has never seemed to me necessary or desirable with one of that unconquerable blood, carefully pointing out the fault with a few words of blame being always abundantly sufficient. With time and patience you will have a comrade who can do everything but speak and longs to do that, loyal and devoted to the extreme, who will never show the slightest ill-temper or do the smallest damage to you or yours, is built of steel wire and manila rope, is without fear, never begins a quarrel but is terrible in combat beyond imagination, fighting to the death if necessary, apparently without hard feeling and in a professional way, and who will love you to the end and, I believe, beyond. When his necessarily short life comes to a close your heart will be torn in two, and you will never have another dog unless the need of love and companionship drives you to it. Always be the master, but a kind, gentle and just one, for so man and dog are happiest.











*In the Woods*







## Hunting the Deer



STILL HUNTING," that fairest and most interesting method of hunting deer, has been so fully described by Mr. Van-Dyke that little if anything can be added to his delightful book, certainly I have no qualifications for even an attempt to do so. "Stalking" seems to me to refer

to hunting in rather open country, and not in the woods and thickets in which the Virginia deer delights, hunting the Caribou on the barrens of Newfoundland being more typical of this second method and being most fascinating sport. My only experience in what might possibly be called still hunting was with the Mule Deer in northwestern Colorado, and delightful sport it was to pursue such splendid game, in the superb park country of the higher Rockies, under that glorious sun and breathing that wonderful air. All my Whitetail Deer have been secured by "hounding," a method legal in the eighties and nineties, now prohibited on account of the many abuses it made possible, but all the same of intense interest and only unsportsmanlike when followed by the wrong kind of man, and in the wrong way.



During the years when hounding was permitted a stream of rifle carriers used to flow, in September and October, into the Adirondacks, and of this I generally was an item, usually heading for my old stamping ground at Meacham Lake, where there was excellent trouting in the spring and the fall was devoted to the pursuit of big game. The lake was about two miles by one, the queer little hotel being five or six miles from the nearest house, and lake and hotel were surrounded by broad stretches of untouched forest, rising over mountains of moderate height, and forming an ideal home for deer, who were always there in considerable numbers, and doubtless are there yet.

A hunt was usually organized by from six to ten men, each having his own guide and boat, and another guide as putter-out of dogs, the latter alternating on different days so that twenty-five hounds or so would be started on each day. Very early in the morning half a dozen guides, each with four or five dogs in leash, would start off in various directions into the forest and over the mountains. When the guide crossed a fresh track, which the size and shape showed to be that of a good buck, one hound would be unleashed and take the trail, this continuing until all the dogs had been started. At such an early hour the deer had finished their night's feeding and lain down in some sheltered spot to chew the cud and sleep through the day, heavy with their hearty meal.





*Guide Watching for Deer at Meacham*







Each hound followed his special track, every now and then sending out that sweet wild music which, heard once, is never forgotten. Soon the deer realizes that there is something on the way in his direction, rises, sniffs and listens, and then quietly canters away from the disturbance, not much alarmed but meaning to be cautious. Doubtless he stops now and then, and moves on again only when the rather slow hound comes manifestly near, and keeps this up perhaps for hours, at any rate until his good dinner begins to weigh on him and what has only been an annoyance begins to cause serious alarm. Greater speed only helps to further exhaust his strength and, soon or late, the inexorable cry bells out again close behind, until at last, weary and frightened, he heads for water, which instinct has taught him will kill the scent and throw the pursuer off his trail.

Meanwhile the hunters, each with guide and boat, have set off and stationed themselves one at each of certain well known points where the deer is liable to pass, of which at Meacham there are four on the big lake—"The Spawning Bed"—"Shanty Point"—"The Inlet" and the "Outlet"; one on each of two small lakes to the north—"Buck Pond" and "Clear Pond"; and some others less desirable on large runways and small ponds further up in the hills. Reaching his station the huntsman finds a comfortable seat, the guide climbs a tree or a watchstand built for that purpose, both produce field



glasses, and patiently watch and listen; sometimes in perfect comfort but, on a cloudy October day, when a stiff breeze blows from the north, the exposure and necessity of keeping perfectly still will soon bring a chill which the warmest possible clothing will not perfectly ward away. You may sit there in constant expectation until the whole morning has passed and all hope has gone, or suddenly may hear, far and faint, what may be a cry or may be only a creaking limb or splashing wavelet. You strain your ears and, at last, faint but distinct, like a distant bugle, comes a wild and weird bay—"Ow-ow-o-o-w-w-w." Then there is a silence that seems endless, and then again, nearer, louder and plainer, making your heart beat hard and your whole being thrill, the fierce, exultant call comes down the wind. You forget everything else, the common things of life vanish, and nothing in the world matters except that approaching pair, the deer, tired and frightened now, tearing through bush and leaping over rocks and fallen trees, and the hound, relentless, whose marvelous nose catches the scent of those little hoofs which touch the earth only once in twenty feet or more, and now, wild with the fresh scent and crashing sounds, tears furiously along. Suddenly the bay rings out with doubled fierceness and volume, as the dog for the first time sees his quarry, there is a furious crashing in the timber, a final burst through the bushes, and a graceful blue gray form, with wide branching antlers proudly borne aloft and a bril-





*Deer taken at Meacham Lake*







liantly white tail streaming like a banner, shoots out from the shore and, with a thundering splash, strikes the water thirty feet out and swims straight away with astonishing speed, head and horns boldly erect forward and white tail proudly flaunting abaft. You rush for the boat but long before it gets under way in pursuit the head is some hundred yards out, with the hound swimming furiously behind, pouring out his soul in the ecstatic music of the chase, and steadily dropping to the rear. Even your paper-sided Saranac boat, driven by the strong arms of a powerful guide, gains but slowly on that swift gray shape, and you are likely to be well toward the middle of the lake before it seems wise to try a shot. At last you lift the rifle, only to find that the roll of the waves, and the rapid movement of the boat and deer, make the sights swing dizzily around the mark, covering it for an instant and then pointing almost anywhere. You set your teeth, hold as steady as you can and, as the sights swing across that gray neck, pull trigger. If you have chosen the proper instant the proud head drops, your guide rows madly on to where the last faint kicks are pushing the deer, pulled down by the weight of his horns, toward the bottom from which he never would rise, you plunge your arm in the lake to the shoulder, just manage to grasp a hind foot or tail, and your buck floats by you, safely yours. Full of rapture you tow him to shore, pull him up on the beach, seat yourself on his broad flank, and revel in joy unutterable. The hound



swims back, sniffs at the dead deer, is petted and praised, and you all pile into the boat and row back to the landing, where everyone gathers to admire and congratulate, while you make heroic efforts to seem unconcerned and as if you did that sort of thing every day. If still young and inexperienced you will have known as keen happiness as is likely to often come to you, in this world where real joy is not common.

The foregoing is a meagre and imperfect description of the death of my first buck, accurate as far as it goes, but painfully failing to give a full idea of the charm of the experience or the rapture of the hunter; but it must be admitted that such success is by no means usual. You may sit all the morning without even hearing a bay, the race may pass far from your stand and the deer come in to another rifle, or strike out over the mountain and clear away, perhaps shaking off the dog in some unwatched water, or perhaps shot by some member of quite another hunt many miles off. Sometimes deer and dog will come to within a few hundred yards, apparently headed straight for you, and then swing off and never come back; the unexpected is always likely to happen, but that very uncertainty is one of the chief charms of all sport. Even if no success comes to you, if you never get a shot, see a deer or hear a dog, you have been constantly expecting something to happen, will have been happy without quite knowing





*Deer taken at Meacham*







why, and at any rate will feel confident of better luck the next time.

If stationed on a runway or one of the small lakes your shot, if you get one, will be at a deer cantering along a trail or through shallow water, which sounds much more sportsmanlike, and doubtless the deer gets a much better chance. Your first shot, fired from firm ground, will be much easier than if from a tossing boat, but you get only one or two shots at most, and cannot row round and round a deer, empty your magazine, fill it up again, and finally exhaust and slaughter him at short range, as I once saw a novice do. One day being stationed on Shanty Point, and having already got a good buck, a spikehorn came in at the Spawning Bed, north of me, where the man on watch had also killed his buck, and the latter started out, rounded up the deer and drove him north toward the Inlet, two miles away. As he passed my station I rowed out, photographed the procession, and went back again. The man at the Inlet was finally attracted by signals, paddled up and butchered the poor little brute, who by that time had got so used to men and boats as to be not even frightened. This I cannot think sport, in fact, in order to make the whole thing consistent, the Inlet man ought to have used an axe instead of his fifty caliber gun. Such occurrences exhibit the bad side of this form of hunting.

These were the days of black powder, light charges and high trajectories, the usual gun being



the 44-40 Winchester, a very excellent little weapon for its time and which has slain an immense amount of game, but painfully deficient in power, using which at anything much over a hundred yards was pretty near shooting by guess, on account of the highly curved path of the ball. I was armed with such a gun when the biggest buck I have ever seen, having passed far away from my station, was turned by an outsider who was poaching on our hunt and struck the lake close by me. He headed straight out and we followed him when well clear of the land. The day being a still one it was easy to put the bullets in the right place, and the first three shots struck on the back of his neck, within a three inch circle, but failed to produce any apparent effect. Becoming confused by the racket he swung around sideways, the fourth shot through the neck killed him, and I just managed to get hold of a hind foot as his big horns and feeble struggles were sending him under. When he was butchered those three balls were found to have flattened on the vertebrae, doing him no real harm at all. A more powerful rifle, such as a 30-30 or my pet 33, would have finished him at the first shot. This buck weighed 245 pounds and had a very heavy, regular and handsome head, although it bore only eight points.

It is astonishing how fast a deer can run over swampy ground and through tangled thickets. During the shooting season everybody carries a rifle, to





*Deer taken at Meacham*







cover possible contingencies, so one day, having been taking a few trout by the dam, I came up the outlet, with a rifle in the stern and my rod lying across it. As the boat passed near a patch of reeds there was a rush and splash behind me, like the rise of a flock of duck, my head went round with a jerk and there was a big old doe, who had been hiding in the bulrushes, making for the bank as fast as she could go. Grabbing for the rifle I of course found my leader tangled round it, and got this cleared just as the doe struck the shore. She had about a hundred yards to run to reach the forest, across marsh and through bushes, and made it at an amazing speed, with the rifle cracking merrily behind; but her tail kept flying its white flag, never dropping as it does when a deer is hit, and she went into the timber untouched. Of course, in my hurry and excitement, I had failed to get the front bead well down into the notch of the rear sight, and every bullet had gone over her. Now shooting does is not considered the correct thing, and in calmer moments I had approved the rule, but just for those few seconds it did seem as if the slaughter of that animal was the one thing desirable. When she was clean gone I sat in the boat and laughed at myself, rejoicing that the poor beast had escaped unhurt, and then landed where she went out and followed her tracks to the woods. The ground was all swampy and rotten, covered with stiff and tangled bushes, and how those slender limbs could have taken her



across it, at fast railroad speed, was and still is absolutely incomprehensible to me.

The most amazing thing about this sport was the cleverness of the dogs. When one lost the trail in a river I have known him to follow the bank down, on the near side, for a mile or so, come back and follow it up on the same side, then swim across and repeat the performance on the other side, of course taking up the trail whenever he crossed it. Small lakes they would circle to find where the deer had gone out. If the trail is hopelessly lost the dog takes his back track, to where he was first put out, and then follows the going out trail back home. Generally the hound is quite a distance behind, and when a deer was shot would turn up quite a little while later but, should he be close up and see the deer in the water, away he goes after him, swimming and baying with all the might he has. It is by no means uncommon for deer to run clear out of the country, and for the hound to turn up some days later, though they almost always get back at last. Personally I have not killed more than half a dozen white tail deer altogether, all bucks except one doe shot in the days of youth, foolish but happy, and now nothing but actual need of food could tempt me to kill another deer, it being far greater pleasure to know that they are living their lives out, happily, and now and then to be privileged to see their grace and beauty, but my experience with hounding deer was of su-



preme interest and delight, then, and I regret that other young sportsmen cannot now, just for once, enjoy its wild charm. Of course it was then possible for almost anyone, even ladies or children, to kill a deer if they stuck to it long enough and tried often enough, and greedy and excitable hunters were often so greatly tempted to shoot does and small deer that their weak principles could not resist the strain, so the prohibition of hounding was doubtless wise and proper. Certainly the abandonment of the practice, coupled with a generally increased respect for the game laws, has caused deer to become decidedly more common in the Adirondacks than they formerly were, in spite of the inroads on the wilderness which civilization has made in the last thirty years.









## Firearms



THE young folk of the present day differ from those of forty years ago in many ways, which may be summarized into the statement that they have a great deal more done for them, are much less able to help themselves, have many more things, spend a great deal more money, and don't have half so much fun. With us a party was a good dancing floor, a lot of young people, music, and something to eat, which are the essentials. Now it means elaborate dresses, extravagant decorations, in which move a lot of babies too much spoiled by a surfeit of luxuries to enjoy anything very much. The age of marriage has been increased by many years within my recollection, because the young folks feel that life is not worth living without a lot of elaborate non-essentials, and for the ability to obtain these they do without love, the only real joy in life, not understanding that nothing of real value, after the reasonable necessities of life, can be bought, nor that each thing acquired gives an added burden of care, pursuit and effort being the joy of life and attainment only bringing satiety. This attitude towards life is progressing in a geometrical ratio,

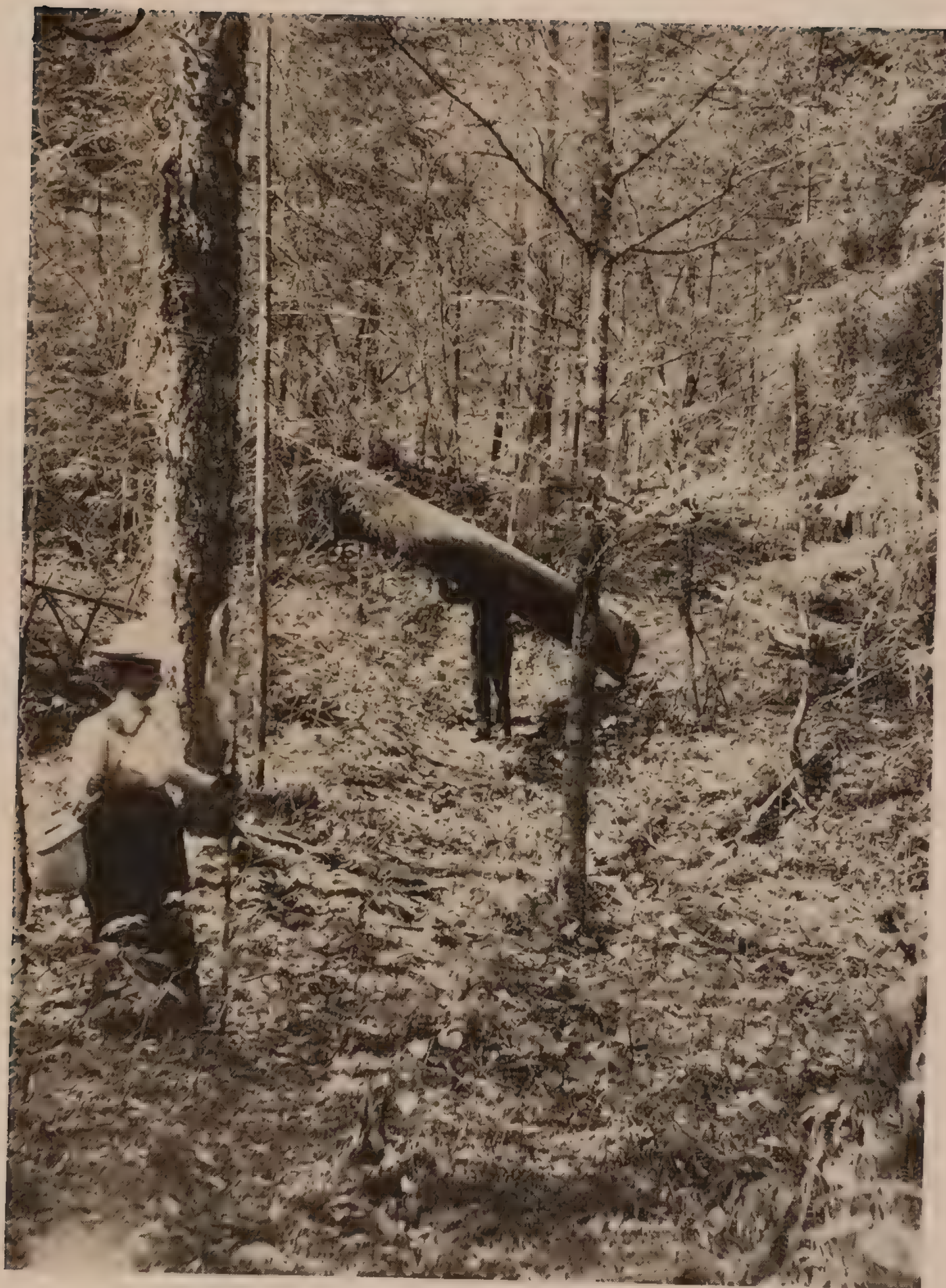


false and foolish standards are set up and maintained as essential, so that it is only a question of a short time when our civilization must fall by its own weight and a more rational system take its place, and may that time come soon.

We learned to swim by getting into the water, watching our experienced comrades, and striking out for ourselves; to ride by getting on a horse, being thrown off as often as necessary, and learning to stick on by experience. When we wanted a kite we hunted up some book of advice and made it ourselves. We had no money to take and pay for lessons, so taught ourselves in the hard school of experience, learned to do right from our own blunders, and grew to be self-reliant and efficient in a way which seems rarely practiced nowadays. We had few things, but worked for them such as they were and, when the work had been successful, keenly enjoyed it and turned to something else. Life was a series of efforts after something, of little value when obtained, but how good the effort was. We learned that money, after enough for the necessities was got, could buy little more of real value, and we were happy, while the blasé young folk of today, burdened with a multitude of artificial wants, and needless and enervating luxuries, are not.

Our Constitution says, "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed," and





*In the Canadian Woods*







this article was of real importance when the people subsisted largely on game, and its value was proved at the battle of New Orleans, when Jackson's trained riflemen mowed down the English regulars in heaps. Even so late as my own youth practically every boy knew the use of firearms, and a gun was the *togo virilis*. Now all this has disappeared, and the recruits of the cavalry troop, in which I served my time, over thirty years back, now hardly know one end of a gun from the other. The militia, and the various gun clubs, much better than nothing, are a poor substitute for the universal use of firearms of forty or fifty years ago, in training men to actual conditions in the field, for the soldier is only the hunter, with different game.

My first weapon was a single-barrelled pistol, smooth bore and loading from the muzzle. You couldn't hit anything with it that you wanted to, and the balls were as likely to go sideways and make a keyhole, as to keep straight. I believe the cost was a dollar, an enormous sum for us, and the actual worth at present could not exceed fifteen cents. We cast our own bullets, with the old-fashioned spoon and mold, clipping off the neck so that the ball was approximately round, and sent these balls against anything handy, thinking and caring little what happened to be on the other side of the target, not in malice but in ignorance. Once we set up several targets on the side of an old chapel on the corner



of Huntington and Prospect Streets, near which one of my cousins lived, and bombarded them for a considerable time, serenely unconscious of the fact that every bullet went clean through the siding, so that the sexton on next Sunday was horrified to find about a hundred great patches of plaster torn from the walls and strewn over the seats. I regret to say that we never ascertained the amount of damage we had done, nor offered to pay for it, in fact such an idea never entered into our heads.

Indulgence in the use of this weapon brought me into my first and only active conflict with the law. We had been practising in the back yard and were temporarily resting when a man, without our knowledge, drove a buggy drawn by a young and spirited horse into the alley, being entirely concealed by a high board fence. The next bang produced a furious racket behind the fence and, while we stood appalled, a much dishevelled suit enclosing a very angry man appeared to our horrified vision, demanding explanations that we were too frightened to give, and using language that we were too innocent to understand. Receiving no answer he disappeared in a cloud of threats and profanity, perhaps justified, and called in the terrors of the law, for a very large, blue coated, club bearing policeman appeared in an hour or so, and summoned three very frightened small boys to appear at the police court next morning. We of course kept the whole story secret





*Guide in Samis Kaming Region*







from our father and mother and appeared before the august dealer of justice, then Judge Peter F. Young, in due time. Our accuser told his story and we stammered out our poor effort at excuse, were duly found guilty, given a solemn warning, and then let off without a fine and were charged no costs. Judge Young did not make a great success of his after life, but I believe that his mercy to three helpless and trembling children will be counted to his credit on the day of final reckoning.

When my older brother was fifteen he was considered worthy of a more effective weapon, and received a muzzle loading double-barrel shot gun, a treasure beyond treasures then, poor as it would seem now, and a badge of honor greater than the Victoria Cross. Then began our expeditions as far afield as our legs would carry us, my brother proudly carrying his gun, I trailing after with the lunch bag, and a dog and boy or two making up the party. I fear we were not very particular as to what our game was, nor very skillful in the use of the gun, but practice brought some game, and when I was fifteen and honored with the gift of a similar weapon, we were both fair shots, even on the wing, and many a woodcock, quail, wild pigeon, duck, and other game bird, rabbit, squirrel, and other small furred game, had fallen before our youthful skill, or luck, as the case may be. These guns were used until about 1870 when we both, in some way that I cannot remember, got



cheap breech loaders, which were of course much more convenient. From time to time we acquired pistols, first single barrel breech loaders, then small revolvers, and used up a lot of ammunition, but I cannot remember that we ever killed anything with them, or could depend on coming remarkably close to the mark, in fact I then formed the opinion, which I still hold, that no pistol is of any very great value as a means of offense, that it is more useful by the terror it causes than by any real harm it does, as a means of defense, and that its principal effectiveness lies in the noise it makes, or possibly in shooting yourself or someone else by accident. All this of course does not apply to the skilled specialist, though I am told that even many of these miss more often than they hit, and that the number of ineffective shots would, if strictly recorded, be surprising.

The rifles of my early youth were the old Kentucky brand, with heavy octagon barrel, set and hair triggers, calibre of about 3-10th of an inch and a very small charge of powder, while the stock was cut into a deep crescent. They of course were very inefficient in striking force and, on account of their very high trajectory, in accuracy at long ranges, while at short range or a target with known range, the great weight of the gun and the small amount of powder used permitted extreme accuracy. A Flobert rifle using bulleted breech caps came into my hands in 1870, whose practical noiselessness permitted its use



in the city without attracting the minions of the law. It had power enough to kill a rat or pigeon, and many of these fell before it, and was particularly useful in rebuking strange and trespassing dogs. These we always started running, aimed for the root of the tail, and the dog would shut up like a telescope, give a wild shriek and disappear never to return. In hunting cats at night over the back fences it was particularly useful, and when a family set up housekeeping in the cold air pipe of my furnace, and gave parties there to their friends, I went up against them with this weapon, and was surprised to find that it would reach the brain and kill with certainty, if held straight. So I killed off five of that feline colony and the remainder moved out.

The tame pigeon was common in Cleveland at that time, and the Flobert expended a good many bullets on them both sitting and flying, never doing more than to knock out a feather from a flying bird, while a good many sitting ones were added to our bag. I remember once to have fired at one on the peak of a barn at least a hundred yards off, the bird rolled down to the ground, and when my awe-struck companions brought in the game it was found to have been shot straight through both eyes. That of course was pure accident but I appeared entirely unconcerned and, when they urged me to try another, said it was their turn and I would shoot again when my shot had been equalled. They put in the whole after-



noon, and expended several boxes of cartridges in the vain effort to even hit one of the many birds on the same roof.

During my college course I had a number of days coot shooting off of Manomet point, with a friend who lived in Plymouth. Of course absence from college exercises could not be obtained without the excuse of sickness, so, when a trip had been planned, I used to go to a homeopathic physician in the port, cough industriously all the way down, and then complain of sore throat. The doctor examined me carefully, found an alarming state of throat irritation, give me some medicine and directed me to keep in my room for some days. The medicine would be promptly stowed in the nearest garbage can, while I started for Plymouth with a clear conscience. I used an eight bore with five drachms of powder and one and one-half ounces of number one shot. The boats were anchored out in a line from shore, before dawn, and the migrating flocks, coming down over what seemed rocks, would get a volley from every boat in range, the ownership of any fallen bird being generally decided by who got to him first. After two or three days we went back to Cambridge, I visited my doctor, whose examination always showed my throat much improved, paid his bill and got my sick certificate, and everybody was satisfied.

In 1887 I spent the fall at Meacham, where the hunting season was in full blast and obtained a Win-





*Flowers for Camp*







chester 15 shot repeater, Model 1873-44-40-200, which was almost the universal rifle then in use there. It was of course a poor weapon through high trajectory and low power, but at short ranges remarkably accurate. Through the sights of this gun I first looked at a deer and disgracefully missed him, having an acute attack of Buck Fever, which is very like the sensation felt when for the first time I rose to address a jury, and, like that sensation, after one or two experiences vanished never to return. With this gun also I slew my first buck (and what a joy that was) and got several more in subsequent years.

This trip to Meacham was one of the sequences of a severe accident through carelessness in handling my own pistol, a 32 calibre Smith & Wesson. Having used firearms from extreme youth without accident, and realizing their dangerous qualities, I was always very cautious, but one day had thoroughly cleaned my pistol, loaded it again, and as it was being laid back in its box saw some oily streaks near the butt. Just as I was wiping them off with a rag, one of my babies ran up to me, distracting my attention for a moment, the cloth must have caught in the hammer when the muzzle was turned toward me, I felt a tremendous blow, like being hit with a hammer, on the left side, and looking down saw my waistcoat smouldering and a hole in the left breast. The shock was so great as to throw me out of my chair, and the first thought was—"Wounds through the



heart are not immediately fatal." That I was mortally wounded and would die in a few minutes I had not the slightest doubt, and when my wife came running in and kissed me I thought it was for the last time. With her help I got to my feet and to a sofa in the next room, and lay there waiting for death; suffering no pain for the first ten minutes, then severe pain in the hands and feet, from shock I suppose, and then faintness which I supposed to be coming death. The strange part is that there was no fear; sorrow, bitter regret that my work had not been done and my family provided for, but not only no terror, but strongest of all a feeling which might be put into the words—"In a few minutes I am going to know. What will it be like?" After half an hour or so a doctor arrived, slipped off my clothing, and said, "No vital organ is touched." Whereupon I thought "That's all right. I am going to get well," and this idea of recovery did not leave me through all the subsequent suffering. They rigged a bed for me, gave me a hypodermic of morphia and stowed me away. Of course the wound was on the left side and I could not lie on that, while to lie on the right side cut my wind off, so I had to lie on my back, which meant on the bullet, which gave as much pain inside as if outside. They put iodoform on the wound, covered it with plaster, and left the bullet in the back for me to lie on for about ten days. During that time I did not know the difference between day and night, and lay in a circle of about six feet radius, into which



people would come, be recognized and welcomed, and out of which they would go and be forgotten. I soon began to suffer greatly from sore back, in spite of having my shoulders propped up with pillows, but was at last greatly relieved by my friend Herrick finding a deer skin, which was put under the lower sheet and gave me very great relief. The morphia, which was regularly given, produced the greatest comfort, not only stopping pain, but first stimulating me to talk and joke, then producing a series of wonderful visions, and then refreshing sleep, so that I rapidly grew to depend upon it. I suffered also greatly from shortness of breath as I supposed, really due to shock to the heart, the bullet having cut the pericardium, and shortly acute indigestion came to add to my other discomforts. I had vague ideas of locality, seeming to lie under a flight of stairs, on a billiard table and other queer places, while an oriental curtain was full of queer shapes and faces. On the tenth day I seemed unusually at rest, ceased the groaning which had accompanied every breath, and my wife was greatly pleased at the idea that I was better, when one of the Doctors came to her and said, "Mr. Newberry is sinking." I was unconscious, the pulse running down, and these men were calmly waiting to see me die. After great difficulty my wife got into communication with Dr. Weber and got him to the house. After he had looked me over some one remarked, "Doctor! How long do you think he'll live?" which received the indignant



response, "The man's alive now. The thing for us to do is to help him and not stand by to see him die," and he started in with whiskey on the tongue, hot applications on the abdomen, and large hypodermics of brandy into the legs. Those hypodermics were like red hot coals and brought me back to consciousness, and when Weber left me the breath and pulse were normal. That was just the turning point and from then my convalescence, though slow, was distinct. I owe my life to Dr. Weber, succeeded only after continual effort in getting a merely trifling bill out of him, never thanked him as I should have done, and now he is dead and I never can. So my recovery was due partly to the conviction that I should recover, and most of all to Dr. Weber's extraordinary skill and personality, for his mere coming into the room was like a tonic.

Then I had to go through the giving up the morphia habit, which was by that time pretty firmly fixed on me, during which I suffered in a way that no one who has not felt it can understand. When this was over and I began to take little walks a terrible cough would assail me, for which the only remedy was lying down flat. After a time the family took me off to Asheville, wasted to a skeleton, coughing violently at the least exertion, and looking like one far gone in consumption. Here I very slowly and gradually regained some measure of health, went north first to Holderness and then to Placid and





*Far from Civilization*







Meacham, and then south again to Asheville. This was long before the Vanderbilts' time, and the city was still quite primitive, so I began to ride and shoot a little, and by the end of the year was in pretty good training. So, when a friend and his family joined us for the winter, I promptly took him out quail shooting. We left our wagon, started down one hill, up another and so on, until at last, when he came to a fence at the bottom of a hill, looked up and saw me swinging round a tree fifty feet up, he shouted, "Say! I thought you were sick." He came home that night dead to the world, but before long was keeping his end up with the rest of us. The fields were very small, so we got one shot in the open, and all the others were snap shooting in tangled, thorny brush. I began by borrowing a No. 12-28 inch cylinder bore, but soon sent for a 30 inch 12 bore Parker, which arrived full choke both barrels, and which I got to like, even for this difficult and hasty snap shooting, very much indeed. If I hit the bird he was killed, and if I missed him he wasn't hurt, and after a while I found I could count on one bird for each two shells, and the worse the thicket the better I seemed to shoot. I used the same gun on ducks at the clubs on the Lake Erie marshes, with excellent success, but found that, what with over long shots and what with stopping cripples, I had to use five cartridges for each bird bagged. After leaving Asheville I had the right barrel bored out to a cyl-



inder, which I think was a mistake, as a modified choke would have been more serviceable.

In 1894 I went with my brother Wolcott and Percy Hagerman on a big game shooting trip in the Elkhead Mountains, Colorado, and equipped myself with a 45-90-300 Winchester, full magazine, fitted with Lyman sights, which proved a most excellent weapon. We went by rail to the little station of Wolcott, on the western slope of the main chain of the Rockies, then rode eighty miles or so to Steam Boat Springs, and then went on horseback over an absolutely wild country to the camp where part of our party had already established themselves. It took a day to sight our guns, and then we roamed through a magnificent country, abounding in blacktail deer, pronghorn antelope, and elk. I was immensely lucky, as tenderfeet are apt to be, and got a good blacktail and two elk, one rather small and one very large, while my experienced friends had luck greatly inferior, at least as far as the heads went, except antelope, of which they got splendid specimens and I none. I found this gun, with its standard charge, surprisingly accurate but, having by chance once used some 45-85-405 cartridges, found that the bullet jumped at least a foot above the point of aim, so that a buck at whose chest I aimed was hit between the eyes. These were the days before smokeless powder, and one was considerably hampered by the smoke that hung where any



brushwood or trees were, so as to prevent a second shot unless one ran out through it and got a clear view.

This gun killed all my elk and all of my moose. A year or two after I tried a 30-30 smokeless, but had no opportunity to do anything but miss the only bear I ever shot at, and cut off the heads of a good many ruffed grouse, sitting, so turned it over to my son and got a Winchester 33, with which I have killed all my caribou, and which seems to me about the ideal gun for American large game, striking as hard a blow as the 45-90, while gun and ammunition weigh much less. On my last trip to Newfoundland I took this gun, the other three members of the party using respectively a .405, a 45-70, and a 30-30, where everybody preferred the 33, and it did the most efficient work. On this same trip I had much fun with a 22 smokeless Winchester, with peep sight, picking small birds from the tops of trees, reaching duck at two hundred yards, and especially amazing my novice companions, and even the guides, by breaking bottles and cans thrown into the air. This is of course a mere trick, consisting in shooting at the precise moment when the target is at rest in the air, and with a little practice can be done at least five times out of six, but looks astonishing to one who has not seen it. Such a gun or a long target pistol should always accompany a party, being very useful in picking up small game of all sorts, as it weighs so little



that it can be slung over the back, is never in the way and always handy. The Big Game rifles, with corresponding big game prices, are doubtless admirable weapons, but I have yet to meet any American game that the 33 is not big enough for.

Cleveland, July, 1912.





## A Fisherman's Paradise



EVER since beginning to use a fly rod, now about forty years ago, I have hoped to find some place, not too far away to be available in a reasonably short vacation, where trout were plentiful, large and gamy, where the country was attractive, where natives were absent and fishermen not too frequent, where one could have all necessary comfort and convenience with no attempt at elegance, where guides were good and willing, where camping with its necessary large impedimenta and considerable discomfort was not essential, and where all these desiderata could be had without great expenditure. As years have been added, and health and strength have diminished, such a haven of rest has seemed more and more desirable and less and less attainable, but at last I have reached my haven, all these blessings and more are mine, and this is written to show others the way to such a paradise as has been finally opened to me.

Four years ago, while telling my hopes to a friend, he described a fishing and shooting club in



Quebec, of which he was a member, in very attractive terms, and I carelessly asked him to get me a share when the chance should occur. Six months later a telegram arrived reading, "Can get share for three hundred. Do you want it?" This was answered "Yes. Check mailed today," and the certificate arrived in due course. That August I made my first journey to the promised land, have been there three times since, and what it proved to be is described hereafter.

That part of the Province of Quebec lying east of Montreal is a narrow strip of cultivated country along the St. Lawrence river, averaging perhaps twenty-five miles in width, and bordered on the north by a wild region, heavily forested and full of lakes and streams, the natural home of the *Salmonidae* and the moose. This wilderness is nearly all owned by the Province, which leases the lumbering rights under very strict regulations, and also the exclusive shooting and fishing rights at a reasonable annual rental. This policy provides a considerable revenue from the wild lands, while preserving the forests and the fish and game, as the laws regulating how much may be taken are rigid and strictly enforced. It has encouraged the formation of clubs, who purchase outright sites for their camps, erect buildings, connect the lakes and rivers by portages, lease their other grounds from the government, vary from the very ornate and costly to those of extreme simplicity, and control from a few square miles to several hundreds.





*Lake Saccacoma*







Leaving Montreal in the morning, one disembarks in three hours at a small station, named for a saint (for the Catholic church is the dominating influence in this country) where he is met by a team and driven fifteen miles nearly due north. The road is really good, one soon passes through a little town, clustered round its big church, with the signs over the shops all in French, and then follows an attractive river, through little French farms. Ten miles along comes another village, then a winding climb for five miles and, from the ridge at last reached, one suddenly beholds a great lake, ringed round with mountains and studded with lofty islands, all heavily wooded, and, rattling down the slope for a mile or so, pulls up at the lower camp close to the water's edge.

This club house is a roomy frame building with a wide porch. Most of the ground floor is a sitting and dining room, with a big table, plain wood chairs, a lot of splint bottom rockers and a great fireplace at one end, the walls decorated with birchbark tracings of big trout. Back of the dining room is a kitchen and quarters for the steward, and the end of the ground floor and the whole of the upper floor are divided into four bedrooms, each containing six or eight single iron beds, with good mattresses and pillows and plenty of soft blankets, the guests bringing their own bed linen. The house is in charge of a French Canadian and his wife, who supply meals at a fixed and moderate price per day, plain but most



excellent, with light frothy omelets, thin crisp bacon, puffy and tender pancakes, fresh eggs, excellent cream and fresh trout in every form, while baked beans, cornbeef hash, tongue and other things from the native tin, hot biscuits, doughnuts and similar solids help to make up an entirely sufficient menu. The floors are exquisitely white and everything is clean and attractive. Back of the main house is a barn for the storage of canoes, which the Club supplies free of charge. Most members keep in the bedrooms a trunk containing their fishing outfit, clothing, rods, tackle boxes, packs and packing bags, etc. I always take up a steamer trunk containing my personal necessities for the trip, consisting chiefly of clothing and tobacco and, on leaving Saccacoma for the upper camps, stow these into what is called a "Nessmuk" pack, consisting of a bag of waterproof canvas, with flap and fastening strap, which swings over the back like a knapsack and is quite sufficient to carry everything needed for two weeks. The Club engages guides, all French Canadians and mostly speaking only Canadian French, which is quite different from Parisian French and hard to understand until you get the hang of it. They seemed to understand my French without serious trouble, but I found great difficulty in understanding them. A number of the guides have picked up considerable English, sometimes through talking with the members and sometimes through having worked in the New England factories, and this is a great convenience to one



who does not speak French; but they all seem anxious to do their very best to give you a good time, can understand signs in the absence of common language, are good men with a paddle and pack and singularly pleasant, willing and kindly. They are very poor, have large families and usually begin to work at seven or eight years old, so that few of them can read and write, but there is plenty of work for willing men and I think these people are as happy, or happier, than many Americans much better off financially.

Saccacoma is a large and deep lake, full of minnows and other food and containing many very big trout. These do not show much inclination to rise to the fly, except when a rather stiff breeze blows and the sky is overcast, and then only in particular places such as the points of the islands and promontories of the rocky shore. Consequently this lake is largely given up to the older and stouter members of the Club, who do not care to take long tramps, are not strictly devoted to fly fishing, and make their captures by trolling, using small spoons, phantom minnows, silver soldiers and similar lures. Still a diligent fisherman, with some knowledge of the lake, can take with the fly quite as many trout as he can possibly use, and the fish being well fed, strong, deep and thick, make a magnificent fight. A two-pounder taken on my last trip showed greater strength for his weight than any trout I ever hooked, refusing to come near the boat, making furious rushes which



obliged me to give him line again and again, and finally being netted only after a combat of at least fifteen minutes. A number of Canadian red trout, *S. aureolus*, have been planted here, but I have taken only one, about twelve inches long, very slender, the back olive brown, sides flushed with pink and the whole lower parts intensely crimson and scarlet, most beautiful to see and very strong and active. In several small lakes nearby the ouananiche has been introduced, and I was fortunate enough to take two of these of about two pounds each—the only time these fish have ever come to me. They were much like the grilse taken in Newfoundland, though more slender, with larger eyes, fins and dark spots, but the way they leap, rush and make sideways dashes, so that the line throws up water like a sword blade, is a revelation. As the trout is to ordinary fish so is the ouananiche to the trout.

North from the first club house extends a tract, approximately eight miles by twenty-five, in which the fishing and shooting is exclusively controlled by the Club. This abounds in lakes, from a hundred yards to fifteen miles long, connected by brooks and rivers of all sizes and speeds, all swarming with trout, the big fish as usual preferring the big water when they can get to it. The country is imperfectly mapped and every now and then new lakes are found, sometimes containing trout and sometimes not. If there are no trout, the finder will catch a few from the nearest supply, carry them over the trail and











dump them in the new water and, within three or four years, this also will give good fishing. It is a rule of the Club that each lake shall bear the name of the member who first takes a trout from it. I have not yet been able to gain this coveted distinction, but hope to do so in the future.

Moose are also common, their tracks being visible on the portages almost everywhere and I have never made a trip to this country without seeing these great deer, although my desire to kill them has passed by. With trout it is my habit to put back into the water about nine-tenths of my catch, after weighing and measuring any large ones, with great care not to injure them, retaining only as many of the smaller ones as my party can use for food, and this is the usual practice of our members, so there are just as many fish in these waters as they can support, they are rapidly increasing in number, and the average size of those taken from the big water is steadily growing. As I fish only with the fly, four pounds is as yet my biggest, but other fly fishermen have shown me trout up to four and one-half, one of five and a quarter took a scarlet ibis last August, a two pound fish attaching himself to the second fly at the same time, and one weighing about six and a half pounds has been caught in Saccacoma with trolling tackle.

Trout, especially big trout, rarely rise with any freedom until the natural flies become numerous, so that one cannot expect much success with the fly early in the year until the fly, black and mosquito, is



on hand ready to have success with him. A little care in arranging a net over one's head at night, and the use of gloves and a fly dope by day, protects one from any serious annoyance. I carry a little bottle of oil of citronella, apply it freely on going out and am protected for about an hour, then a bite or two reminds me to make another application, and all this is not too much trouble. The most unpleasant feature is that, if a smoker, one finds the flavor of his tobacco replaced by that of citronella, unless he uses the very greatest care to avoid contamination.

A number six fly seems to be the correct size for these waters and a dozen of each of about six standard patterns are all one really needs, though a few number fours can do no harm. In June I have found the Scarlet Ibis is generally the most attractive, with the Parmacheene Belle second, but very decidedly behind. On certain lakes the fish have marked preferences for particular flies, the Silver Doctor being a favorite with the large trout of Otter Lake and the White Miller generally doing best on Trout Lake. A dull black, Grizzly King, Montreal and Professor are also often very successful, and the Yellow May should always be kept in one's book. Fishing on St. Bernard one day in spring, nothing whatever would move, so, having heard somewhere that trout would sometimes take a yellow fly when nothing else would attract, I looped on a Yellow May and trout after trout, and good ones, came to that particular fly, refusing every-



thing else. A small black and red "Quack Doctor" produced a similar effect on the beautiful little trout of Vermont Lake during one bright and rather still afternoon. Finding that nothing else was touched I looped on three of these and hooked, played and boated three half-pound fish at one cast, which was a new experience to me. Of course getting three fish so hooked into the boat is a clumsy process at best, for one or two must be hauled in by the leader, and will certainly be lost unless firmly fastened.

For this fishing, according to my custom of many years past, I use a small rubber and metal multiplying reel, finding it much preferable to the single action pattern, not only because of its rapid handling of line but also because the reversed action of the spool brings in the line away from the rod, so that it can be readily grasped by the fingers of the left hand. This is a great convenience in fishing from a boat, when I rarely use the reel, but draw in line through the rings with the hands only. The stock objection to a multiplier is that the line is likely to catch on the handle, but I have never had this happen when a trout was on and think that, if ordinary care and skill are used, such a danger is purely imaginary.

The usual landing net for boat use has a bamboo handle about forty inches long and this makes a very handy place to keep spare tips, if hollowed out smooth and fitted with a screw cap. Such a long handle is not essential for lake fishing, nor perhaps



for any fishing, if one has patience to thoroughly exhaust each fish before trying to land him. All that is really necessary is something to lift the weight from the water and a short-handled wading net, or even a willow fishing creel, are entirely suitable if the trout is completely tired out. I have tried both with success, finding the net much the better but the basket do at a pinch. Of course little trout can be lifted by a hook hold which the weight of a big one would tear through instantly, so the net is necessary to save that very big fellow that gets away so often, but a really large trout is certainly not so strong, pound for pound, as one of moderate dimensions. His weight makes it impossible to hurry him, but his movements are comparatively slow and stately. In lake fishing all that is essential is to keep your line taut, make him fight for every inch he gets and take plenty of time. In swift water the problem is more difficult; one must follow his fish down, look out for rocks, brush, trees and footing, and wait until a favorable pool or eddy gives a chance to fight to a finish on fair terms; but the rules of combat are just the same and victory is gained by the same methods in both cases.

After a day or so at the lower house one fills his pack, ties a spare rod, net and rubber coat in the canoe, and is paddled, between the islands and past great frowning cliffs on the west shore, to the foot of the first portage, a narrow and winding path into the depths of the forest. A mile of walking and





*A St. Bernard Carry*







some hundred feet of climb bring one to Willy, a typical mountain lake, abounding in trout up to a pound or so. Crossing this a short ascent reaches the crest of a divide, and one scrambles down a steeply falling track to Culbute, almost Willy's twin, and after another short carry, looks out on St. Bernard, paddles across a bay and round a rocky point, and hauls out in front of camp number two, built of logs and arranged much like the lower house, though considerably smaller. From here one fishes in St. Bernard itself, and in half a dozen other lakes, all lovely and abounding with active and beautiful fish. One of these trout, in the spring, is as brightly colored as most male trout in the fall, and their strength and courage seems as great as their beauty; but the breed is small, one of a pound and a half being decidedly uncommon.

Little Vermont is half a mile southeast of the larger lake, and is a perfect gem, set in dense forest, overhung by a promontory of lofty crags, where an osprey family breeds year after year, and with its level raised two or three feet by a flourishing colony of beaver, who have built a very fine dam across the outlet. A reef crosses the lake some hundred yards south of the landing, and here one can take as many quarter and half-pounders as he can use, and more if he is cruel enough. The larger fish do not seem to care to stay in these small waters.

Evidently other trout than *Fontinalis* have been brought in, for we took from St. Bernard a twelve



inch fish, profusely dotted with small black spots above the median line and on the cheeks, coming nearer to *S. Lewisi* than to any other description in Jordan and Everman's book. I very carelessly omitted to photograph him at once, he was dressed and cooked when the idea of doing so came, and most diligent efforts failed to produce another like him. We did, however, take a number of apparently typical *Fontinalis*, each bearing a few small black spots sparsely scattered over the sides; but whether these indicate mixed blood or have any real significance at all is unknown to me.

From this middle camp one paddles and portages, through a series of lakes joined by good trails, crosses a divide between Minette and Blue, passing another beaver dam, and in some three hours, reaches Camp Parmelee, at the head of Lake Vialon, from which a splendid series of lakes and streams is available, of all sizes and filled with trout varying from small to big in approximate correspondence with the size of their residence. As their outlets are so small and so blocked by rocks and timber, that fish of any size cannot pass, Otter and Sherman abound in big trout, the latter especially containing fish quite out of proportion to its small size, most brilliant in color, fat and lazy, and much the best on the table that I have met. Doubtless the fact that the lake is full of fish food, and no particular exertion or exercise is necessary to fare abundantly, explains this peculiarity.





*Camp St. Bernard*







These upper lakes all drain into Sans Bout, long, irregular and full of big fish, from which a river of the same name, a great and glorious stream carries the combined waters to Sorcier, the biggest of our lakes, whose outlet flows over the Chamberlain falls, a cataract impassable for any fish. When the club was first formed, some thirty years ago, it is said that none of the lakes or streams above this fall contained trout, and that their present profuse population is entirely descended from some put in at that time. These have increased, spread and assorted themselves according to size, until they now throng the waters with as great a multitude as they can support, on which such fishing as is now done, almost always sportsman-like and reasonable, can make no impression. The desire to make a record catch in number, the willingness to kill what cannot be used, seem to have about disappeared, and most or all of the club fish humanely and moderately, put back unhurt what they cannot use, and make a moderate and reasonable catch on their last day to take out and distribute to their friends; all of which is just as it should be.

It is half past four of a day in June, the sky full of big white and gray clouds, with patches of blue here and there, and a gentle breeze out of the northwest ripples the surface of Lake Vialon, which is broken here and there by the rings of rising fish. One has had a good cigar and a little nap, after his excellent luncheon, while the bright hours passed, and now it is time to try the rod again. A hail from the



end of the porch brings out your guide, who shoulders the birch and takes the trail that in a hundred yards or so opens on the shore of Sherman, the west side of which, densely forested, one coasts, dropping his flies into the shadows under the bank. In half an hour one has taken a couple of wide, deep crimson-bellied fellows of a pound or two each and probably put back several others. The two trout are hung on a tree, out of reach of the mink, to be picked up and taken back for supper, and another short trail brings you to the edge of a steep bank from which you look out on beautiful Sans Bout, with its lofty shores, wooded and rocky islands and winding channels. You stand at the easterly point of a deep bay, whose whole northern side is already in shadow, and, paddling slowly along it, drop the flies on still and deep water close to the shore. Here lie big brown-sided, deep-bodied trout, and as the sun sinks lower they begin to rise, coming up with a furious splash of the still water and fighting fiercely and long before the net can be slid under them. You have already trout for supper, and these big and strong fellows are rather too hard in the flesh to be really good eating, so each is carefully landed, measured and weighed if really large, dropped back unhurt and goes off to live his life out. Of course, you are always hoping for one big enough to be worthy of having a tracing made on birch bark, inscribed with his length and weight and your own name, and tacked on the wall as a memento. The possibility of a record





*Camp Parmelee*







fish, five, six or possibly seven pounds, keeps your expectations aroused and your interest lively; but if anything much over three pounds takes your fly it may be considered unusual. These big fellows are there, sure enough, but they do not care to come to the surface, or perhaps the smaller and more active fish get ahead of them. This lake, like all the others, swarms with minnows, and with big black leeches, evidently much favored by the trout, as those I took here have often been so full of leeches as to spill two or three from their mouths into the canoe.

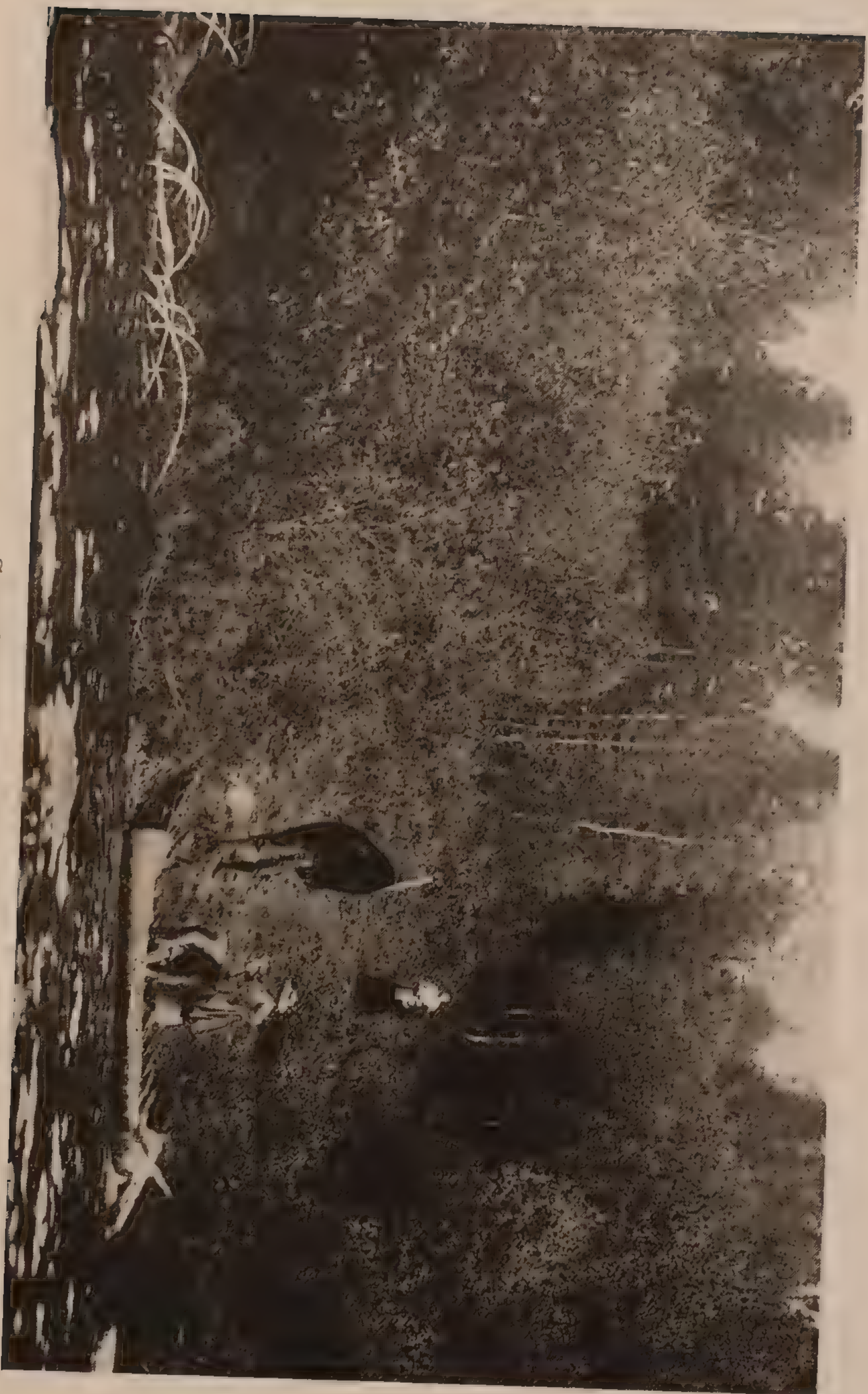
The Sans Bout river, outlet of this lake, is a big stream, alternating rapids that one must portage around with stretches that are navigable, with a twenty foot fall about half way to Sorcier. Fish abound through its whole course, but the big pools a little before reaching the great lake are the choice spots. Drop the fly on their eddies along toward evening and you are certain to experience a shock, pleasurable but startling, and this is true on through the season. Trout in the lakes, as the hot weather comes on, go down into the depths, seek out spring-holes, and rise only sparingly and that very early or very late in the day. As September brings greater coolness to air and water they become more active, and sometimes seem almost as hungry and eager as in the halcyon days of June. But in the river, whether it is that the moving and highly oxygenated water produces greater activity, or for some other unknown cause, appetites do not fail nor nerves and



muscles become languid, and a good fisherman, with due regard for conditions, can get sport that will satisfy him at any time of year. On an evening of late August I sat in my canoe at the head of one of the great pools above Camp Sorcier and, near the edge of the water weeds by the further bank, it seemed as if a herd of elephants were wallowing. The scarlet ibis was seized as it touched the water and a strenuous combat followed, line being whirled off of my reel over and over again, but finally there was tired out, brought alongside and lifted in, as fine specimen of a male trout, in his wedding garments, as one is likely to see. Twenty-one inches he measured and four pounds full he weighed, and, having been duly admired, was carefully slid into the river, lay on his back for a minute or two while his gills worked more and more, gave a wobbling half turn, then a stronger one, and then suddenly righted and vanished. He is there yet, as well as the much larger ones that his impetuosity preceded, and whom my flies failed to attract, and all are ready to welcome future visitors. To photograph this fish would have involved taking his life, so the temptation was manfully resisted; and the portrait of a string of big fellows, taken from these same pools by somebody else, is substituted.

To obtain satisfactory illustrations for an article of this kind is far from easy, for really interesting scenes are few, and the psychological moments come and pass while the camera is empty, the light





*Sans Bout Landing*







is weak, the subject is in shadow or the artist facing the sun, or at one of the thousand other impossible times. Too often, in one's haste and eagerness, the focus is mis-set, or the stop or exposure dial left at a wrong figure, and the hideously stupid error discovered long after the chance to repair it has passed forever by. Of course all the human beings will look pained and unnatural, get into awkward positions, turn their backs or grin idiotically at the lens, start at the crucial instant, so as to blur the picture no matter how swift the shutter, get in front of each other, pull down hat brims so as to make faces a nice rich black, and generally do their best to hinder, defeat and destroy. When the sun shines backgrounds will be over-exposed, when it wreathes itself in clouds and you plan a time exposure the wind will furiously sway everything movable and, instead of clear and dainty definition, give you broad and blank blurs. How trying these troubles are, and how difficult they make it to get even a few decently interesting views, only one who has tried can really know, but perhaps this brief recapitulation of a few of the obstacles one meets may induce the reader to make some allowance for the pictures I offer.

The membership of this particular club is filled, but there must be many others in the same region, who would be glad to welcome gentlemen and sportsmen to their privileges. There is also plenty of splendid fishing ground not taken up at all, and a moderate amount of effort, expense and time will



give a party of friends a club of their own, just such as they want, which the years will continue to improve and endear. On this side of the border it is now practically impossible to obtain really good trout fishing, within reasonable limits of distance and without exorbitant expenditure, hence the real fisherman should hasten to ensure his happiness, as I have, while the chance still remains open. His share of stock will not only give him joy while he lives, but will be treasured, more and more highly, by his sons, grandsons, and generations still further in the future.

June, 1912.

During 1912 I was unable to get north in June, but with my wife and two friends reached Camp Henry on September 12th, stayed there a couple of days, taking quite enough trout and a couple of ouauaniche from a small lake near by, put in one day at San Bernard, with excellent success, and then went up to Camp Parmelee. In all the waters accessible from this latter camp the fishing was simply superb, in fact ridiculously easy, trout of all sizes being so numerous, and taking the fly so readily, that it was impossible to keep more than one-tenth of our catch. In little Lake Paine I took seventeen fish in an hour, ranging from half a pound to one and three-quarters, and once hooked and landed a triple catch, one of one pound, one of a pound and a quarter, and one of a pound and three-quarters. All these fish were returned to the water





*Camp Henry*







without injury, and are there yet for the next fisherman. In the pool called the "Pork Barrel," in Vialon and almost in front of the Camp, late in the afternoon one could take fish from a pound up to his full satisfaction, and Sans Bout, with all its tributaries, fairly swarmed with large trout. I did not go to Sorcier this time, but made one trip down Sans Bout, up the Noel River about three miles, and then carried over to Moose Lake, a large, irregular, and beautiful sheet of water fairly swarming with fish, so numerous that they seemed to be insufficiently fed, so that one trout eighteen inches long weighed only a pound and a half. After a late luncheon and fishing in the lake a while, I started down ahead of the others, and struck the Noel River about four o'clock, when nearly the whole course of the stream was in deep shadow. Perhaps half a mile below the landing was a sharp curve, deep water and with brush on both sides, and brush and logs on shore and on the bottom. Here big trout rose to every cast and, after taking and putting back half a dozen, I had a tremendous strike and soon discovered that three fish were hooked. The one on the upper fly was a tremendous fellow, close on four pounds, and to keep the others out of the brush I had to hold him close to the surface. I had to give the bunch the butt all the time, as they dashed from one side to the other, constantly rushing toward



brush from which they had to be held by main strength, with the tip of the rod curved down well past the hand, and after some ten minutes of such exercise the big fellow, always flopping over the surface, shook himself loose, and the other two, when landed, weighed just two pounds each. I took eighteen fish out of that stretch, none less than a pound and a half, and did not kill one of them, but had as good sport as any one can ask for.

While we were at Camp Henry two of the members came down with a moose head each, one of which was a remarkably fine one, with twenty-five points, very broad and heavy palms, very regular and beautiful front palms, and a spread of fifty-four inches or a little more.

One morning I was smoking the after-breakfast cigar at Parmelee when some one shouted "Moose." I rushed out and there was a big bull calmly swimming across the lake about three hundred yards away, his great antlers making a splendid show. He landed on an open point, shook himself like a dog, so that a white shower flew from his thick coat, and then marched off into the forest. Fortunately nobody had a gun available so he was not molested, and is there waiting for some member who wants a moose. Great fresh tracks were visible along all











the portages and evidently moose are numerous in the country, and a member who wants one and will take a reasonable amount of trouble and time is practically certain to get his prize.

Having been admitted to the privileges of this club but a few years ago, it is possible for me only to describe what it is now, and to give my personal experience. I earnestly hope that other members, especially those who took part in its organization and early history, may be moved to write out and place in the hands of the Secretary, an account of the origin, early history and growth of this delightful place. I feel also that the value of such privileges as we have is rapidly increasing, and that it is therefore of vital importance that prompt action be taken toward ensuring their continuous future. It is not improbable that the province would convey title to the entire tract, reserving the lumber and mineral right if necessary, for a sum well within the value of the property and within our means. I hope that the Directors will consider this or any other method of perpetuating our privileges, both for us and our children and grandchildren, and feel assured that the stockholders will heartily co-operate in raising any reasonable amount that may prove necessary, either by purchasing more stock, if an increased issue is made, by subscribing for an issue



of bonds, or by both, as the management may deem wise.

A. St. J. Newberry.

Cleveland, 1912.







*Luncheon in the Woods*







## Trouting



MY very first trout, a two-pounder, was taken in the criminal and surreptitious manner described in "Boyhood Days," the tackle being a coarse cotton line, the bait part of a frog's leg, and the great fish being hauled out endways in a scandalously unsportsmanlike way. This happened about forty-five years ago, but the fierce rushes, the furious surges and jerks, the flashing beauty of the prize, and the thrill of rapture are clear and vivid as though it all happened only yesterday.

As Ohio streams are not the natural home of "Fontinalis" no further trout came to me until, at about sixteen, I entered Phillips Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire. All the little brooks thereabout were fitted for trout, and a few could be caught by diligence and care. Of course the lowly worm was the bait used, and one crawled up to the stream and dropped the squirming thing on almost invisible waters, being rewarded now and then, but very rarely, with a sharp strike, and jerking a little trout clear out and into the bushes behind him. I think



the largest of my captures in these streams was barely eight inches long, which was thought a monster, and I had no chance for better fish, or opportunity to use nobler methods of fishing for trout till after the end of my college course. At that time I spent a summer at Kane, on the top of the Alleghenies, and from the brooks surrounding that little place took great numbers of small trout, with a very few over six inches, a light rod and small snelled hook, baited with worm, being the weapons used.

That year the Castalia Club was organized, largely through the efforts of Mr. John Ranney, in whose father's office I was studying law, and obtained control of the main part of the cold brook flowing from a great limestone spring near Castalia, Ohio, stocked it with trout, and built a club house there. The original cost of membership was only twenty-five dollars, more than I could then afford, and the value of a share kept rising a little faster than my income did, so I never was able to become a member, much as it would have pleased me. Through John Ranney's kindness I was often his guest there, and had the great benefit of his advice in acquiring the art of casting the fly, then indulged in for the first time and found most fascinating. My tackle was a cheap lance-wood rod, the best I could afford, and my skill in using it left much to be desired, yet the trout were numerous, not yet so very wary as they afterwards became and, in spite of lack



of skill, I took some fair trout on the first day, and steadily gained in success on later visits. Never forgotten will be the pound and a half fish that boiled up from under one of the artificial plank floating shelters, firmly grasped my clumsily cast fly, and then put out all his strength and fury, against my cheap tackle and almost total lack of experience, in a series of furious efforts to get back under the planks again. His first rush for the float being checked somehow he went up, down and across the stream while I hung on with my heart in my mouth, gasped as once and again he failed by a hair's breadth to strike one after another obstruction, to touch which would have meant his certain escape. But I held on and did the best I could and, at last, drew him gently toward the bank, slipped the net under his glittering sides, and hoisted the flapping, gleaming weight to a safe berth in the grass. Only by recalling his own similar first experience can my pride and joy be realized even by a fly fisherman, and to anyone else it will always be incomprehensible. This fish was the biggest taken that morning, was much admired by the few members on hand, who were good enough to give me compliments which I of course modestly disclaimed, but deep down in my heart really felt were fully deserved, in fact rather inadequate. I still realize that there is room for a great deal of skill in taking trout with bait, and that it is likely to take bigger trout than the fly, sinking down to where the big fat fellows, too lazy and heavy to rush quickly to

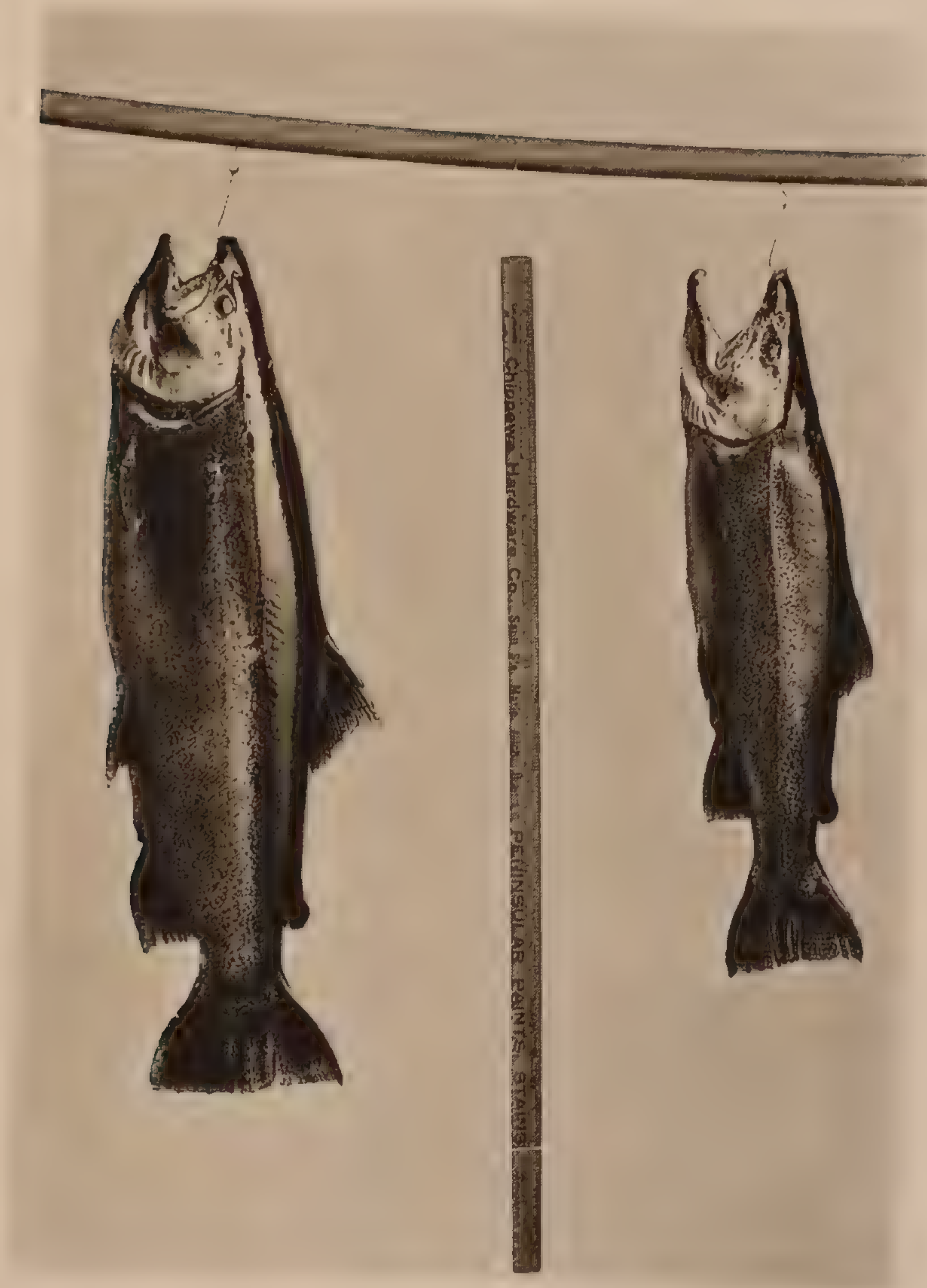


the surface, can snatch the lure without moving far, while the smaller, lighter and speedier fish reach the fly before the very big ones can get started. Nevertheless since that summer I have been a confirmed fly fisherman, and have found the sport grow more and more charming as my skill increased.

In August of that year the grass along the stream was full of small brown-backed, yellow-bellied grasshoppers, which leaped wildly into the air when disturbed and not infrequently fell on the water. Such a hopper would not float far before there would be a splash and no hopper left. The flies I was using seemed absolutely unattractive so I searched through all the stock available at the club and finally found a number six (6) fly with yellow body and brownish-gray wings which went on my leader and then on the water as soon as might be. This fly also failed to attract, so I caught a handful of the hoppers and tossed one into the stream, following along as he floated down, until he vanished in a flop. A second hopper was tossed in, went down to the same place, and met the same fate, and then my fly was dropped just above the fatal point and a good trout took the counterfeit. I don't think this could be called fishing with bait, which would have been against the club rules, but it yielded me a handsome basket that afternoon.

Next season I went up to the Sault rapids, where the cold waters of Superior flow down, and had capi-





*Rainbow Trout—Left, female; right, male  
Showing difference in shape of head and jaws*

*Caught at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Aug. 30, 1909,  
by R. T. Newberry, Chicago*







tal sport with the fly along the edge of the rapids on the American side, fishing from the shore. One bright afternoon I started at the upper end of the slide, having rigged my leader with small dark flies, and worked down with little success until I came to a big eddy where three Indians were fishing with bait. Fly fishing was evidently unknown to them and they watched me, grinning to each other and evidently thinking and saying that here was a real unmitigated fool. But when my flies dropped at the upper end of the eddy, circled a little, there came a splash, the rod bent and the reel buzzed and, after a good fight, a fine two-pounder came to net, they were manifestly astonished. A few steps down and a cast well outside their lines brought another splash and after due interval another good fish. The Indians neglected their own fishing and fixed all their attention on me. When a cast a little below them brought a tremendous rush, and a three-pounder began to dash back and forth, splashing and surging all he knew, the three aborigines dropped their rods and gathered behind me, and, when the big fish was finally scooped in, they came up and wanted to know all about this new way of fishing. Trailing hooks and feathers over the surface does look foolish to one who has never seen it done, and I have had the pleasure of astonishing a good many novices, both white and red, by showing them how effective it might be.



The biggest trout in that water could then be taken only with bait, a thumb-shaped spiny little fish, called locally "Cockaduce" and found under stones, being rigged on a gang hook and allowed to run down into the swift water. This fishing was done from a "Mackinaw" boat, like a big canoe, and most skilfully managed by two Indians with poles. Anchored at the head of the main rapids, on the Canadian side, I so took a fish just under four pounds, and hooked, and alas lost after a great fight, one very much bigger. I played him for ten minutes, got a good view of him—and he looked as long as my arm—until he stuck up his head, threshed the water furiously, and my hook broke short. If he didn't weigh six or seven pounds my judgment is much at fault.

In 1881 my friend Boardman and I went to the Sault again and put in a week fishing the big rapids and the channels on the Canadian side both with fly and bait, with capital results, though we got no very big fish. It was really wonderful to see our two Indians handle the big Mackinaw boat in the swift water and around the big rocks, up, down and across the rapid as coolly and easily as if the water were still; should a fly catch on a rock, which was not seldom, calmly working the boat over to and freeing it without the slightest difficulty. When we had trout enough we would drop down to the foot of the slide and the bow man would get out a big scoop net,



with a ten foot handle and three foot ring, and the boat would tack back and forth in the white water, full of bubbles and absolutely opaque to my eyes. The bow guide would say something in Ojibway, swing the boat a little, stick that big net down deep into the foam, and bring up two or three big whitefish, red on the heads as a shad. How he did it is too many for me, but one of those whitefish, broiled for supper that night, was a revelation as to how good fish could taste, fresh trout being simply not in it with them.

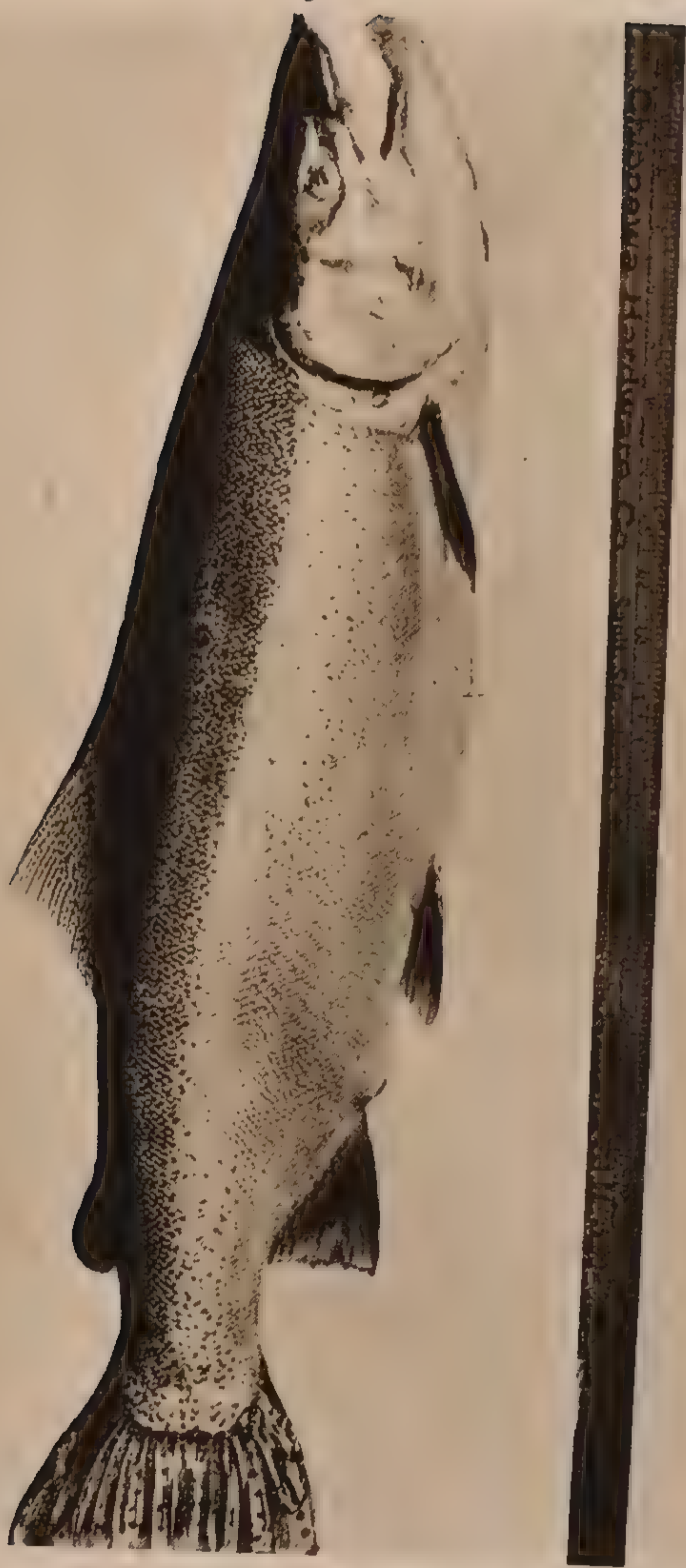
At the queer little hotel where we stopped there was a big and talkative fellow, who posed as an authority on trout fishing, had all sorts of tackle of the most improved and costly kind and fished most diligently, but never seemed to catch much of anything. His small bag was always elaborately explained by its being too hot, too cold, a shift of wind to the wrong quarter, abundance of minnow food, and other reasons, after which would come a lecture on the habits of trout, the way to take them, merits of different tackle and other subjects, which we respectfully listened to. One day, however, we brought in a particularly fine lot of big fish and laid them on the back porch waiting for the cook. Our talkative friend came in soon afterward, with no fish, but as usual full of reasons for not taking any. After a while we all went toward our rooms by way of the back porch, and our friend almost fell over our big catch. He stopped,



stared and gasped, "Who caught those?" We modestly answered, "We did," and he scooted to his room without a word, but was much more considerate of others and much less dogmatic about fishing after that experience.

After a week or so we hired a stout two-masted sail boat, camp outfit and two Indians, went up to Gros Cap, where the Sault River flows out of Superior, and camped on the easterly shore, hoping to take some of the six-pounders that live among the crevices in the rocks below the great cliff, one of that weight brought down the day before having excited our emulation. We made our landing just in time to make camp before night came down, hoping for great things in the morning. Alas! the vanity of human hope! We woke to find the tent just about holding its place against a furious wind from the north that dashed great waves against the rocks and every now and then spattered our camp with spray. Fishing was of course impossible, but we stood it as well as we could, hoping for better things. The next day was like the first only more so and by night we began to get pretty tired of a diet of bacon and potatoes, with nothing to do, but worried through that day also somehow. When the third day dawned with the same wind and waves we were about desperate, so when the wind dropped somewhat toward noon we filled our boat with drift wood for ballast, leaving a well for the Indians in the middle. I took





*Rainbow Trout—Old Male*  
*Weight, 12 pounds*

*Caught at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, July 24, 1909,*  
*by R. T. Newberry, Chicago*







the helm and Boardman managed the sheets and we went across White Fish Bay on our lee gunnel, with the Indians bailing and praying alternately. Our objective point was a stream flowing into the bay west of Point Iroquois, but of course the shore was impracticable, so after a rather thrilling passage we ran under the lee of a little island and let two very scared Indians get onto firm ground. Their first act was to build a fire and brew a huge kettle of tea, and they were no earthly good until they had drunk a gallon or so apiece, after which they again became rational and capable of attending to their jobs.

Next day we landed at the mouth of a good-sized brook, ran our boat into shelter inside, and made camp among the low blue berries just above the beach. I have never seen them so plentiful, for one could sit down anywhere and pick a peck without stirring. Fishing was not good on the first day, and breaking through the bushes made it laborious, still we got all we could use. In forcing my way through a thicket a big black thing rushed away with a snort, and when I got back to camp and said I had started out a big hog, the boys said, "There aren't any hogs within forty miles of here. That was a bear."

Just above the camp the stream took a sharp bend leaving a deep hole with a wooded bank on the north side. I cast over this with small success



and then asked my friend to try a bait there, while I went round to the deep side, crawled carefully through the bushes and got where I could see to the bottom of the hole, being myself invisible, and there lay at least a hundred trout, from four ounces to two pounds or so. Presently a line with hook and sinker came down and began to swing around above the fish. Two or three of the smaller ones started up, circled the hook, plucking chiefly at the sinker, but finally one took the bait and was hauled away. After a little the line came down again and the same process was repeated, and after that not a fin would stir. This taught me that the fact that trout would not bite did not mean that there were not a whole lot of them in a pool. Mr. Fayette Brown once said to me, "Newberry, I have found out when trout will bite!" I of course answered confidently, "When, Mr. Brown?" And the old gentleman chuckled out, "When they damn please." I think he was not far wrong.

Next day I found a wood road giving a good path up to a little lake which seemed the source of the brook, and fished down from there. Trout were simply superabundant and, after discarding all the little ones at first, and later keeping only the biggest, I brought out to the shore a string disgracefully large. It was hot up that stream, and the black flies fairly swarmed, so when I saw the blue waters of the lake it seemed that there was the very place





*Rainbow Trout—Female*  
*Weight, 13 $\frac{1}{4}$  lbs.; length, 29 $\frac{1}{2}$  ins.; girth, 20 ins.*  
*Caught at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Aug. 28, 1909,*  
*by R. T. Newberry, Chicago, Ill.*







I wanted, so I stripped, ran out to the end of a rocky point and went in with a splash. My! how cold it was! I came up gasping, made record time to shore, and then ran up and down in the sun to get rid of that awful chill. It is said that one who goes overboard in that lake is chilled to death and sinks before help can reach him, and I can well believe it.

There was a little pound net not far from our camp and when the owner turned up that night the guides went out, bought an eight-pound white fish and brought him in still alive. Then they split him open flat, cut down a young birch, split the small end for a couple of feet, inserted the fish with small cross-sticks to hold him flat, tied up the top of the cleft and stuck the butt into the sand, so that the fish came just over a bed of hot coals. Then he was sprinkled with salt and pepper, the tree turned in the sand so that both sides were thoroughly cooked, and served on a big slab of birch bark. Never was fish more perfectly cooked, and never did one taste better.

In a day or two we got tired of the superabundance of trout, so salted those we had not used and went back to the Sault. Here we got the lesson to never salt a trout, for the delicate flavor absolutely vanishes and you have what tastes like salt codfish or mackerel of an inferior quality. Even a day's keeping on ice ruins their flavor for me, and the only



way to enjoy trout is to eat them fresh from the water. Stale trout may do to give away to those who know no better, but none of them for me.

In the years when I fished the Sault rapids only the speckled trout, "*Fontinalis*," were to be found there, but several years ago the Rainbow was introduced, and in that splendid water and with that plentiful feed have thrived mightily. Some three years ago one of my brothers fished for them during two successive seasons, in the months of July and August and took speckled trout up to six and one-half pounds and Rainbow up to fourteen. The big Rainbow took him a mile and a half down stream, leaping repeatedly, and required about an hour to subdue him. His photograph with some others of my brother's catch appears herewith. He also saw a Rainbow, taken in a net, which weighed full twenty-six pounds. This of course is like Salmon fishing and quite as good sport and I am hoping to be able to try it myself before my hand grows too feeble to handle a rod.

A year or so after I was sent to Marquette to explain to Mr. Peter White, a famous name in that country, that one of my clients could not pay a note which Mr. White's bank held. He took the unpleasant message very kindly, and began to talk of other things, in the course of which conversation it came out that I liked trout fishing. That was





*Rainbow Trout—Female*  
*Weight, 14 lbs., 7 ozs.; length, 30½ ins.; girth, 22 ins.*  
*Caught at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Aug. 30, 1909,*  
*by R. T. Newberry, Chicago, Ill.*







enough for that great hearted man, who insisted on my dining at his house, and then proceeded to arrange with his son-in-law to fit me out with tackle, and get me a card to the Munising Club, some forty miles east. Here I found a solid log house, fronting on the beautiful bay near the mouth of the little Anna River, and a mile or two from a town which had flourished on the charcoal iron industry, gone down with its support in the panic of 1857, and lain deserted ever since. The botton of the bay sloped gently for a hundred yards or so, and then plunged quickly to a great depth, and along this ridge was an irregular growth of weeds, reaching nearly to the surface and divided by channels and open patches, and here the big trout lay. And they were plentiful and huge. Here I was soon joined by some friends and we put in a most delightful week. I was never able to make any return to Mr. White for his kindness to an unknown stranger, who had brought him ill tidings, but the world would be a much better place if there were a few more like him in it. The old log house was comfortable and solid, but unfortunately, like many such, was not free from the terror that walketh by night and gets into your bed. One of the ladies of our party, a plump, rosy, fair-skinned beauty, proved irresistibly attractive to them, as she was to everyone, and suffered considerably. So after a council of war I telegraphed the President of the Club at Marquette in about these words. "Please express case beer, two dozen ap-



pollinaris, gallon best whiskey and four pounds insect powder," all of which arrived safely and proved in their several departments most useful and comforting.

On each of the following two summers I went again to Munising, once as a guest of the Club, and once, with my wife and son, and a friend and his wife and son, staying at a house on Powell's point, about two miles from the growing town of Munising and connected with it by two roads. Wishing to walk to the town we asked our host which road to take, to which he answered, "Take either one and you will come back by the other," which was a true prophecy. We had capital sport on both trips, not only in the bay but along the shore to the Eastward and at the foot of the Pictured Rocks. Here I cast into a hole in the cliff and saw a big trout move towards the fly but come short. I could not stir him again with the fly, so put on a worm, at which he dashed at the first cast, I struck on sight and hooked him, and then gradually backed the boat and drew him into open water. Here he wallowed tremendously, but did not appear able to make any long runs, and when exhausted and brought up close it appeared that he was hooked in the left pectoral fin, so that a pull turned him over sideways, and he did not have the chance to make the fight which his size, over three pounds, would have otherwise produced. It was on the last trip that I had the experience de-



scribed in "My Best Catch" published in "Caught on the Fly," and great fun it was."

After leaving Powell's Point we stopped for a day or two at the hotel in the new town of Munising, then just being built, and my wife asked the landlord where the bathroom was, to which he answered, "Mrs. Newberry! I haven't such a thing in the house." Then she taught him how to make blueberry pancakes, a quart of ripe blueberries to each quart of batter, and after a few days he came to her and said, "Mrs. Newberry, do you know, since you taught me to make those pancakes I can't get blueberries enough."

The following year our same party went up to the Sault, stayed for a day or two at a little hotel on the Canadian side, a few miles above the falls, finding poor accommodations and worse fishing, and then chartered the sloop Gladys for a trip to Batchawanna Bay. The Gladys was not an A1 vessel, far from it, and was commanded by a man who bore the significant name of Roach—perhaps his first name was Cock, if not, it ought to have been—and carrying a crew named Jimmy, about sixteen years old. Her accommodations were far from palatial, nevertheless, she carried us safely and comfortably, rounded Rudderhead point, a splendid fishing ground but much exposed and dangerous, and anchored near the mouth of Cady's creek at the east-



erly end of the deep bay. Here we found a great variety of sport, black bass abounding along the boulder-strewn shores, big pike lurking in the weedy bays, and plenty of trout in the stream and around its mouth, with all of which we had delight. One day I paddled my friend up the stream, he made a cast into a deep eddy under a log, the upper fly was instantly taken by a pound fish and a three-pounder took the lower fly a moment later. My friend was not an experienced fisherman and his tackle was not of the best, so he was in trouble at once. I swung the boat hard aground on a sand bar, grabbed the big net and watched the combat. In a moment the tip pulled out, then the second joint followed, and my friend dropped the butt, grabbed the line, hauled the fish—who seemed too astonished to make much resistance—up within reach, and one sweep of the net secured them both. This could hardly be called scientific fishing, nor could we quite agree as to which of us took the fish, but we got them anyhow. After a week's delightful sport the old sloop took us safely back to the Sault, but I hear that, being caught in a heavy blow the year following, her seams opened and she went to the bottom, passengers and crew all managing to get to shore, by good fortune, but with the loss of their whole outfit.

In the winter of 1887 I received an accidental pistol shot wound, the ball striking the left breast,



passing through the lung and pericardium, and lying under the skin of the back, which promised well to put an end to my fishing forever. But after several weeks of illness I got well enough to go to Asheville, hollow chested, coughing and looking like a consumptive far gone, so that the passers-by looked at me pityingly and evidently thought I was not long for this world. In time I began to gain in both health and strength, and in June was strong enough to go north and join my family at Holderness on the Squam Lakes, a very beautiful place, where my gain in strength gradually continued. One day a friend told me that trout could be found in brooks not far away, so I borrowed a bait rod, got some worms, and was driven in a buck board several miles to where a good-sized brook flowed through a large pasture. Here my driver left me, going down to where the brook flowed through a forest below. Feebly I rigged my tackle, walked towards the stream, lay down some distance from it, crawled to pretty near the bank keeping well out of sight, and flipped the worm well out. There was a quick rush, strike, jerk, and a six inch trout landed in the grass behind me. This did me a whole lot of good. I kept on, fishing carefully, every now and then getting another fish, when suddenly I discovered that my strength was completely exhausted, managed to crawl to the shade of a handy tree, lay flat on my back and rested for an hour. Then I began to fish again, slowly and painfully but with much pleasure, covering all the stream



and keeping as inconspicuous as possible, until my driver came back, when it appeared that he had two little trout while I had thirty-two, one measuring nine inches. This did me a lot more good, and it began to seem that life was worth living after all. Later in the year we went over to Lake Placid in the Adirondacks, stopping at the old Brewsters hotel, on the neck between Placid and Mirror. At this time there was but one house on Placid, the forest around it was untouched, the hideous puffing motor boat had not been invented, and "Whiteface," queen of mountains, with her surrounding court of lesser peaks, was beautiful as she now is. But, alas, trout were even then scarce, fly fishing, unless one was willing to take a five mile row to the inlet, with doubtful results, was practically useless, and what few trout we took were taken with bait in deep water, or in the small streams of the neighborhood. A number of brooks flowed into the lake, full of small trout, all white fleshed, while the flesh of the trout from the lake, only a few feet from the brook, was the darkest red I ever saw. Explain this who can, it is beyond me.

One day three of us had driven over to Chub River, I being left on the road part way up at the mouth of a trail leading down to the river and the other two going farther. At the water's edge I found a leaky square-ended punt, with a single hand-made paddle, which at once received Caesar and his fortunes. After paddling a mile or more up stream, tak-





*Brewster's*  
*Pen and Ink Sketch on Birch Bark, by E. S. N.*







ing a few small fish, I came to quite a large pool with a small rapid flowing into the upper end, which looked very trouty. At the foot of the pool a pine had fallen so that its top lay in the water, and to this I made the boat fast, cast my bait well up and let it swing down. I felt no touch but, as the bait came to the surface, two handsome trout followed it and then vanished. Again the bait went up stream and was being brought down much more slowly, when there came a little twitch, a sharp strike, and a good pound fish was fighting for his life at the outer end. He was not hurried too much, was finally safely landed, and a few more casts produced another not quite so large. When they stopped biting after three or four had been taken, I made a comfortable seat, lighted a cigar, gave them a good rest, and then tried again. To make a long story short, when no more could be induced to look at the bait, I had taken from that pool fourteen, of which the smallest was well over a quarter of a pound. It is sad that they were taken with bait, and not with the nobler lure, but in excuse it must be considered that no such chance had even been thought possible, and that we had grown to think the fly, in those waters, practically useless. Merrily I navigated my tub back to the starting point, with due modesty (or its appearance) exhibited my splendid catch to my companions when they returned almost fishless, and drove home chuckling inwardly over the sensation it would make when exhibited at the hotel.



That morning we had left about forty friends, and looked forward to their welcome at our return and their congratulations on our success. The porch looked very blank as we drove up, and on investigation we found that typhoid fever had attacked one of the Brewster boys and that the guests, a small remnant excepted, had scattered in all directions, impressing all available teams and men for that purpose. We were not particularly afraid of contagion, but it seemed just as well to be somewhere else, so on the next day my family and some friends started westward, by way of Saranac, Rainbow and Paul Smith's, and finally brought up at Meacham Lake, which became my happy hunting and fishing ground for a good many years. The lake was about two miles by one, the inlet and outlet being both at the southerly end and near together, and at the north end stood the primitive little hotel, consisting of a series of two-story houses joined by a long porch, the office and dining room occupying the ground floors of two and bedrooms the remaining space available, while one or two cottages had been built nearby. Mountains of reasonable size surrounded the whole, all covered with dense forest, and the nearest house was five miles away. The same people came year after year, and one soon grew to regard the place as a home, primitive as the accommodations were. All through the summer one could take trout by trolling flies on the surface, and both outlet and inlet were ideal trout streams. The former having about a mile





*A Morning's Catch, Lake Tamagami*







of shallows and pools, then a mile or two of rapids and falls, and again smooth water below, while the latter had no rapids so far as I have ever ascended it, but contained plenty of trout, sometimes of larger size.

The hotel was run by Mr. Fuller, a very decided and highly efficient old soldier, and the guides were all Americans, owners of little farms a few miles away, and as fine a lot of fellows as it has been my lot to meet. The ice would generally go out of the lake early in May, and the habitues gathered at the call, generally beginning by deep trolling with a wire line for lake trout. Now the lake trout may be called a fish, and going after them in this manner may be called fishing, but I liked neither the fish nor the sport, did very little of it, and generally got my flies on the water when everybody said it was too early. The outlet was my favorite ground, and I was apt for the first few days to come back to the house, fishless, and endure the scoffs of those who had preferred to sit around the stove and smoke, or troll for sluggish lakers. But there would always come a day when, as my flies dropped on the first eddy in the rapids, there would be a fierce rush, splash and strike and a fine trout would wallow in the swift water, taking all my skill to hold him. Then in every pool or eddy there would be one or more, never less than eight ounces and very rarely exceeding a pound, but fine sport in that rushing stream, and I would turn



up at night with a twelve-pound creel packed full. Then it was my turn to laugh, and next day the whole party would be distributed along the outlet, the big pool at the foot of the rapids being the favorite place. Where these trout came from I do not know, but have always supposed that they had passed the winter in the depths of the lake, semi-hibernating, and appeared in the swift water when the temperature rose a little and food of some kind appeared also. It was particularly noticeable that the trout taken in the lake itself, practically all through the year, were almost black on the back, silvery on the belly, with few or no spots and very little color of any kind, the flesh being an exceedingly dark red. The trout taken in the stream were always much lighter, more highly colored and carrying more spots, and just before spawning time were excessively brilliant, the flesh running from dark pink to almost white, while those in the lake were at all seasons comparatively dark and with few spots and little color.

Anything over a pound was uncommon in the outlet, and the biggest trout I ever took at Meacham was caught in the inlet and weighed under two pounds; but one day I was fishing that stream with the fly and, to keep my wife occupied and amused, rigged up a bait rod and set her to fishing in a big pool where the water was deep, when she managed to hook, play and land one that was full two and a half pounds, much the largest trout I have ever seen in those waters.



In Clear Pond, half a mile away, there were some very big trout, Mr. Fuller having netted them for their eggs, up to four pounds or so, but I never could catch one above a pound. I remember that once he got a large glass fish trap, thinking this would be the ideal instrument to take big trout for spawning, and set it in a channel opening into a small adjoining pond, with the mouth out. In the morning he found it had caught a bushel of bullheads, so next night he set the trap again with the mouth pointed in, and got another bushel of bullheads.

The guides, Bill Sprague, Halsey Sprague, Lute Trim, George Selkirk and all the others, were capital fellows, good woodsmen, honest, kindly, courteous and all that such men should be, and I knew and liked them all. Bill Sprague was a typical Yankee, long, lean, and full of dry humor, whether the joke was on him or on somebody else. One day three of us had been far down the river, which was very low, and were making our way up by poling rather than paddling. Bill led the procession, shoving his canoe along in a regular swing, when I winked at Halsey motioning ahead, he pushed up till I got hold of Bill's stern post and then stopped poling, while Bill pushed away steadily, dragging two boats. In an instant those in the rear canoe caught the idea, shoved up until Hoyt got hold of the stern post of my craft, and then Bill was allowed to drag three



boats. He shoved away manfully for quite a while until some one of us couldn't stand it any longer and snorted, when Bill's head came round, his mind grasped the situation, and we all, Bill included, shrieked with laughter.

One day a friend of mine who was out with Bill noticed that he seemed rather preoccupied and quiet and after some effort managed to elicit a story which I shall try to tell, though it loses much by omitting his characteristic drawl, but what he said was something like this.

"Well, Mr. Hoyt, you see that fat fellow, with whiskers and a black coat at the house yesterday. The night before Mr. Fuller he sends for me and says, 'Bill, Mr. Ferguson wants a guide and I told him you were not busy and could take him out tomorrow.' I says, 'Yes, sir.' Then Ferguson he speaks up and says, 'I want to catch a big laker and want you to show me where they are. Can you do it? I'll tend to the fishin.' I says, 'Yes, sir.' So in the morning I gets a pail of minneys and Ferguson he comes down with a little fly rod, like that one you're swingin', Mr. Hoyt, and I says to him, 'That there little rod ain't no good for lakers.' And he says to me, 'Now, I don't want you to tell me anything about fishin'. I know all about that. You take me where the fish are and I'll tend to ketchin' of 'em.' I says, 'All right, sir.' So I rigs a gang and





*Lake Placid, Adirondacks*







a big minney on that little rod and we starts out over the spawning bed and up to Shanty point. I rows along just a praying that a big laker would take hold of that bait, and pretty soon one did, and away he starts. First the tip comes out, then the second joint and the line all runs away and breaks at the reel. And that Ferguson, he looks at the rod, and then he looks at me, and then he half stands up, throws butt and reel after the fish and shouts, 'Take it all, damn you!' "

A little north of "Clear Pond" lies little "Buck Pond," closely shut in by forest and with a bottom covered thickly with moss except in the southwest corner, where there was a bed of boulders of an acre or so. If the wind were so obliging as to put a ripple over these boulders one was practically sure of a good catch there, otherwise not a fin would stir, no matter how fine and far off you did your work. This pond was so abundantly stocked with chub and suckers that the really big trout which it held were too lazy and too well fed to bother themselves about flies and, though I have seen three pounders there, a one pound fish is the largest I ever landed, and generally one's catch was composed of beautiful golden quarter-pounders, and not a great many of them; but the lake was so attractive that one would go back to it again and again. It was a great place for deer and I have many times seen them there, wading and feeding around the outlet, and not caring much about me



in any way. Meacham was my favorite resort for a good many years, both for trouting and for deer. Of late years the fishing has not been so good, doubtless due to an increase of population in the neighborhood, but it is a charming place even now, and I remember it with great affection.

Once I recommended a friend to take his family to Meacham, having fully explained to him Fuller's peculiarities. He turned up there late in the evening, and said, "Mr. Fuller, can we have supper?" Fuller answered, "You didn't telegraph." My friend replied sweetly, "Never mind, we'll eat all the more breakfast." Fuller said, "Hold on a minute," disappeared, and after awhile came back saying, "Everybody's in bed but I've got you something," and led them to a feast of cookies, milk, pie, fruit and all that man could wish, and after that there was no more trouble with Fuller. My friend asked him about the fishing and Fuller very gravely said, "Well, Newberry catches more trout than anyone else, but Newberry sticks to it more than anyone else!" There is a good deal of sense in that, for I have found that one never caught fish when his line was not in the water.

While at Asheville in 1888 a party of us climbed to the top of Craggy Mountain, six thousand feet and, as I had heard that trout were to be found in the swift streams near its top, left there when the



glacial ice retreated northward, I tied a bait rod across my saddle. A mile or so from the top we struck a superb dashing mountain stream and I promptly tied my horse to a swinging limb, rigged the rod, and dropped a worm in a likely place. An hour's work produced a dozen trout from six to eight inches long, beautiful as any northern fish, but sadly lacking in energy and fire. Evidently the southern climate has an enervating effect on trout as it has on men.

In 1894, I had my first chance to play with the black spotted trout of the Rockies, and a little later met in Michigan and New York the beautiful and gamy rainbow, but my experiences with both have been described in "Caught on the Fly." In Newfoundland we took fontinalis up to three pounds, both the regular brook trout and the sea trout, but trout are considered vermin in a salmon country so that they did not receive the attention that they deserved. As a final conclusion I am satisfied that the best fun in the world is to be turned loose on a good trout river, where the fish are large, cautious, and one must use all his skill to procure a rise and to hold the fish after he is hooked. Many days of such happiness have been mine and I hope for many more before my stiffened fingers can no longer hold a rod. Number does not matter so much, killing beyond one's strict needs becomes hateful after a time, but the charm of handling delicate tackle, the joy of putting



your fly in just the right place in spite of obstructions, the thrill that comes when a great gleaming shape breaks the surface, and the joy of combat when you pit your force and skill against his, can never lose their charm. All angling is good to the true fisherman, but to me at least trout fishing gives the greatest pleasure of all, and of all sports.







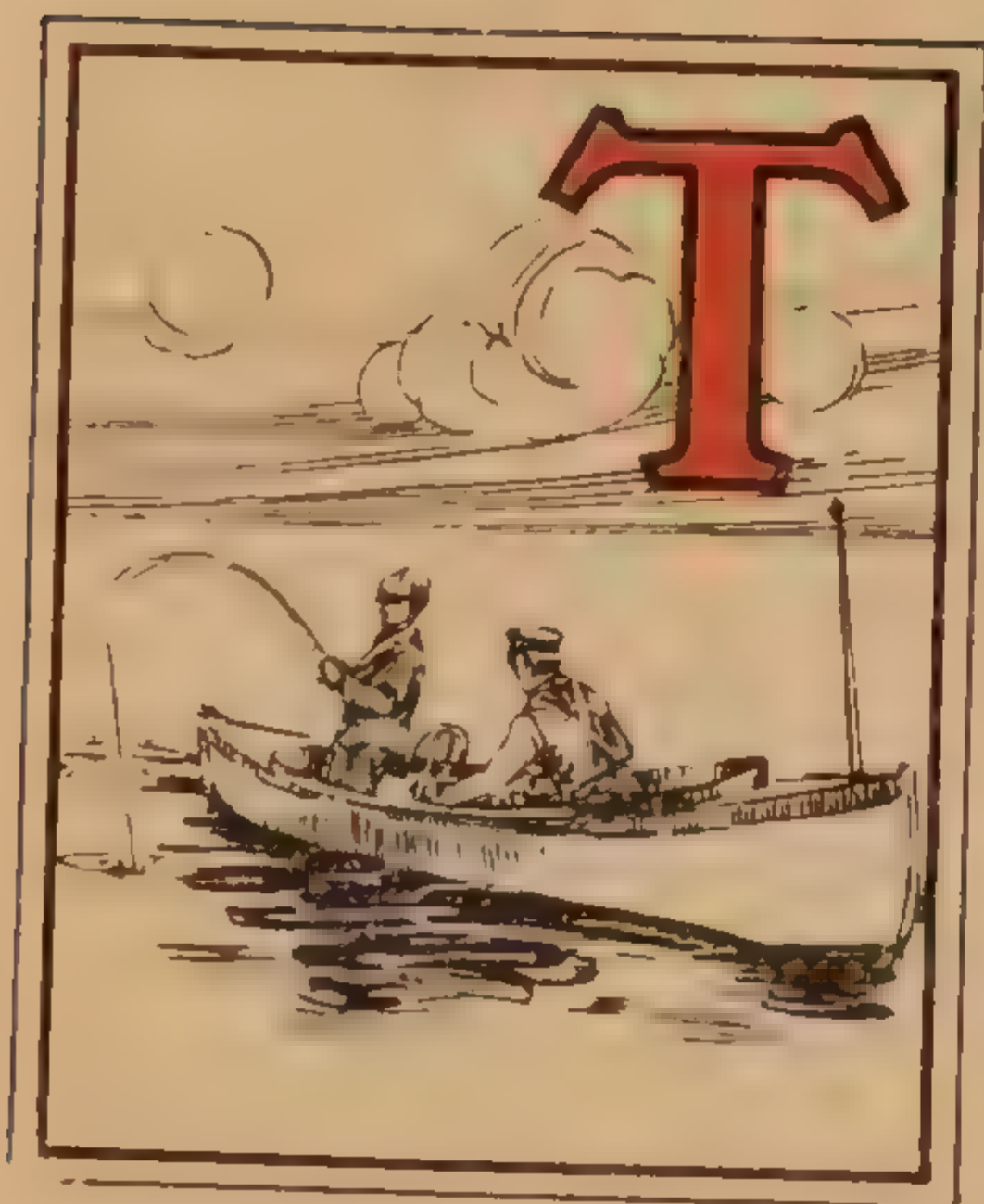
*Trolling on the Kestrel.*







## On Lines



THE line required for trolling with the rod, for the great game fishes of the tropical seas, must be a marvel of strength, lightness and endurance. The strain of taking a tuna or tarpon of a hundred and fifty pounds, even from a small and handy power boat, which can follow the fish and ease the tackle with the engine, is enormous. That put upon the line in taking a fifty-pound kingfish or amberjack, from a large sail boat, which cannot follow the fish and requires the whole work to be done with rod and reel, is probably equally great. In either case two or three hundred yards must be wound on a reel of reasonable size, and salt water soon attacks the fibre and causes it to rot, so that its life cannot be very long. A high class linen line should have a breaking stress of at least two pounds per thread, and maintain this strength for some weeks.

The spin of the bait in trolling has a tendency to untwist all cable laid lines and cause them to kink. One so untwisted and kinked must have weak spots, and be liable to break at much less than the strain that one, properly twisted and unkinked, will easily



endure. For such fishing a line must have the minimum tendency to unravel and kink to do good service; it should also be dark in color, as a light colored line, in the wonderfully clear waters of the tropics, is too noticeable, and will according to my experience obtain much fewer strikes than one that is green or brown. I am satisfied also that the coloring matter lessens the tendency to untwist and kink and, to a considerable degree, protects from the rotting effect of salt water and so prolongs the life of the line.

The catalogues recommend that one should "set" his lines before use. This process consists in taking one off the spool, winding it on a stick in kite string fashion, so that it can be readily soaked, thoroughly soaking it, stretching it on a frame, permitting it to dry thoroughly, and then winding it upon the reel. Now the time and trouble required to so prepare two hundred yards of line is very great. I have found that to "set" three such lines required a night's soaking, followed by at least a whole morning's troublesome and annoying labor, as the stretching, drying, and reeling up can only be done by day and in direct sunlight. A slight shower, or the damp night air, will undo most of your work, which must then be done over again. Now, I at least, want to fish in my mornings and not to prepare tackle, and it seems to me manifest that all such preparatory work should be done by the maker or dealer, and that the fisherman should be able to buy a line completely ready for use. For such no reasonable sportsman would



hesitate to pay an extra price, which would reimburse the maker for the extra labor and pay him a good profit besides.

The books also say that all lines used for salt water fishing should be taken from the reel each night, thoroughly washed in fresh water, allowed to dry completely, and then be replaced. Has any one of these writers tried it and found out how much labor this operation requires, how the lines will snarl, and how much time, which should be devoted to fishing, one must expend on this soul-destroying occupation? Of course rich men can hire others to do the setting, washing, drying and replacing, though it will be done less well than the fisherman would do it himself, but my experience has shown the whole process to be unnecessary, provided honestly made lines are furnished.

Six years ago I spent a month cruising among the Florida Keys fishing near the reef for the great kingfish, amberjack, barracuda and groupers. Five years ago I spent nearly five months of the winter and early spring in Nassau, fished about eight hours a day, from a thirty-five foot sail boat, and took kingfish up to fifty-five pounds and amberjack up to fifty-two. I then could buy green or brown linen cable laid tarpon lines of two hundred yards each, of twenty-one or twenty-four threads, put them on my reels without any "setting," never wash or dry them, and find them give excellent service for about thirty days, with little tendency to untwist or kink. After



that time it proved wise to replace them by new ones and this became my regular practice. In these two winters at Nassau and in Florida, my line broke only once, and this was when I had neglected to exchange it for a new one after thirty days service, and perhaps was rather careless also. I used but a single large swivel and never found keel sinkers, or any similar device, necessary to prevent untwisting or kinking.

I had hoped to return to Nassau the following year and break my own record on kingfish, and for that purpose then bought four of "Hall's Special Tarpon" lines, but illness and the panic of 1907 prevented and they lay among my kit until this last winter. Then, I again came back to my old fishing grounds, full of glorious anticipations, secured my former house, my old boat and crew, and started to work. Before leaving I had ordered, from a New York dealer, half a dozen "Rex Tarpon" lines, described in their catalogue as the very best and also a supply of swivels and keel sinkers. Pending their arrival I used the "Hall" lines, purchased in 1906, without "setting" or washing and with but one swivel, and found them give rather more trouble than I formerly had, in untwisting and kinking, but nothing very serious; still, when the "Rex" lines arrived, about two weeks after I began fishing, I thought the "Hall" lines unfit for longer service and exchanged them for the new ones, putting on also keel sinkers. I was surprised to find the new "Rex" lines white or



nearly so, but concluded that others knew better than myself and used them with confidence.

Then my troubles began. A new "Rex" line would, in three hours trolling, be untwisted into three parallel strands for the lower seventy-five yards of its length, would kink in a most extraordinary manner and, in spite of increasing the swivels to three, putting on keel sinkers, and reversing each day, was likely to break, under a very moderate strain, on the second or third day. I rigged up on my rear porch, a place where I could stretch and dry lines, and went through the laborious and time-devouring process of setting them, of course only possible in the day time, but obtained little improvement. Thinking that the white color and lack of dye might account for the difficulty, I wrote at once for more "Hall's" lines but, partly through the slowness of the parcels post, which comes to Nassau but once in two weeks, these did not arrive until over six weeks after they were ordered, and then proved greatly inferior to those bought four years ago, with which I had begun the season. I had meanwhile sent over to Miami for the best green tarpon lines they could furnish, and got some "Gulf Tarpon" lines bearing the name of the "Simmons Hardware Company," of St. Louis, Missouri. These did a very little better service than the "Rex," but were greatly inferior to the older "Hall's."

I first used two "Rex" lines "unset." The first one was so badly untwisted and kinked, after a half



day's fishing, that I reversed it on my reel, putting the unused portion at the outer end. I then used it for two days more, reversing it each day, when it broke at the strike of a moderate sized fish. The second "unset" "Rex" broke about two hours after I put it on the reel. The other four "Rex" I "set" and found these give very varying results. One of them broke the first day I used it, the others lasted several days each, although it was necessary to reverse them every day, and in less than two weeks all of the six "Rex" lines were unfit for service.

The first "Gulf Tarpon Line," used "unset," encouraged me very much, giving good service for the first day. The next day I took off a "Rex," from one of my other reels and put a new "Gulf Tarpon" on it. This broke at the first strike I had. I then took off the "unset" lines and substituted "set" "Gulf Tarpon" lines. These gave better service than the "unset," but still untwisted, unraveled, kinked and broke. I reversed them every day and managed to catch some fish with them, but never could trust them.

Of the new lot of "Halls," received only a few days before leaving Nassau, I went through the process of "setting" one, and found that the soaking removed a very large part of the coloring matter. After careful setting and drying I used this line for two days with great caution, reversed it every night, and on the third day it broke at the strike of a moderate sized fish. I did not dare to use any of the other



"Hall" lines, brought them back home with me, and returned them to the seller.

The best lines I had during the winter were two green tarpon lines, bearing the name "E. Vom Hofe," costing considerably less than any of the others, but even these were very far from good, enormously inferior to those of five years ago, unraveled and kinked badly, and broke frequently. Toward the end of my stay I always cut off the lower ten or twelve feet, after one day's use, always doubled the lower ten feet before using, watched very carefully for weak spots and, when one showed, cut it out and knotted the line, used keel sinkers and three large swivels, and yet continually got wretched service.

The big kingfish were very late in arriving this year, perhaps because the season was unusually cold, and all fish seemed very scarce, so up to April thirteenth, when I left Nassau, I had only hooked eight large ones. One was lost by the excitement of my skipper, one tore the hook out of its mouth, and six broke my lines short off, in spite of the very greatest care I could use.

During the whole winter I caught only one kingfish over twelve pounds, and this was three days before leaving. He was forty-eight inches long, weighed thirty pounds, and was hooked in the middle of the belly. Of course he made a most furious fight, repeatedly ran out nearly the whole two hundred yards, got under the boat, and was only kept from



cutting off the line on the keel by plunging my rod straight down into the water. It took at least forty-five minutes to kill him. Every moment of this time I felt that the line was liable to fail me, and the fish was only landed by the greatest care.

I can only explain this disastrous experience by supposing that manufacturers have been led, by competition or greed for greater profit, to use inferior material and labor, so that such abuses have arisen as, in another field of trade, the "Pure Food and Drugs Act" has done so much to remedy. These can be overcome only by informing and directing that Public Opinion which is the court of last resort in this country, and the only method of successfully doing this is by Publicity, by throwing light into the dark places.

That thoroughly reliable lines can be made and sold, at a reasonable price, is conclusively shown by my experience of five years ago, and a dealer or maker who will furnish such trustworthy lines can have from me any reasonable price he asks. I want good lines, regardless of cost, and appeal to all my fellow sportsmen to help me find them, if they can be now had, and, if not, to join me in a crusade that will produce them. Let us all condemn, in print and giving full names of lines, maker and dealer, such tackle as we have found bad, and, in the same way praise such as we have found good. I am sure that the columns of all our papers devoted to sport will be open to us for this worthy purpose.



I have dealt with Messrs. Abercrombie & Fitch for many years, and have found them most courteous and accommodating, and never until this winter have I got bad material from them. I wrote them fully, stating my experience. They expressed great regret and volunteered to take back all goods purchased from them which proved unsatisfactory, and refund the full price. This was all they could do under the circumstances, but it does not cover the case. If I buy a line for three dollars, and hook and lose a record fish through its failure, a refund of three dollars or a payment of three hundred dollars, or any money sum whatever, would not satisfy me. What fishermen want, especially those who are exercising their craft in distant regions, where no supplies can be had and communications are slow and uncertain, is tackle that can be depended upon and not a claim for damages.

The following seem to me established as conclusions:

1. The lines now made and sold for tropical trolling are enormously inferior to those obtained five years ago.

2. All linen lines should be sold "set" and ready to put on the reel, and fishermen should refuse to buy any others.



3. All linen lines, for salt water trolling in the tropics, should be dark colored, never white or natural color.

4. The cable laid linen line is, and must always be, unsuitable for trolling, on account of its tendency to untwist and kink.

A braided linen line, if of the best quality and made with the greatest care, might give much better service. Whether a braided line can be made of the same strength as a cable laid line, without much, if any, increase in size, I have no means of knowing and should like to be informed.

I appeal to my fellow sportsmen, and to all dealers in and makers of angling goods who have learned that a pleased customer is the best advertisement, to help me to find trustworthy tackle, and to aid their fishing friends, known and unknown, to avoid such an experience as that I have just passed through.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 27th, 1911.







*Veranda and Garden, Villa Mignon*







## Trouble in the Tropics



THE winter of 1905-6 I spent in Nassau and found there a most picturesque island, a perfect climate, much natural and artificial beauty, much pleasant company and particularly good fishing, and the latter was described in the columns of *Forest and Stream* shortly after my return.

My time was devoted chiefly to trolling for the great tropical game fish, kingfish, amberjack, barracuda, and others, using tarpon tackle and a thirty-five foot, two-masted, pilot boat named the "Kestrel." The winds were regular, so that the boat almost always traveled at sufficient speed, and calms or very high winds were infrequent. The sea was free from gulf weed, which when present in any quantity is a terrible nuisance. Bait could be readily procured and fish were plentiful. My lines, rods and reels also gave excellent service. I had a spacious and convenient house on a ridge overlooking the harbor, a garden full of grapefruit, oranges, cocoanut palms and roses, and altogether, both for comfort, convenience and sport, found it the most delightful place



imaginable. When tired of trolling, one could anchor and catch plenty of the beautiful, strange and brilliantly colored fish of the tropics, so that the bottom of the boat after fishing looked like a flower garden.

Nassau seemed to me an ideal place in which to pass the winter, and I vowed never again to see a flake of snow if it could be helped, but rather serious illness prevented my returning the following year. Then came on the panic of 1907, with the depression succeeding, when every man had to devote all his time and energy to strictly necessary business. But at last such troubles settled themselves, health was largely restored, and I expected that one more winter in the tropics would make me absolutely well. I was fortunate enough to be able to again engage the house, boat and crew of my former year, and early in January started off with the happiest of anticipations.

We sailed into the harbor on a perfect, brilliant morning, over the turquoise, opal and sapphire water and, among the crowd swarming to meet the steamer, was my old Captain, John Darrow, who welcomed me with a most gratifying heartiness. We found the house completely ready for us, through the great kindness of its owner, equipped with servants and supplies, so that we could settle down at once. It had been improved by the addition of mosquito



screens, being the only house in Nassau so equipped, and a telephone and electric light, since our former visit. The trees in the garden were laden with grapefruit and oranges, the roses and hibiscus were in full bloom, and we at once felt completely at home again.

But this delightful beginning was succeeded by a series of vexations and annoyances so far unmatched in my experience. Nassau has an infertile soil and very little productive industry, so that wages are excessively low and it is often impossible for a laborer to get work at all. In the past five years these conditions have produced their inevitable result. Many of the best and most energetic of the population, both white and black, had emigrated to the United States, those engaged in any class of business were fewer and the most enterprising of them had already gone. The fishermen supplying the market were fewer than formerly, and perhaps they were less diligent and efficient also, the result being that the "goggle-eye," which small fish is generally used for bait, was scarcely and irregularly supplied, and it was often impossible to get them on days when everything else was favorable. After many annoying experiences of this kind I met this difficulty by arranging to get a supply of bait, whenever possible, and have it kept on ice, and such cold storage baits, while they were not quite so good as fresh ones, seemed to answer reasonably well.



When this difficulty was disposed of and I was able to go out regularly, fish proved to be much less plentiful than they had formerly been. Whether this was due to a rather unusually cold winter or to some other reason I cannot tell. The temperature never fell to much below seventy, even during the night, but tropical fish are extremely sensitive to cold and even a slight drop in temperature will drive them away or prevent their biting. I had been accustomed to find good sport just outside the mouth of the harbor and all along the shore for twenty miles or more, but this year there seemed to be no fish anywhere near the harbor's mouth and these grounds, which had been most prolific in the former season, yielded nothing whatever to the most painstaking effort.

The winds, on which we depended entirely for propelling power, and which had been so steady five years ago, were also very variable and uncertain. On many days we were unable to fish because the wind was too high and very frequently, after getting outside with a good breeze, it would drop away to little or nothing and our boat would float around in a calm, helpless and useless so far as fishing was concerned. When other troubles were not present, when I had bait, when the wind blew and when the fish seemed in biting humor, the yellow gulf weed would come down from the north, cover the sea with great masses of floating herbage, and one would pass most of his time in reeling up his long line, disentangling





*Amberjack—42 pounds.*







weed, and putting out again. Of course, a bait with a weed on it will not be touched by any self-respecting fish and to haul in and let out again a hundred yards of line takes a considerable amount of time so that much of my fishing days would be wasted in this way.

All these difficulties arose from the caprices of Nature, and had to be endured, but unfortunately I also suffered from troubles which were the result of the carelessness, if not the dishonesty, of man. My tackle was selected with the greatest care, guided by the experience of past tropical fishing, and was supposed to be of the very best, but proved in many respects untrustworthy. The worst offenders in this respect were my lines, which broke, snarled, tangled kinked, and committed every other sort of crime in a manner which was entirely beyond my experience, but this was far from the only defect in my outfit. Finding that my two large reels were not sufficient I ordered a new tarpon reel, fitted with a "rabbeth drag" and costing thirty dollars, from a well-known dealer in New York. When this reel arrived it had no safety catch or pawl, to engage with the teeth on the central screw, which holds the drag upon the reel. The result of this was that, the instant a fish struck and began to whirl the friction disc, this central nut would loosen itself and, unless I kept constantly tightening it up with a screw driver or my fingers, would almost certainly come off and take the whole reel handle with it. It was inexcusable to



send this reel with this old style friction plate, without a pawl on it, when the new style, with a pawl, are kept regularly in stock, but I wrote at once for a new style plate and tried to use the reel meanwhile. On the second day, while playing a good fish, the click broke short off, the broken part jammed the reel so that it could not be used and my fish was promptly lost. On investigation I found a very marked flaw in the click. The reel being now useless, had to be packed up and sent off north to be mended. It must be borne in mind that Nassau is about a thousand miles from New York, that all merchandise is sent by parcels post, and that steamers carrying parcels post packages leave New York only once in two weeks or so. Therefore, it must take more than a month to get this reel north, repaired and back to me, and I was in fact deprived of its use for nearly six weeks.

As a substitute for bait I had bought a number of the "Sam" spoons of large size, a spoon being serviceable and effective whenever the wind is reasonably strong and the motion of the boat rapid, and being in some ways preferable to bait, because it is not cut by the teeth of a fish striking and consequently does not have to be hauled in and renewed. The "Sam" was more lively and active in the water than any spoon I have ever seen, but developed three very grave faults. First; they tarnished so badly that, after a



few hours' use, one had to scrub them with specially made scouring cloths for fifteen or twenty minutes in order to get them decently bright. Second; they were fitted with the "Van Vleck" hook, which has an incurved point. Whether on account of this or some other reason, they did not fasten fish well, and I got a large number of strikes on these spoons without hooking the fish. Third; the ring of the hook, which fastened into a strong loop of metal on the spoon, proved altogether too weak. The hooks wore away very rapidly and, on at least two occasions, very heavy fish were lost through the breaking of hooks at this point.

Becoming disgusted with the unsatisfactory results of trolling, bottom fishing was tried. Fish seemed to be unusually scarce and, what I had never known before, sharks were unusually plenty. Going out for a day, after taking two or three fish one was likely to have his hooks bitten off by a shark, and could not escape these miserable brutes, either because they followed when ground was changed or because they were so numerous that there was always a new one handy.

As may be readily seen, with the combination of all these difficulties, fishing for the first two months of my stay was generally unproductive. Going there with the especial purpose of beating my own record for kingfish, fifty-five pounds, in that time I caught very few kingfish at all and none over twelve pounds.



During the last month the fish were more numerous and I did hook in all eight heavy kingfish. One of these escaped through the excitement of Captain John, one tore the hook out of his mouth, and six were lost by the breaking of my lines.

It should be said here that the play of the kingfish, especially one of any considerable size, is unmistakable. He strikes with a ferocious rush which may take a hundred yards or more off the reel, then he will become somewhat quiescent and can be reeled back part way toward the boat. Then comes another rush, and such rushes and periods of comparative inactivity succeed each other until he is brought near the side. When the fish first sees the boat there is invariably a tremendous rush. The fisherman must guard against this, by keeping his rod up and his line free, or something is practically sure to break. During the whole winter I took only one kingfish exceeding twelve pounds in weight, and this was a spotted kingfish, *S. regalis*, forty-eight inches long and weighing thirty pounds. In some strange way he was hooked just in front of the anal fin, naturally made a most tremendous fight, and was only gaffed after more than a half hour's play. His picture appears herewith.

Of course in so many days of efforts I had to catch some kingfish, and one of the pictures accompanying this article shows the stern of the "Kestrel," with my crew holding up four that ran from seven





*Kingfish—48 inches long, 30 pounds. S. Regalis*



tract, powerful and active when hooked, beautiful to look at, and good to eat after you get him, and therefore that the amberjack and tarpon, which are tremendously strong and active but worthless or dangerous as food, do not strictly come within this category. As I have never caught a tarpon it may, however, seem presumptuous for me to express this view.

It was interesting to see how seriously the crew of the "Kestrel" took our bad fortune. These men had never seen any trolling with the rod until my first winter with them, and were at first extremely doubtful of the ability of the small lines to hold big fish. After some successes they became extremely contemptuous of those who trolled with big, white, hand lines, and certainly took as much or more satisfaction in every big fish brought in than I did myself. One of them would always take any especially large and fine capture on his head, and walk with it up the main streets of the town, where the most people were, being as proud of the attention he attracted as any child with a new suit of soldier clothes. Our persistent bad luck depressed them in equally great degree and they would almost weep when one disaster followed another. They were most excellent men, gave me the very best service that was in them, were capital sailors, and obliging, diligent and efficient to a very high degree. Of course, like all the West Indian negroes, they are to a certain extent like children and have to be treated as such, but are



most appreciative of kindness and responsive to it. The life of these poor fellows is a pretty hard one. My captain, who is an unusually good man, told me that during the previous summer he went through four months without being able to obtain any work at all. One of my crew, who lived at Governor's Harbor, on one of the outer islands, from which nearly all the best negroes in Nassau come, had strained his back in unloading a vessel, his wife had been ill, two of his children had died, and I really do not see how the poor fellow had lived. When he came to me the signs of starvation were deeply marked on his face. My contract did not cover the feeding of my men but, on going out for all day, I always took lunch enough for them and for myself and, instead of carrying water, took a number of partly green cocoanuts, the liquid inside of which is always cool and refreshing. When a nut was emptied, poor Sweeten would say, "Will you please hand it here, Chief?" and make up some of his arrears of food from the creamy flesh inside. When I bade him goodbye he was fat and shiny, but I fear the future has some hard times for him and for them all.

One day we were down by North Key when it began to grow very black on the northern horizon. I got in the lines and started for the harbor, but had just crossed the bar when a tremendous squall struck us. We had no ground tackle but a rather light grapnel, which was sufficient for all ordinary pur-



poses, but far from big enough to hold the boat against a very high wind. We got under a slight lee by the lighthouse point and anchored, but promptly began to drag. Then the crew hoisted the foresail double reefed, hauled in the grapnel, and tried to beat up the harbor, but with this small canvas the boat would not come about, so we had to anchor again just in front of the Colonial Hotel. The wind continued to increase until the waves in that sheltered harbor were running six feet high and two boats, which had been anchored near by, broke their moorings, and went on the rocks a quarter of a mile west of us. Then the "Kestrel" began to drag her anchor, pulling it through the sand for awhile, then bringing up when the fluke caught a point of rock. It seemed pretty certain that we would pile up on the rocks, where the other boats had gone, and, though there was no danger to us except that of a complete wetting, the boat would certainly be destroyed. I got down into the forehold and pulled the hatch shut, where, though very wet, it was quite comfortable out of the sweep of the wind, and there lay for an hour or more. Presently there was a shout and, putting my head out of the hatch I found a row boat, half full of water and manned by a couple of darkies. My crew had called to the shore and these men had put off, well up the harbor, come down with the run of the sea and wind and got alongside. We bailed out the boat as well as possible, I climbed into its stern, and we started off be-



fore the wind and sea toward the flat rocks on shore. There a dozen or so of friendly negroes waded into the water up to their waists, grabbed the boat, hauled her up on the flat rocks and I stepped out. Of course my first thought was for my crew, who were out in the boat, with no food, not much clothing and thoroughly wet, and without waiting to shift my drenched clothes I got word to the white owner of the boat to send them an anchor, with food and drink also at my expense. This imitation of a man came down to the harbor, looked out at his boat, concluded there was no hope of saving her, and did nothing whatever. My crew stayed on that boat without food and thoroughly chilled until three o'clock in the morning, when the gale moderated, they were able to land, and after getting dry clothes and a cup of coffee came over to tell me the story. Being pretty thoroughly indignant, I started out to find that man and tell him my opinion of him but, perhaps, fortunately, could not then find him and my anger had time to cool down before I saw him again.

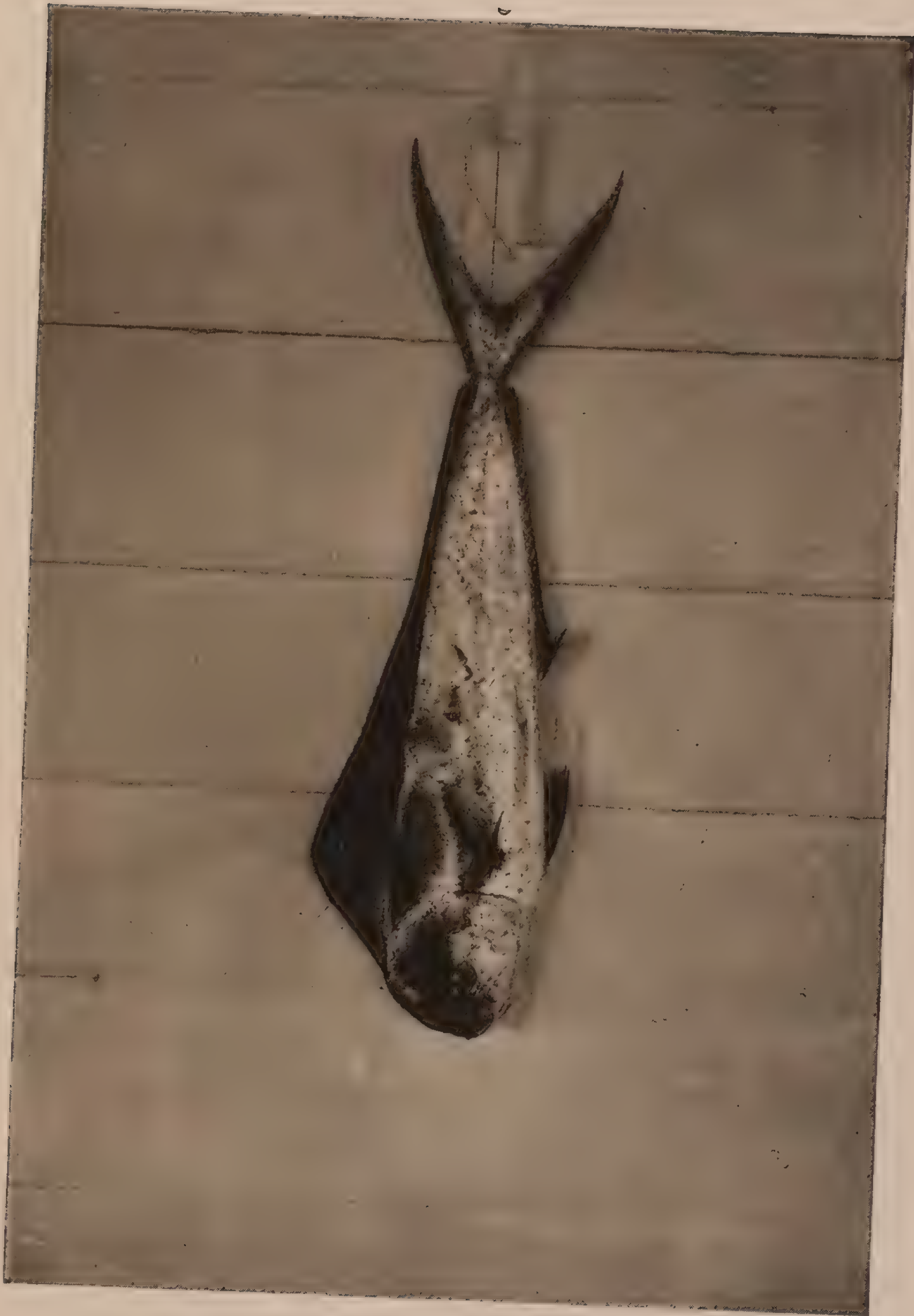
Let me now describe one of the bright spots that lighted up the prevailing gloom. The dolphin, "*coryphæna*," is a widely roaming fish, which may occasionally turn up in any part of the ocean, but is seldom found in any particular place. I had never hooked or caught one, nor seen a living one, although a friend once took at Nassau three small ones



which he showed to me. The fish is very strangely shaped, the head being very large and the whole body thinning away toward the tail. The back fin runs nearly the whole length and is very high, and the tail is deeply forked, narrow in the blades and very wide. In color the fish is indescribably beautiful. The great back fin is greenish purple with bright blue spots; the body varies from brilliant gold to old gold, profusely studded with large spots of the most brilliant blue, and the fins and tail are golden. These colors begin to fade as soon as the fish is dead, and, within an hour, all brilliancy has disappeared and the fish shows only various shades of whitish, yellowish, brown and grey, the blue having practically all vanished.

As April came on the wind became especially light and uncertain, so that a sail boat was practically useless for trolling, and I was sometimes compelled to engage a motor boat to get any fishing at all. The first day this happened I invited a couple of guests to go with me. It was very rainy, dark and dismal, a most unusual thing, and we ran down nearly to the western point of the island without taking a single fish. On the way home, however, we ran into a school of small dolphin. One struck the hook, made a tremendous leap, at least six feet into the air and twenty feet long, and got away. Then one of my friends hooked another. Being entirely inexperienced in such fishing he was pretty





*My First Dolphin—14 pounds*







nearly helpless, especially with such a ferociously active quarry on the end of his line. Seeing that he was making heavy work of it I said, "Do you want me to take your rod?" and he answered, "I wish to the Lord you would." So we made the exchange and, after twenty minutes of the most active play, rushing, leaping and general cavorting, the fish came to gaff. My camera was not on board and, by the time the fish had reached the house, the sun was down, but I hurried to get the camera, hung up the fish and took half a dozen pictures, varying the exposure on account of the uncertainty of the light. One of these gave a satisfactory negative, which is reproduced in this article. This picture was taken about three hours after the fish left the water and the colors are very dull. This particular dolphin was thirty-seven inches long and weighed fourteen pounds. I did not know its edible qualities, but had this one cooked and tried him. He proved most excellent, the flesh being finely flavored, tender and containing dark layers of high flavor very like those of a shad.

The last two days of my fishing I engaged another motor boat, somewhat smaller and a good deal handier than the first one. It had the grave objection that it was covered by a fixed roof, supported on stanchions, and this made it very difficult for the fisherman to handle his rod. Within half an hour after leaving the harbor something very



heavy was hooked, which I hoped and prayed was my desired big kingfish, but which finally turned out to be a forty-three pound amberjack, whose picture is also reproduced herewith. This fish made a most tremendous fight and, as my line was already badly weakened and I had no confidence in it, it was necessary to use very great care and spend a great deal of time in playing him. Nothing else touched my bait for a considerable time, so we ran down to the westward until opposite North Key, about five miles from the mouth of the harbor. Here there was a lot of floating gulf weed, and, for fear of fouling it, I began to reel in my line. When twenty-five or thirty yards were still out there was a swirl in the water and Captain John called, "There's a dolphin after it!" I ran out a few feet of line, let my bait go back, saw the fish whirl up, snatch it and turn away, and struck him as one would a trout. The instant response was a tremendous leap in the air and I saw that he was a big fellow. Then began a most furious fight. He would run out my line almost to the end, leap six feet from the water (and he was a magnificent sight with the bright tropical sun on his brilliant color) then turn sideways, opposing his great width so that I could not recover any line at all. Then he swam in circles, our handy boat following him in the opposite way, so that we waltzed together over the bosom of the deep, and every now and then he



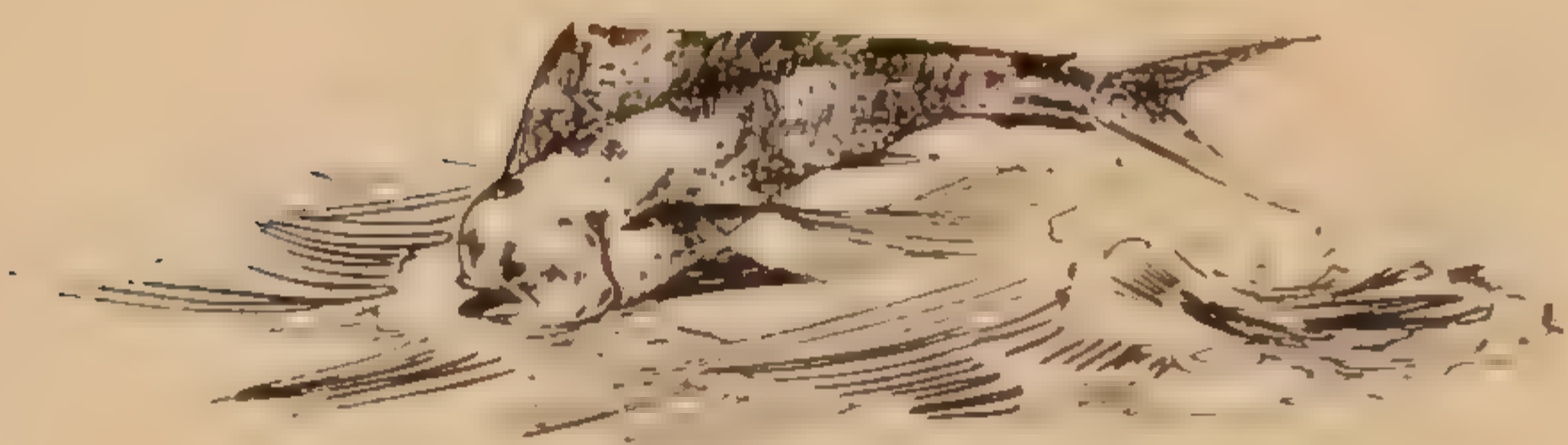
jumped. I found it almost impossible to handle him, from my seat under the edge of the roof, which constantly interfered with the use of my rod, so kept a pull on him as well as possible, and scrambled out on the little stern deck, I holding hard to the fish and Captain John holding hard to me to prevent my going overboard. There I dropped into a sitting posture and had considerably more freedom, but the rudder chains ran along the top of this little deck and I had to sit on them, giving attention both to handling my fish and to easing up so that the rudder could be worked under me. It took at least three-quarters of an hour to kill that dolphin, but finally he came up closer and closer and, at last, Captain John jerked the big steel gaff into him and lugged him aboard. On that day I had the camera along, so instantly dropped my rod, got the camera out of its case, adjusted focus and stop, scrambled upon top of the house, and had Captain John stand up at the extreme end of the after-deck and hold the fish in the air. The resultant photograph printed herewith proved most satisfactory, showing the contrast of color so far as black and white can do it. Such a picture can only be obtained by a remarkable combination of circumstances. The dolphin could not possibly be handled in an ordinary sail boat, so one must be a skilled fisherman, with proper tackle, in a motor boat, in the tropics, on a sunny day, provided with a camera and knowing how to use it,



a big dolphin must come along, take the bait, be fought and landed, and be photographed as soon as he stops kicking. That all these things should happen together is not likely to occur twice, even if a man fishes diligently for a considerable number of years.

This particular dolphin was fifty-seven inches long, seventeen inches deep and weighed thirty-five pounds, which my captain says is about as large as they grow, but this may or may not be correct. His widely forked tail was one foot ten inches from tip to tip. I have never met the tarpon or the tuna, but in strength, agility, beauty and all other qualities that make up a game fish, the dolphin exceeds any that I know from experience.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 27th, 1911.







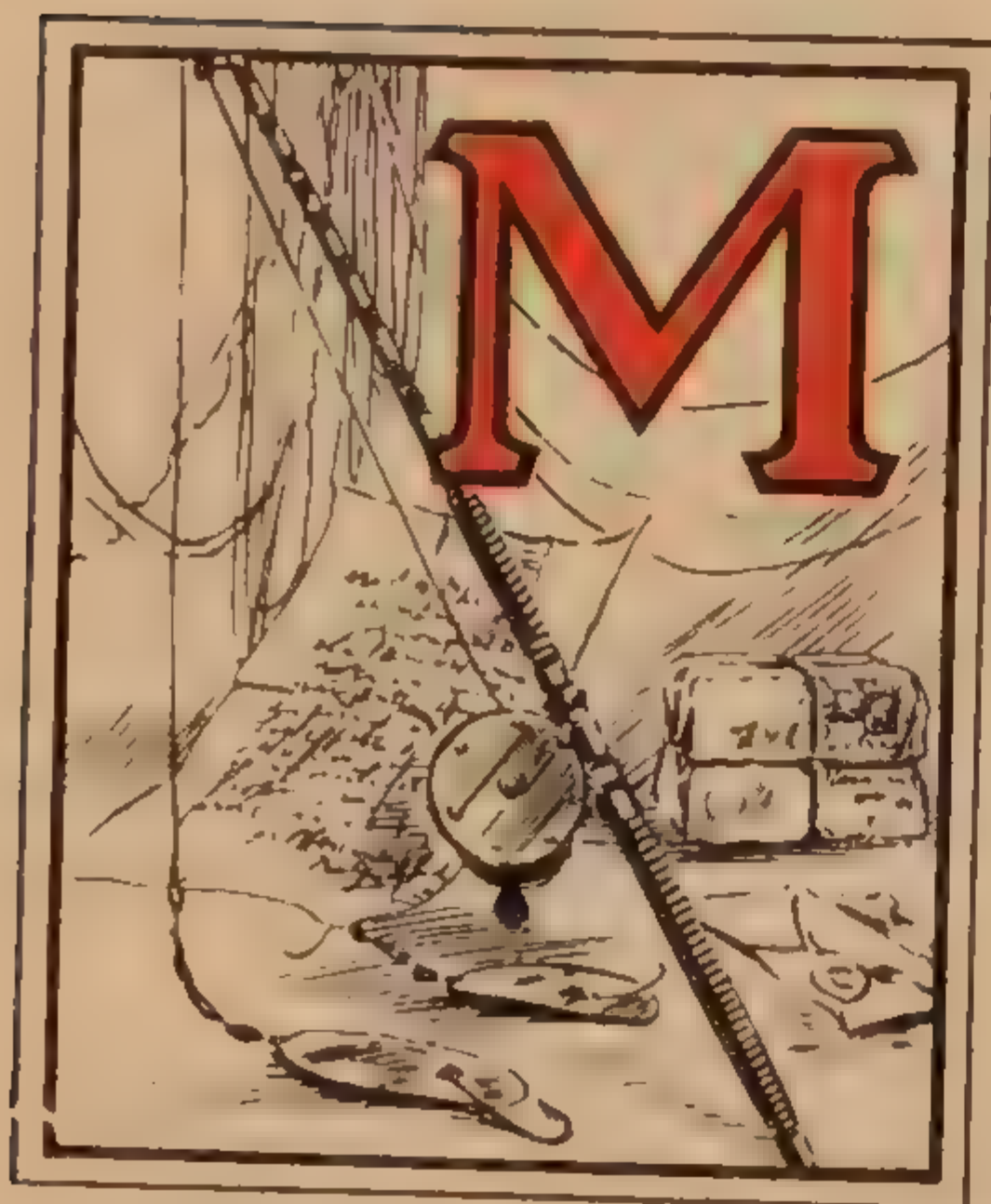
*Amberjack—32 pounds*







## More Lines and More Trouble



MY article "On Lines," published in "Forest and Stream" July 1, 1911, was scrupulously accurate, and seemed to me entirely just, as originally written. Out of deference to the wishes of the publisher it was much toned down before publication but brought forth a large number of

replies from two classes of correspondents. All sportsmen heartily sympathized with my disastrous results and agreed with my proposed method of obtaining a cure, although I have not seen many articles on the subject, perhaps because none have been written, and perhaps because publishers of some sporting magazines care more about the revenue which they obtain from the dealers as fishing tackle advertisers than they do about promoting the interests of sport and sportsmen. The second class of letters was from dealers in fishing tackle, nearly all of whom condemned me greatly, entirely failed to understand the purpose of my article, and seemed to think that I was condemning their whole class of makers or dealers, instead of trying to protect the honest maker and dealer against the dishonest maker and dealer, and therefore to pro-



mote the interests of sport. After a large amount of correspondence, however, three separate dealers or makers agreed to furnish me trustworthy lines and I went to Nassau in January of the current year equipped with six 200 yard 24 thread green cable laid lines furnished by the Edward vom Hofe Co., six by Abbey and Imbrie, of 18 Vesey St., New York, and six by The Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., of Ashaway, R. I., the Ashaway Company also furnishing me a single twenty-four thread braided linen line, and Abbey and Imbrie doing the same thing.

I stated to all these gentlemen that I proposed to thoroughly test these lines, to keep a careful record of the results obtained and to publish these results whether they were bad or good, and to this they all agreed in writing.

After having made such efforts to guard against the disasters of the winter of 1911, I supposed I was safe and that the troubles of the previous season would not be repeated, but unfortunately this was far from being the case. Before giving an account of my experience, I ought to say that Nassau fishing requires the use of a large bait, which must necessarily spin, and is consequently very severe upon a cable laid line, (although I had no difficulty with similar lines in the winter of 1906), and the very unfavorable winter, which has just prevailed even in the south, though to a much less degree than in the north, delayed the arrival



of the big fish until very late in the year, so that I had no practical chance to try these lines, against fish of any magnitude, until the month of March. In fact, I caught nothing but barracuda and rock fish, and none of these in excess of twenty-five pounds, until nearly the end of February, so that the cable laid lines during the early part of the season had no very severe test. Under such test as was then given they showed extraordinary differences. I used three rods, each carrying a line of a different maker, and kept a record of the performance of each of the lines. The twenty-four thread lines furnished by Abbey and Imbrie gave good success during this early fishing, that is, they showed little tendency to kink or unravel and took a large number of fish, up to fifteen or twenty pounds each, without any accident, and the lines furnished by the Ashaway Company gave practically the same results. During all this early time I made a practice of taking these last two lines from the reels and substituting new lines in a period not much exceeding two weeks and thought they were thoroughly reliable. The twenty-four thread cable laid lines furnished by E. vom Hofe Co. showed a disastrous difference. I tried three of these lines in the beginning and each of them broke or became unfit for further use on the first day, so I no longer dared to use their lines at all and have three of the twenty-four thread lines, of their make, still in my kit. I never saw any cable laid lines show such tendency



to untwist and kink as these lines did and think that they are absolutely worthless for fishing in tropical waters under Nassau conditions, even for small fish.

Messrs. Abbey and Imbrie also furnished me two hundred yards of their braided cuttyhunk line, and the Ashaway Company furnished me a "Reliance" braided linen line, both of which I tried during the early part of the season, in comparison with the cable laid lines. I found the braided lines showed some tendency to swell and slightly preferred the Ashaway line, although the difference was not great, but both of them seemed to me so swollen and weakened by salt water as to be unfit for service after about a month's use and I therefore took them off the reels, substituting for them one each of the cable laid Ashaway and Abbey-Imbrie lines which had made before so good an appearance. The names of the cable laid lines furnished me by the various companies were as follows, all being green in color and twenty-four thread size: Abbey and Imbrie, Highest Quality Linen Cuttyhunk Line; the Ashaway Company, the Original Cuttyhunk Bass and Tarpon Line; Edward vom Hofe & Co., Celebrated Bass and Tarpon Line.

About March 15th the big fish at last arrived and my confidence in cable laid lines of any make promptly disappeared. I began to hook big kingfish, unmistakable by their characteristic play, and





*Tropical Fishing*







my lines promptly began to break. I cabled north for more braided lines, for no tackle can be bought at Nassau, and found that the Ashaway Company did not have braided lines in stock and that it would take nearly a month to make them, which would bring me to the end of my stay. In reply to my order for six braided lines, Abbey and Imbrie sent me six more of their twenty-four thread cable laid lines, so I was left until the last week of my stay with nothing but these untrustworthy cable laid lines to depend upon. I repeatedly hooked large kingfish, played them with the greatest skill in my power and without fault on the part of my boatman, and had my lines break, often after the fish was pretty nearly exhausted. By further cabling my office, I finally obtained from Abbey and Imbrie six of their braided linen lines bearing the following name, "Everlasting Deep Sea Cuttyhunk Line," but they were only of size 21 instead of size 24, which I wanted. With these six new braided linen lines I succeeded in taking a 53 inch dolphin and a 43 pound amberjack during the last week of my stay, but these were the only big fish that I got. One afternoon, using an Abbey and Imbrie cable laid line, I hooked two of the largest kingfish I have ever felt, played them with the greatest care and skill within my power and without fault on the part of myself and my boatmen, and in both cases the lines broke short before the fish got near enough to the boat for me to see them.



All through the last half of March and the early part of April, tourists and natives, using ordinary white hand lines with a big hook, were bringing in kingfish of over forty pounds, and two were taken and brought into the Colonial Hotel, of which one weighed sixty pounds and the other eighty pounds, while I, fishing diligently, had nothing but broken lines and small fish to show.

I should add that Messrs. Edward vom Hofe & Co. sent me a twenty-seven thread cable laid line of different make, which gave comparatively good service, enormously superior to their twenty-four thread lines and in fact better than any of the cable laid lines I had, but after this long and trying experience I have reached the conclusion that a cable laid line is absolutely unsatisfactory for fishing, under the peculiar conditions at Nassau, and that a braided line of the quality of the Everlasting Deep Sea Cuttyhunk Line furnished by Abbey and Imbrie, if of twenty-four or twenty-seven thread size, would be very satisfactory, but that anyone that goes to Nassau to fish with any other line is doomed to disappointment.

The trouble with my lines was not the only difficulty which I met in this fishing. I took down with me two tarpon reels that I had used five years ago, and one of Abercrombie and Fitch's tarpon reels No. 444, which I had bought the previous season. That reel had promptly broken its click,



but I supposed this was an accident and did not expect a recurrence of the trouble in reels of that kind. My two old reels were fitted with Abbey and Imbrie's rabbeth drag, which had given me such excellent service, and before I had been using them much over a month the screws which bind the dray to the reel wore out and the handles came off, rendering the reels useless. I sent them North for repairs through the Southern Express Co., but they were in some way lost in transit and I have heard nothing from them yet. As soon as the first of these rabbeth drags failed I cabled my office for more reels and two new reels of No. 444 were forwarded me from Abercrombie and Fitch. On the day they reached me the first one jammed in the main axle, so I took it apart and forwarded the imperfect piece to Abercrombie and Fitch by express. They returned me a new axle to put in its place. Before the end of the season the second Abercrombie and Fitch reel, No. 444, jammed in the same way and the nut holding the rabbeth drag on the third one wore out and came off, so that during the latter part of my stay I had only one reel in service and in this I naturally had no confidence, although it fortunately did not actually fail me, so that my fishing, which was my principal pleasure, could be kept up, although with untrustworthy tackle, until the end of my stay.

My rods, of which I started with four, I managed with some splicing to keep in working order.



After a great deal of difficulty, I obtained from Messrs. Abercrombie & Fitch a dozen of hand-forged hooks which they called 12-0, but the breaking of my lines soon disposed of this small supply and I had to again revert to the local hooks, of proper size but of inferior quality. In the winter of 1911 I had obtained some Sam spoons through Abercrombie and Fitch, which I found to fail me entirely, through the tarnishing of the metal of which they were composed through the weakness of the hook at the point at which it was attached to the spoon, and from the incurved point of the hook, which is admirable for still fishing but makes one miss a large number of strikes in trolling. I reported these disasters to Messrs. Abercrombie and Fitch and they furnished me a number of Sam spoons specially nickel plated and with stronger hooks, although the incurved point was still present. I found the nickel plating completely remedied the trouble of tarnishing so that with very little effort one's spoons could be kept in proper shape, but even these heavier hooks were too weak at the point where they were attached to the spoon and I broke two of them, and also found that the old trouble of missing strikes, which I suppose to be due to the incurved point of the hook, was as prevalent as ever.

I plan to go to spend next winter at Nassau, devoting myself to fishing as usual and want to start with at least the following outfit:





*Amberjack—48 inches, 43 pounds*







1. One Dozen braided linen lines as good as Abbey and Imbrie's Everlasting Deep Sea Cuttyhunk line, but of larger size, 24 or 27.

2. Not less than three reels of the very best quality, with a reliable friction adjustable drag, preferably in the handle.

3. Not less than 100 hooks of about the size called 12-0 by Abercrombie and Fitch, that is, 1 3-4 inches from point to shank and about 4½ inches in the length of the shank.

4. I should like some more spoons of the Sam shape, nickel plated, with a very much stronger and heavier hook than those sent to me, and with a straight point.

The cost of these articles is unimportant as compared to their quality and I ask the privilege of publishing the results obtained, if I can find any sporting magazine free enough from the advertising influence to admit these results to their columns, if not, to publish the results myself, as I intend to do with the current article if I find it rejected by the sporting magazines, and to see that it reaches all the sportsmen that I know. My total expenditure for fishing tackle during the current season was considerably over two hundred and fifty dollars, and I stated this fact to one of the dealers at Nassau, gave



him a catalog I happened to have with me, marking the articles which I had used, and advising him to make the attempt to have something of the kind on hand. This he may possibly do, provided he has more energy than most of the business men of the South seem to possess. The names of the principal hardware dealers at Nassau are Messrs. S. George & Co., The General Hardware Co., and the Ironmongery Co., and I think it might be well worth while for fishing tackle dealers to communicate with them, as there are many Americans beside myself who desire to fish in the tropics and would be glad to use American tackle if it could be procured, which at present it cannot.

The typical tarpon and tuna rod has a tip of five or six feet long and short butt, which of course makes it excessively awkward to transport. I had a rod seven feet long built of Greenheart, in two pieces of equal size, the sliding ring being above the reel and arranged to lock by turning. My specimen gave me a good deal of trouble on account of the tarnishing of the metal of which it was composed, so that the ferrules and locking ring had to be greased at least once a day. I have used and have one or two Greenheart rods of the standard pattern and have suffered an immense amount of annoyance in their transportation, but found the new rod quite as satisfactory in use and enormously more convenient in transport. I ought to explain here that I have two



fishing trunks, one for fresh water and one for salt water, the lower portion of each of which holds tackle box, lines, reels and all other equipment and the upper portion holds the necessary fishing clothing. These trunks are about fifty-six inches long, twenty-four inches wide and sixteen inches deep, so that they will readily hold any ordinary rod of two pieces, a bag of golf clubs or anything of such dimensions, and the tackle does not have to be taken out and put back again but stays in the trunks unless removal for repairs is necessary. I have found these trunks of enormous convenience and heartily recommend them to my brother anglers.

I used three rods during last season's fishing, all of Greenheart. The first had a six foot tip, and eighteen inch handle, weighed twenty-five ounces, and was bought from Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie of New York, five or six years ago. It has given excellent service but, like all rods with a long tip and a short butt, is very awkward to transport. The second rod was made to order by Abercrombie & Fitch last year, is of Greenheart throughout, seven feet four inches long, and divided into two pieces of equal length. The ring slides down from above, that is from the tip, and locks by turning. This rod gave excellent service, is my favorite, and weighs twenty-six ounces. The third rod weighs twenty-



eight ounces, and is only six and one-half feet long, divided into two pieces of equal length. It has been very serviceable, but I somewhat prefer the longer and more elastic and two piece rod. All these rods are fitted with agate tips.







*The Author's Dream Realized*







## Up in the Air



ANY one who has watched the chimney swallows, toward evening, flying for fun, seeing how near they can come to a corner and not hit it, is likely to be infected with the desire to conquer the air, as man has already conquered the earth and the sea, steadily reducing the dangers,

guarding against contingencies, and at all times taking his life in his hand, and seeking, for his own benefit and that of the world, new things, being tired of the old things. Personally I have always wanted to fly, and, taking all possible precautions have been willing to try new methods and new things, taking all risks that were necessary. My opportunities for scaling the air have been limited but I have never feared their dangers, nor hesitated to seize such as came in my way.

In an active business career there is small time to go in for such a complicated sport as ballooning, and my first chance came at the Chicago exposition, where hung and swayed a captive balloon. Stepping up to the window I asked, with the



prudence born of a business training, "How much to go up in the balloon?" The smiling young woman replied, "Two Dollars." I answered, "I did not want to buy the balloon," retreated, sat on a bench, lighted a cigarette, when my secondary consciousness began, "You fool! All your life you have wanted to go up in a balloon and now the chance has come you are kicking about two dollars." This was irresistible, so I went back, paid my two dollars, passed the sacred gates, and was helped into a big basket, with an inner walled cylinder open through the middle, the walls reaching to the chest, so that it was practically impossible to fall out, in which were already half a dozen persons. At a word, and this was the only disagreeable part of the journey, everything about, people, houses and all, dropped away from us; then they all got smaller and smaller until we hung swaying like a flower, a thousand feet above the grounds, the people beneath us being concealed under their hats and parasols, the great picture of the White City around us, and an indefinite horizon stretching into the distance. Before we had fairly more than begun to appreciate the glories of the scene, the drum below began to wind in and we were drawn back to earth, but the experience was worth a good deal more than two dollars.

Some years later we began to hear of Santos Dumont and his dirigible balloons, then of Maxim and his costly experiments, then of Langley, with the





*The Burgess Hydroplane—The Start*







first actual flight of a heavier than air machine. Then the sad sequel in which a great inventor, who had conceived ideas beyond value, was first smothered under a flood of newspaper ridicule and then worried by a lot of bureaucrats and politicians until, sick and discouraged, he left an ungrateful world, it being believed that before death he destroyed drawings and descriptions of inventions, such as a self-balancing rudder, whose present existence would be of the very greatest value. For hundreds of years the balloon was perfected, only to produce, even in the form of the dirigible of the highest power, an uncertain and frail structure, able to protect and direct itself against the elements to some extent, and for a short time, but always liable to become uncontrollable, and to bring on accidents often fatal to life and always greatly destructive to property.

As to the heavier than air machine everyone believed it impracticable until, only a few years ago, the story got about that two young mechanics of Dayton, Ohio, had actually flown, not far nor high, but had really been propelled through the air, for some distance, by a guidable, engine-driven machine. These stories were laughed at in the beginning, but became more specific and frequent, until the Wright Brothers' works were besieged by an army of reporters, while the tales continued to gain in vigor and amplitude. Driven from their home, they established themselves on the sands at Kitty Hawk, and the



members of the fourth estate, toiling through deep sand, tangled in bushes, and sleeping and feeding when they could, began through their binoculars to get visions of strange, spidery, winged shapes, engine driven and man directed, making flights of greater and greater length and more perfectly under control, until at last patents were applied for making clear a method by which the aeroplane might be stabilized and directed. Then came the rage of imitation, of experimentation in the direction of the substitution of other appliances, intended to replace the methods of the Wrights, and of flights all over the world, with a warfare of patent suits pending everywhere. The flights possible grew rapidly longer, the elevation rapidly greater, until Bleriot's epoch-making trip over the English channel demonstrated that the dominion of the air, at least, under favorable circumstances, was an accomplished fact. A series of exhibitions spread all over the world, where young and reckless dare-devils played with death, reaping enormous rewards, and, when the fatal accident came, being replaced by others, the fun and the money being irresistibly attractive, but progress towards perfection was always marked.

Illness prevented me from even seeing an aeroplane for some years after they had become common, until one day an exhibition of a bird man was announced to be given at one of the amusement parks in Cleveland. Of course some callers turned up at





*On the Water*







the vital moment but after a little I slipped out, jumped into my roadster, ran out to the park, pulled up alongside the fence, and waited. Presently there was a buzz inside the fence and a brown bi-plane, operated by a brown man, passed just over my head and then began to circle and navigate, being good enough to always keep well within view. The operation of the rudders, and their effect on the machine, was most plainly visible, and the chief impression was that it was extraordinarily easy, that one could readily do it oneself, and that it would be remarkably good fun.

Some years afterward Mr. Walter Brookins was induced to bring his hydroplane to Cleveland, to give a series of exhibitions at the Country Club of which I happened to be a member, and thus was offered the chance to go as a passenger. I promptly telephoned a request that a place might be reserved for me, persuaded my wife to let me try, and was on hand the first afternoon, with my wife, son, and camera for company. We hurried down to the little beach where the flights were being made, watched several members try their chances, all come back safe and happy, and I photographed them in various stages of their flight. The machine consisted of two double-ended pointed pontoons, upon which was firmly fixed by vertical rods a bi-plane about thirty-five feet wide and about six feet broad in the planes, which were about five feet apart. Two comfortable,



padded chairs were in front of the engine, just above the lower plane, and two large propellers were fixed behind. The rudder was on a tail, governed by one handle, and small flaps, on the rear of the lower plane, seemed to control the rise and fall. The bow of the pontoons was slid up on the beach, I scrambled to my seat without much difficulty, Mr. Brookins followed me, the boat was pushed away until it floated, then revolved on the water until we pointed straight out, the assistants began to swing the propellers, a roar like that of a rapid fire gun broke forth just back of my ear, and we were off.

At first we only scooted over the surface, as in a motor boat but at greater speed, which continued to increase, with a rush of wind that was a rapture and a joy. Then came a little unexpected twist and lift and we were in the air, driving through it at a hundred feet or more above the surface, really flying, swooping along like a great eagle, rising to a couple of hundred feet above the surface, dropping down to within ten feet and soaring again, until I shouted with joy. This seemed to please the aeronaut, who called by a gesture my attention to the shore. We must have been three or four hundred feet up, and the beautiful homes of my friends were tearing along far beneath us, changed almost beyond recognition by this new point of view. Far away spread the city, the fields, the hills in the distance, with a strange impression of deadness and foreign-





*The Finish*







ness. They were of the earth while we were creatures of the air. But such joys are too sweet to last long, the great wings made a wide sweep, slid gradually toward the water as a duck alights, the pontoons touched, splashed a little and, again a motor boat, we ran toward land and slid up on the shelving beach.

All keyed up with this tremendous experience, having had a year's fun in a few minutes, I silently grasped the hand of the wizard of the air, scrambled to common earth from my flying carpet, and faced a crowd from which there stepped a youth in fine garments, but unknown to me, who said, "How old are you?" Just then I felt about sixteen but, fearing that might be doubted, said, "How old do you think?" The earth-born calmly replied, "Sixty." Having no weapons handy, I merely said, "You foolish fellow! Did you never see a man of thirty-five before?" and left him surrounded by mirth which I trust was at his expense. I found my wife so well satisfied with the safety of the sport that, when I asked our only son, the apple of her eye, whether he cared to go up at my expense, which he most earnestly did, she offered not the slightest objection, and he went and enjoyed it as much as I did.

Now I have flown, have experienced the supreme sensation, and there is nothing like it. Being of mature years and too old and busy to get a machine and fly it myself, which must be pre-eminent



rapture, I may never fly again, but *Ich habe gelebt*. That five minutes in the air was worth a year of common life and the aviator, who has flown for a year or two and then been killed, has had a full life time of pleasure and an easy death, and what could one ask more?

Cleveland, July 1912.

■







*Portrait of a Child*







## Portraiture for Amateurs



VERY amateur has often tried to take portraits of family and friends and, in nearly every case, has produced results that were thoroughly unsatisfactory to the sitter, if not to himself. The prints generally show caricatures, with figures stiff and awkward, faces absurdly smirking, distressfully pained, or set in a wooden and expressionless mask, seamed with deep and dark lines that add ten years to the real age, and your subject either ejaculates, "How perfectly horrid!" or murmurs, sadly, "Well! I suppose I *do* look like that."

After a multitude of such painful experiences one will, if of an inquiring turn of mind, devote himself to finding the causes of such fearful failures and seeking a cure for them, and, I think, will finally conclude that two principal difficulties must be overcome before pleasing, life-like and natural portraits can be obtained; the first and least important coming from the fact that a photographic plate is more sensitive to differences in light than the human eye. A slight groove in the face, which to an obser-



ver casts only a pleasing shadow, is likely to produce in the print a broad and black line or band, adding years to the real age and making the face harsh and unpleasing. Professional photographers overcome this obstacle, so far as it prevents production of salable pictures, by retouching negatives, but in so doing take away much character and expression if they do not destroy all likeness. It is their usual practice to make rather long exposures, ensuring full detail, depending on the retoucher's pencil to correct the exaggerated shadows, but tampering with a negative in this way is risky at best, and should not be resorted to if it can possibly be avoided. Experience has taught me that the violent contrasts of light and shade, which retouching is intended to cure, can be prevented by careful attention to lighting and especially by shortening the exposure, and that negatives so produced can be made quite as soft and free from extreme contrasts as those that have been retouched, while keeping a truth and vigor that the latter cannot possibly preserve.

The second and much graver obstacle to satisfactory photographic portraiture arises from self-consciousness of the subject. Let anyone go to a professional photographer, sit in a stiff chair in a bare gallery, be surrounded by a lot of unfamiliar apparatus, subjected to the hypnotic glare of a big lens, and have a strange man instruct him how to sit, look and feel. Let him (or her) realize that the pictures are





*Portrait of M. W. N.*







going to cost a considerable sum, be anxious to get a likeness that will please family and friends, and therefore make vigorous effort to look his very best. Such a combination of adverse conditions is quite sufficient to turn the most speaking and expressive countenance into a wooden image, and to absolutely destroy that naturalness and truth which is the essential requisite in any picture. The more sensitive and delicate the organization, the more keenly sensible to impressions the sitter may be, the finer and more interesting the personality, the more certainly such conditions will produce a completely destructive effect.

This dreadful difficulty can only be overcome by inducing the sitter to forget himself, by temporarily replacing self-consciousness by the thought of something outside. That it is difficult to do this need not be said, and one must expect that many dark failures will be illuminated by the radiance of a very few successes; but then how good such a success is when really attained and how many failures it makes up for. Of course use of the shortest possible exposure is of the very greatest importance, as the instants when any of us can escape from the tyrant, self-consciousness, are few and brief and must be caught as they fly.

Coming now to a description of practical methods. For the afternoon of a sunny day select for a studio a retired nook, in the open air so that ex-



posures may be short, and among trees and shrubbery, where densely growing leaves and branches make a dark background and cut off any direct glare from the west, with scattered trees and bushes to break and soften the light from the eastern sky. Against this background put a rustic chair, set up the camera, eight feet or so away, adjust stop, set exposure dial and focus on the empty chair. By the camera put a seat for yourself and then, and then only, bring the sitter, alone and without a lot of chattering and distracting friends. She, for it is likely to be a woman, seats herself in the chair, as she pleases and without instruction or direction as to pose (horrible word!). Drop yourself down by the camera and begin to talk, about anything in the world except the business in hand. Your right hand carelessly holds the bulb of the noiseless shutter and, when the happy moment arrives, when the subject has forgotten herself and is interested for the moment in anything else, the hand quietly closes and the short exposure is made. Sometimes one can deceive the patient, for that is really the proper word, by suggesting trial of a series of exposures before putting in any film, so that familiarity may produce ease and comfort, and by going through a whole roll with this educational pretense, while all the while the weapon is fully charged and each opening of the shutter makes its eternal record.

Of course one obtains better results with a friend than with a stranger, with a person you like





*Portrait of M. G. R.*







than with one you do not care for. It is comparatively easy to succeed with children, as they have little self-consciousness and can readily be induced to forget themselves, while in the aged the lines of the soul, the marks of character, are indelibly stamped on the face and they cannot disguise their real selves if they would; but a beautiful woman who knows her beauty—and how many such do not?—is a subject to try one's patience to the utmost.

After much experiment and many trials, both of soul and body, the principles of amateur portraiture seem reducible to the form of an experimental creed, which is now diffidently submitted to public judgment. It attempts to indicate the radical difference between the rules governing professional makers of portraits, who must live by their trade, and those that guide amateurs who scorn money and strive for art alone, by stating those of each class in sharp contrast.



## COMPARATIVE CREED FOR MAKERS OF PORTRAITS.

### I. PROFESSIONAL      2. AMATEUR.

1. Make pretty pictures.
2. Make characteristic portraits.
1. Please your subjects.
2. Please yourself.
1. Work in a gallery.
2. Work in the open air.
1. Use all the apparatus possible.
2. Use the least apparatus possible.
1. Pose your sitters.
2. Let your sitters pose themselves.
1. Induce the sitter to think about the pose, picture, etc., as much as may be.
2. Distract the mind of the sitter from the fact of being photographed, the pose, etc., as much as may be.
1. Make long exposures, overtime.
2. Make short exposures, undertime.





*On the Veranda at Nassau*







1. Show a fixed and planned pose and expression.

2. Catch fleeting changes of both.

1. Retouch freely.

2. Never retouch.

1. Show a body, that is a face governed by the primary consciousness.

2. Show a soul, that is a face governed by the secondary consciousness.

1. Be artificial.

2. Be natural.

1. Take pictures for money.

2. Take pictures for love.

1. Be like Watteau.

2. Be like Rembrandt.

1. Make many successes (or what you call such) and few failures.

2. Make many failures, approach success occasionally, but never reach it.

1. Be a tradesman.

2. Be an artist.



1. Make your greatest successes with beautiful (and conscious) women.
2. Make your greatest successes with children and with age.

July 19.







*Brownii Lilies*







## A City Garden



**I**N 1893, having outgrown my old house, I bought a new one on a sixty foot lot, next to the corner of Carnegie Avenue and Forty Sixth Street (or Sibley and Kennard Streets as they were then) with a single primeval oak in the yard but no other trees or flowers. Several years after I put up a small garage, for my first electric automobile, on the northeast corner of my lot, with a driveway from Sibley street, and later bought the old house and lot on the corner, tore down the house, built a wall on the Sibley street side, a garage for three machines at the corner of the new lot, ran in a driveway from Kennard Street to the new garage, with a side gate through the wall, bought twenty feet more on the south line of my land, built a wall along the rear, and a fence of concrete posts, with a low wall and high row of pointed steel bars between them. Along the north wall we laid out a bed of perennials and along the south fence shrubbery, with quite a lot of hardy flowers around the house, especially iris, and got much pleasure from them.



South of us extended about two hundred and five feet of vacant lots, of which I later bought fifty-five feet, to protect my property, and having the lot and no other use for it, decided to turn it into a garden. The new lot averaged a foot or more below the grade of my own lot, would need about three hundred cubic yards of black garden earth to grade it up to the proper height, and black earth cost two dollars a load, so, the first day the graders began on the lot next door I strolled over there, found the boss and said, "Where do you haul your dirt?" He replied, "To a dump about two miles southeast." I answered, "If you want to dump that surface black earth on my lot next door, and grade it evenly, you may do so and it will be worth ten dollars to you," at which chance he of course promptly jumped. So I got three hundred yards of black earth, properly graded, for ten dollars, cut two gates through my south fence, put a fence of concrete posts and steel pointed rods across the front of the new lot, one of similar steel rods with posts at the ends across the south side, and turned the management of the new garden over to my daughters, I to authorize expenditures and pay the bills. They decided to lay the whole new lot out as a formal garden, putting a privet hedge round the south, west and east sides, a curved row of arbor vitæ about one hundred and twenty feet back, with a wire arch for roses in the centre, and to have a picking garden back of these, all of which was duly done.





*Darwin Tulips along the North Wall*  
*May, 1912*







Then came the important question of a gardener, so I asked a man who had put in some trees for me very well and reasonably, if he could recommend some one to come two or three days a week and keep things in order. To which he said that his father was an experienced gardener, and wanted something to do. So pretty soon appeared a dear old German, with a love of flowers, and started in. I took to him at first sight, but it soon proved that the job would need all his time, and that he did not spare himself when something had to be done. Everything went delightfully for the first summer, and then he said, "Mr. Newberry, build a liddle creen house across the rear of the lot and we can haf dropical plants." I answered, "But, Schultz, I don't want tropical plants." "Then haf roses and garnations und I will crow dem unter class." On inquiry I found the house would fit in and would not cost much, so I took the old garage for a potting shed, built a green house fifty feet by sixteen opening from it, installed a heating system supplied by our convenient natural gas, made a yearly contract with Schultz, and the garden, in its present shape, was fairly begun.

Schultz and the girls would have long and solemn conferences as to what was to be purchased, submit me lists with prices, I would gravely consider and discuss each list, always ending by giving my approval, and by paying the bills. We rapidly be-



gan to get results that were at first pleasing and then delightful, not only to ourselves but to the general public, who always glanced in as they passed, often stopped for a good look, and sometimes came and asked Schultz for permission to walk through, all of which was his chief delight and glory. Of course one cannot get nearly as good flowers, speaking generally, in the city as in the country, but then how much more they need flowers in the city. Our garden, being visible to everyone, was a pleasure to everyone, and instead of being plundered, as one would think only too likely, especially as there is a public school close by, the whole neighborhood seemed to take an interest in it and to have a quasi co-proprietorship, while nearly every neighbor joined, to some extent at least, in developing the possibilities of his own place. The children of the neighborhood took delight in helping my daughter pick off dead blossoms and do other garden work, and in fact became a sort of volunteer police for protecting the flowers from anybody that might show lawless tendencies. One day nearly a dozen boys, all more or less ragged, came in and asked me for a flower. I answered, "Don't you think it better to look at them where they grow? If you pick one now it will be dead tomorrow, but if left it will be a pleasure to everyone for three or four days. I am perfectly willing to pay the cost for the pleasure of seeing the flowers where they grow, and you can do this as well as I can without paying anything." Those little ragamuffins caught





*Boltonia by Garden Wall*  
*October, 1911*







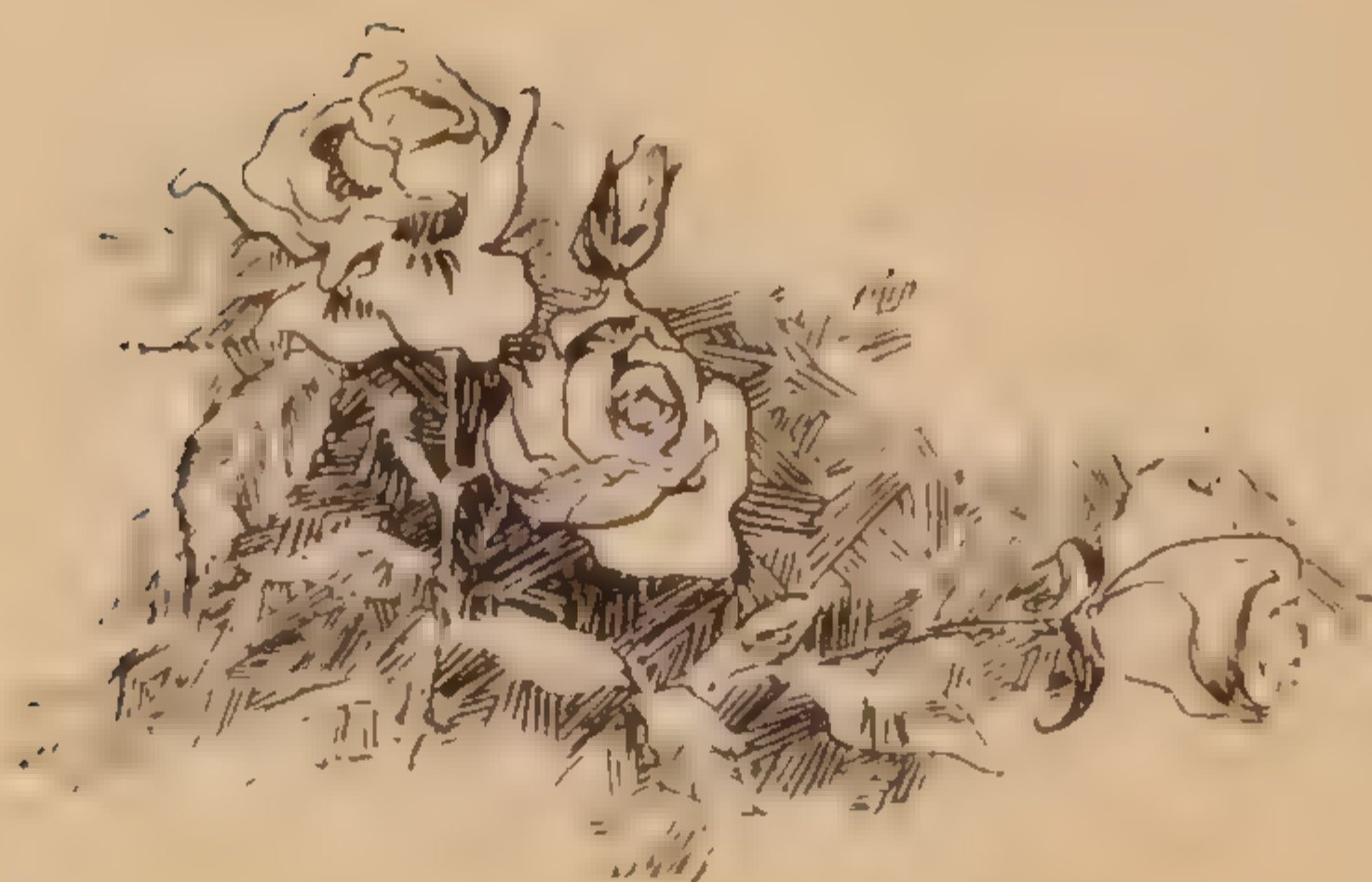
the idea, firmly, and haven't taken or asked for a flower since. Of course a harsh refusal would have led to plundering of the garden, if only for revenge.

The little greenhouse provides roses, carnations and chrysanthemums in their due time—not many, but enough, all through the winter furnishes narcissus, hyacinths and tulips, and has made it possible to produce tropical lilies, eucharis, Amaryllis and Soldier, from bulbs brought from Bermuda and Nassau, as well as Hybiscus and other tropical shrubs and vines from cuttings and seeds. Ferns and ornamental plants are always with us, and the house is supplied with flowers and ferns all the year round, while many a handsome bunch can be given to friends from greenhouse, cold frames and open garden, all through the year. We have given especial attention to the Iris; the poor man's orchid, having the early dwarf, German in some forty different varieties, Spanish, Siberian blue and white, English, and the Japanese, queen of all in size, shape and color. This year the latter have been especially large, variegated and numerous, doubtless chiefly due to the careful nursing, feeding and watering of our old gardener, who gives care and service for love that one cannot get for money. There is always some new thing coming on and I never fail, at least once a day, to walk through the garden and see its new beauties. In fact a garden is something like an electric automobile, it costs quite a little to run it, but



there is nothing else from which you get so much for your money, in pleasure and in interest, both for yourself and for your friends.

Cleveland, July 1912.







*Hollyhocks and Siberian Iris*







# POETRY AND VERSE









*Rose Arch and Japanese Iris*  
*June, 1912*







## A WELCOME BACK.



O Miss May ———

Though the bitter winds blow cold  
Over a leafless branch and bough;  
Though the icy fetters hold  
Spring and stream in prison now;  
Though the winter fires glow  
Through the frost work on the pane,

And the mantle of the snow  
Stretches over hill and plain.  
Yet a sudden breath of spring  
Stirs the branches brown and dry;  
Yet the birds begin to sing  
With their vernal ecstasy.  
Broken is old winter's chain,  
May, sweet May, is here again.

—Xmas, 1892.











*Japanese Iris*  
*June, 1912*







## AN ENGAGEMENT.

### I.



HEN the Creator made the earth,  
According to his earliest plan,  
He gave the birds and beasts their birth,  
And, afterward, created man.  
The animals went two by two,  
As is their custom ordinary,  
But man, the lord of all their crew,  
Walked in the garden solitary.

### II.

The Father, in reflective mood  
Considering his new creation,  
Saw that his mighty work was good.  
But after further cogitation,  
Declared to the angelic host  
Assembled round the golden throne,  
"The purpose of my work is lost  
While man, my image, walks alone."

### III.

So, while around the sleeping man  
His subject brutes kept watch and ward,  
A shudder through creation ran  
And told the coming of the Lord.  
Stooping he laid the breast apart  
Of the one solitary human,  
Drew forth the rib, nearest his heart,  
And from that bone created woman.



## IV.

Then, rising through the firmament.  
Again to his celestial home,  
The glory of his presence sent  
New radiance through the heavenly dome.  
And the adoring angels sang,  
"The work is finished, all is done."  
Through heaven and earth the chorus rang,  
"The one is two, the two are one."

## V.

Man sinned and suffered, driven out  
From the fair garden where they met,  
They trudged the weary world about  
And earned their bread with toil and sweat.  
Sickness and sorrow, loss and pain  
All these they knew, but, all above  
One thing they never lost again,  
The joy of loving and of love.

## VI.

The sailor coming home from sea,  
Released from duty's heavy yoke,  
Abandons his ship's company  
For company of other folk.  
The doctor, learned in drafts and pills,  
Skilled, scientific, patient, wise,  
Finds that the cure for all his ills  
Lies in the magic of her eyes.



## VII.

The maiden, devotee of art,  
Vestal of beauty, pale and sweet  
And kindly, who has taught her heart  
For all humanity to beat.  
Calm, self-sufficing, cool, discreet,  
To her amazement finds at length  
Her nature must be incomplete  
Without her lover and his strength.

## VIII.

And so, dear friends, to you is told,  
The story old yet ever new.  
Life, that is bitter, hard and cold  
To one alone is joy for two.  
The riddle of the universe  
Is solved forever for you two.  
You have escaped the primal curse.  
The past is gone; the world is new.

—*Bethel, Maine, 1910.*











*2097 East 46th Street*







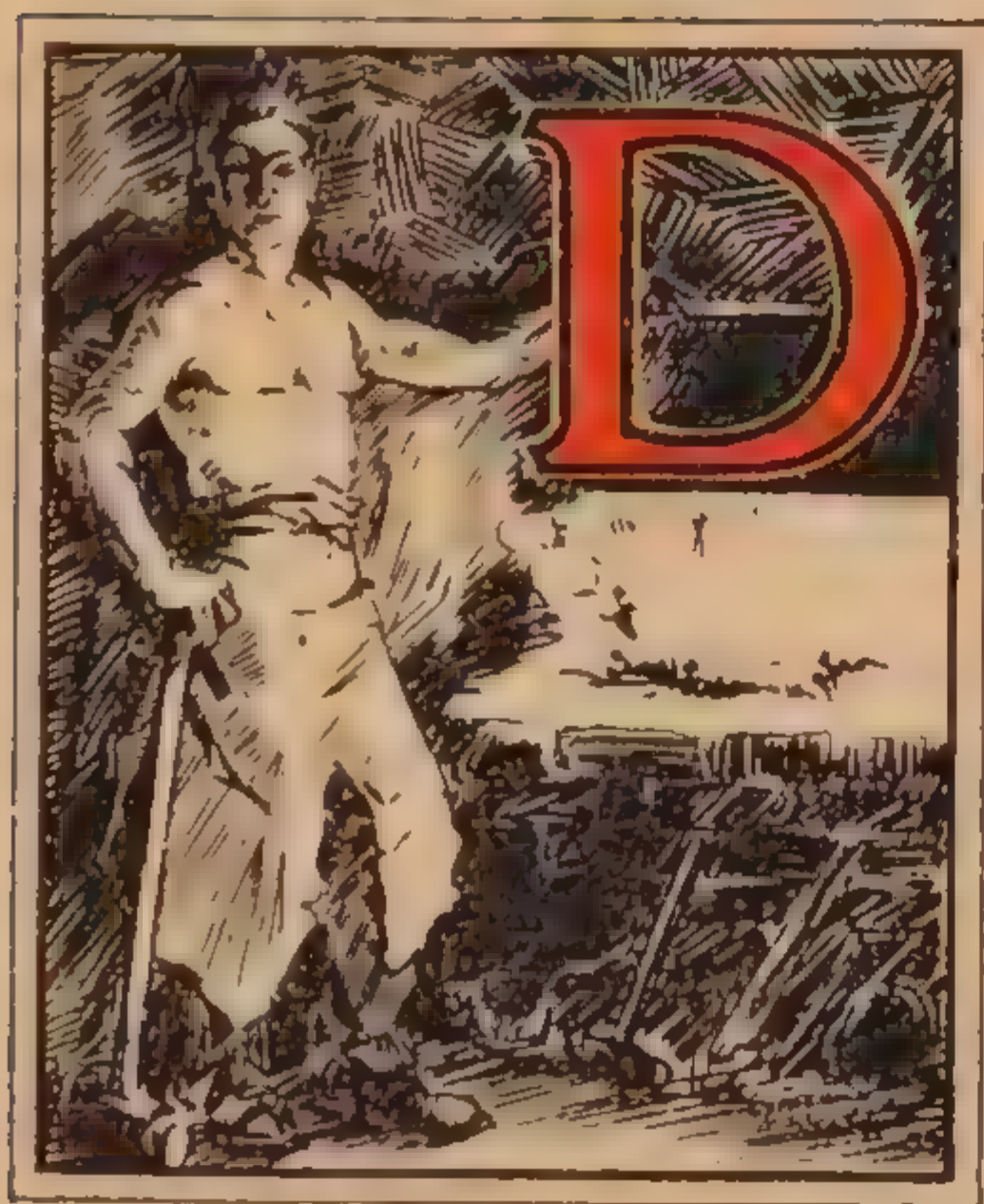
**MORE SERIOUS SUBJECTS**







# The Price of Labor



DISCUSSION of the labor question, and especially of the proper method of fixing wages, the price of labor to its purchaser, has been so voluminous and so complicated with sociological and humanitarian considerations, that many have come to think the subject one apart and not to stand on the same basis, or be governed by the same laws, as other business matters. To show this view to be erroneous one must preface his discussion of the question with some elementary considerations.

So far as we can see the world has reached its present development by the operation of the principle of the "Survival of the Fittest"; a selection of both types and individuals through a "struggle for existence" in which the best survive and there is a constant tendency to improvement through natural selection. This universal principle has developed man from beast, the civilized from the savage, gives predominance to the strongest and best among individuals and nations, and is the method by which all progress is made. For the purpose of improvement by survival of the best, the inferior and unfit are



ruthlessly sacrificed, and this seems to the kind and charitable excessively cruel. Being a law of nature this law will continue to inflexibly operate regardless of humanitarian views, and all that man can do is to mitigate its harshness in particular cases by the rules of the civil and moral law, in which he is not unlikely to do more harm than good. The weakness of socialistic plans of government, which seek to eliminate the severity of this law is that, when put into operation, they at the same time eliminate its beneficial effects and substitute a stationary condition or positive retrogradation for progress and improvement. A labor union which seeks to equalize wages among men and fix a day's wage for a day's work regardless of merit or ability, depriving the good man of the superior reward to which he is entitled, is working against this fundamental law, and its effort must in the end be doomed to failure.

The market value of any article is the final result of all the conditions then existing; those on the side of the seller being grouped under the head of "supply," and on that of the buyer under that of "demand." No sale is possible unless some seller is willing to take what some buyer is willing to give. Any change in any condition that increases the desire of sellers to sell or decreases that of buyers to buy causes a fall in prices, and any change in the opposite direction will cause a rise. The most effective change is one affecting the stock on hand, decreasing it to a shortage or increasing it to a surplus over require-



ments; and such a change in supply produces an effect on prices entirely out of proportion to its actual amount. Should the regular product of cement increase, so as to exceed the regular demand by only ten per cent, the effort to market that extra ten per cent is likely to decrease the market price for the whole annual product by a much larger percentage, and on the other hand a shortage of supply of only ten per cent may increase the selling price of the whole product by twenty per cent or more until supply, stimulated by high prices, can catch up with consumption.

Extreme fluctuations in price are disastrous both to buyer and seller and to business generally. They will in time cure themselves, for any large increase in price will both lessen consumption and invite new competition in production, and any great fall in price will both lessen product and stimulate demand, but before this automatic cure can act great losses will have been incurred on one side or the other. Both sellers and buyers would be better off if prices could be kept at substantially uniform figures, sufficient to afford the seller a reasonable profit and not high enough to discourage purchases, for then both sides can foresee conditions, work to advantage, contract ahead, all business is active, and the country is prosperous.

The wish to maintain such a desirable condition is the chief reason for the formation of what are popularly known as "Trusts," and for pooling, price



agreements and similar combinations. Such associations are a symptom of present business conditions, inevitable, harmless or beneficial so long as they confine themselves to making a greater profit by lowering cost instead of increasing price, while any attempt to unduly increase prices will, by creating additional competition in production, soon bring about its own punishment and end by still further reducing cost to the purchaser. That this truth has not been grasped by law makers generally is conclusively shown by the absurd and destructive provisions of many of our so-called "Anti-Trust" acts, some of which go so far as to prohibit any two or more sellers from making any agreement whatever to affect prices, and propose to inflict severe penalties on one who does that which may be imperatively necessary to avoid failure. Such laws only add to the difficulties of business, already great enough, furnish a means to the dishonest to escape their obligations, will be disregarded when necessity requires, and finally return to the limbo from which they sprang.

The small fraction of our workingmen who are identified with the various labor unions and claim the name of "organized labor," is of all our trusts that which attempts most boldly to raise the prices of the subject matter, by restricting the amount given for a certain wage, by demands for actual increase in price, and by driving off competitors in the market by means which are often lawless and criminal, far beyond those used by any other so-called trust.



The labor trust tries to operate independent of the doctrine of survival of the fittest and contrary to the law of supply and demand. It has in a multitude of cases shown the most brutal disregard of contract obligations, of the interests of the general public and of the property and personal rights of man. On account of its faulty principles of action, and the fact that it controls but a very small part of the labor actually in the market, the abuses which it seeks to create and enforce cannot be more than temporary, and such an organization can only be of real use to its rank and file when it abandons such efforts, and seeks to get a higher reward for their labor by making it worth more.

The sale and purchase of labor in the market is affected by the same conditions and governed by the same laws as transactions in cement, wheat or pig iron. It will certainly take more than the bare assertion of leaders of labor unions to convince even the average citizen to the contrary, and no amount of assertion will suffice to so convince those who have gained their knowledge by practical experience. They will say that one who has labor to sell will get the market price and no more, or be unable to sell, and that such market price will be settled by supply as against demand exactly as that of other commodities. That the purchaser is as free to buy where he can buy cheapest, when labor is the article in question, as when it is coal or oats, and that any interfer-



ence with this right is an invasion of freedom which cannot be tolerated and can never be long successful.

It does not follow from this conclusion that the purchaser of labor should or will cut down wages to the lowest possible point, any more than he will always buy the cheapest class of goods. When a manufacturer wants a new engine he carefully examines the various types to be had, considering as of the greatest importance the work that each engine will do, and buys the one that is most efficient and economical in operation, price being of course considered but only in a secondary way. Then he will see that his new engine is properly installed, protect it from weather, provide experienced and skillful engineers and the best quality of cylinder oil, shut the machine down at intervals to babbitt shafts, renew brasses and line up pistons, in fact treat the engine in the best possible way to keep it efficient and consequently valuable to him. His motive in doing all this is his own advantage, and he is actuated by an enlightened selfishness. Business is not charity; it is carried on to make profits; and the principles applied in buying and using an engine must govern in all other business matters. As it pays the manufacturer to buy the best make of engine and keep it in the best condition, so it will pay him to hire good men and keep them in the best possible condition for service. He will pay fair wages for good work, reward special ability, as-



sist his employees to preserve their health and strength, guard them against accident, treat them so as to make them satisfied and loyal, promote zeal and skill and degrade inefficiency and laziness; doing all this not as a matter of duty or charity but because it is for his own best interest. In such a shop each man is encouraged to do his best and is sure of a fair reward for it; men are paid for what they are and do, according to their merit; industry and ability are recognized; men are encouraged to improve themselves and rewarded for doing so, and the whole institution works in the direction of constantly higher efficiency and development. Examination of any of our great and successful manufacturing concerns will show their business to be conducted by substantially these methods; and where these are not to be found you may look for an unsatisfactory balance sheet.

Contrast such a shop with one under the domination of the labor unions, and the difference is striking. In the latter you find discontent and suspicion; men who do as little work as they can for the largest possible wage; a fixed price per man in each class regardless of merit; often a limitation in permitted output per man per day; no opportunity for special ability or diligence to earn its appropriate reward; no zeal or energy; no attempt to do good work; no co-operation to make the business successful, although wages can be paid only from profits; the



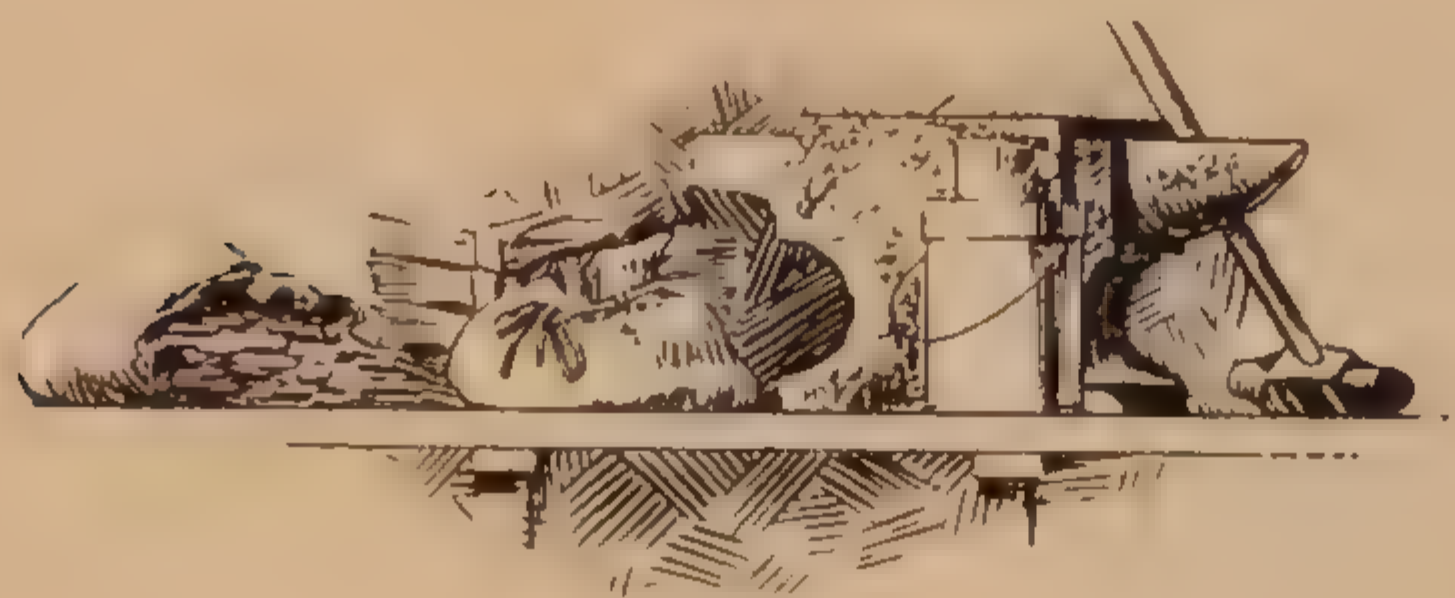
good men held down to the level of the bad, so that the former get too little pay and the latter too much; no development, no improvement, high cost and low output. Taken together these mean in the end failure, a closed works, and hungry men hunting for a job.

In all business matters in the long run it pays in dollars and cents to be honest, fair, just and reasonable, in addition to the satisfaction that one gets out of it. So in our great enterprises enlightened selfishness makes the employer just, fair, helpful and kind, his men zealous, diligent and efficient, and the business successful. The earnest efforts of officers and men, each one working for his own best interest, produce together the best advantage of all. The employer makes handsome profits, and can afford to be just to his men, improve and expand his business, and so protect himself and all dependent upon it against times of depression. The men are encouraged to develop themselves, become more able and skillful, and gain in wages from their increased value. The enterprise is conducted in compliance with natural and economic law and its success is assured. Clergymen, Socialists and people generally who have little knowledge of practical matters, will denounce the foregoing views as cruel and brutal. Perhaps they are so, but they are the rules by which the whole world has been slowly and painfully devel-



oped so far, and it is not likely that the universe will be hastily changed and run on new and different lines with prospects of success. When a creed can be formulated that will include the doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount, with that of the survival of the fittest, it will be welcomed heartily by us all; until that time shall come we shall have to be satisfied with doing the best we can, with some hope, some faith and much charity.

April, 1905.











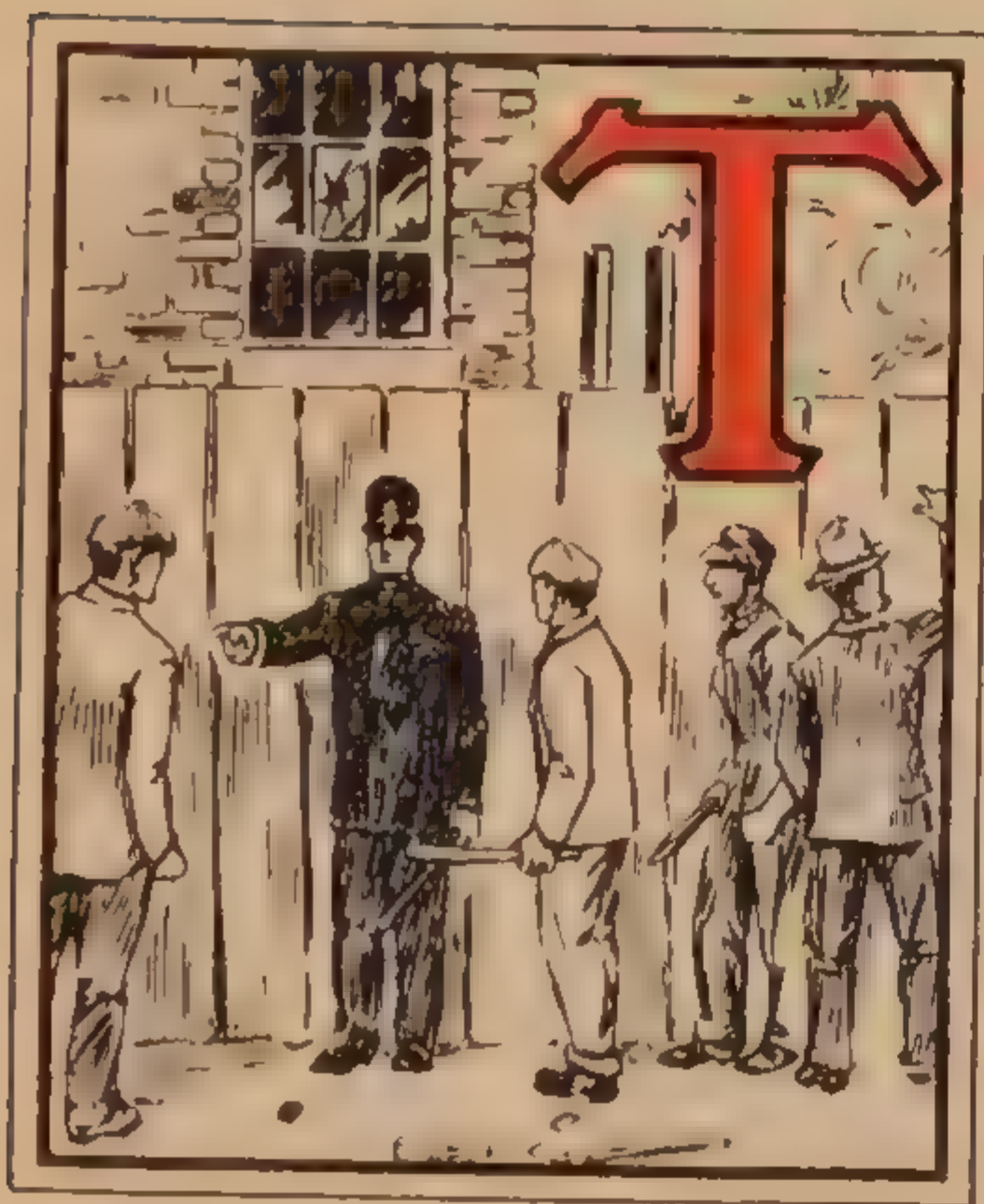
*A Corner of the Garden*







## Insurance Against Strikes



THE injury caused by a strike to an individual is a peculiar one, in that it is usually accompanied by a substantially corresponding benefit to the competitors of the sufferer. If one works is closed by a strike, the supply is of course lessened by the usual product of that works. The demand, which that works would ordinarily supply, must be filled by other manufacturers, and the diminution of the total supply, caused by that works ceasing operation, is not unlikely to somewhat advance the market price generally. Hence other manufacturers in the same line are directly benefited in a pecuniary way by the misfortune of one.

All manufacturers have a common interest in opposing unreasonable demands of employees. The granting of an unreasonable demand, by an individual manufacturer, will encourage labor unions to make similar unreasonable demands in other cases, and soon or late every manufacturer is likely to suffer. Resistance to such demands however, at present, must be made by an individual, and, if a strike follows, he may lose his whole trade, the regular profit



of his business, and the amount of all his running expenses during the strike, while his competitors take his trade and are likely to make a more than ordinary profit from it. An individual can rarely afford to endure such a position, and is therefore likely to yield.

Should manufacturers generally in any one line be members of such an association as I suggest, and a strike occur at one works, the suffering manufacturer will be protected, to the amount of his fixed charges and for a considerable portion of his usual profit, while his competitors, through their increased trade, and the probable increase of prices resulting from the diminution of the supply, are likely to make increased profits, probably much exceeding the amount of premiums which they pay to the insurance company.

Such an association in general operation will manifestly greatly strengthen the position of a manufacturer in case of labor trouble, and would have a strongly deterrent influence in preventing unreasonable demands. Strikers would sacrifice their wages and places without producing any corresponding injury to the manufacturer, and their power to coerce would therefore be practically gone. The existence of such an association would make it unnecessary for the manufacturer to attempt to import non-union men or strike breakers, with the danger of violence and the invitation to lawlessness which such a course often produces.



A concrete example of such an organization, working successfully, would soon be followed by an extension of similar organizations to the great bulk of manufacturing and mercantile interests. It would produce the much desired unity of action among employers in labor matters, without the necessity of actual combination into one large concern, and, when employers can act together in such matters, the day of the labor agitator will be over.

A sketch plan of such a mutual insurance company, as applied to the manufacturer of Portland Cement, though a similar plan is equally applicable to any industry, was prepared by the writer in 1903 and submitted to the Association of American Portland Cement Manufacturers. No action was taken upon it, which seems to the writer a mistake, as he believes that the general use of similar plans might be of great benefit to industries in general, including employers, employees and the public. A copy of such sketch plan follows:

### THE PORTLAND CEMENT MANUFACTURERS MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

#### Preliminary Sketch Plan of Proposed Organization.

1. The purpose of this organization shall be to protect its members from loss or damage caused by unreasonable strikes of their employees.



2. The company shall be organized on the general plan of the New England Factory Mutual Manufacturers Fire Insurance Companies.

3. Any member of the Association of Portland Cement Manufacturers may become a member of this company, on acceptance of his application for a policy, and payment of premium, and shall cease to be a member when his policy expires without renewal.

4. The total annual premium paid by any member shall be one per cent. upon the total gross sales of its product, during the year next preceding its application. As a guarantee fund, each member shall be liable, if necessary, to pay in addition to such premium up to four times the amount of its annual premium and no more.

5. Premiums shall be applied to pay the necessary expenses of this organization, the losses of any member by strikes as hereinafter provided, the surplus, less twenty per cent. to be retained as an accumulating fund, shall be distributed back to members in annual dividends.

6. The policies issued to members shall be in the general form of policies issued by the New England Factory Mutual Fire Insurance Companies, modified as may be necessary. Such policies shall protect members for the total amount of fixed charges, including rent, salaries of officers and office force, su-



perintendents, watchmen, cost of protection from frost and fire, police patrol, insurance, interest, taxes, water rent, and similar charges, during any strike covered by their policies.

7. The policies shall also protect members against loss of profits to the extent of one-half of the pro rata share of the actual net profits, earned by such member during the year prior to his application, corresponding to the length of a strike. The amount of such profit insurance, however, shall in no case exceed the pro rata share of ten per cent., on the total output of such member for the preceding year, which shall correspond to the length of said strike. Policies shall not protect members from loss on contracts to sell their product, it being expected that members will guard themselves from such losses by inserting the usual clause in their contracts.

8. The full protection provided by paragraphs six (6) and seven (7) shall apply only in case of a strike causing an entire suspension of the operation of the member's works. In case of a strike causing a partial suspension or reduction of output said policies shall protect the member pro rata.

Should a boycott be declared and put in force against any member in connection with or following a strike, said policies shall protect the member against loss of profits, caused thereby, up to the limit provided in Article Seven (7).



9. This Association shall adopt a Statement of Principles, covering relations between employers and employees, generally similar to that adopted by the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States, with such modifications as may be decided upon. Its policies shall protect members against loss or damage, as aforesaid, resulting from strikes caused by the refusal of any member to comply with any demand of its employees or any labor organization, which demand shall require anything to be done or left undone in violation of any of such principles, but shall not protect them from strikes caused in any other manner, except by special vote of the directors of this Company.

10. Each member shall promptly report any dispute or difficulty, which may arise between itself and its employees or any labor organization, to this Company. A commissioner of this company shall at once visit the plant of such member, investigate the conditions and determine whether any of the demands of such employees or labor organizations are in violation of the principles adopted by this Association, and, if this is found to be the case, shall so certify to this organization, whereupon the policy of such member shall be effectual against damage arising from such controversy as aforesaid. Said commissioner may, if desired by such member, act as a committee of conciliation to harmonize and adjust such controversy, but no adjustment shall be recom-



mended or authorized by him which shall involve the waiving or yielding of any of the fundamental doctrines contained in the Statement of Principles of this Association.

11. The statements contained in any application for membership, and statements furnished by such member showing losses during any strike covered by the policy, shall be at all times subject to verification by adjusters or other officers of this Company, by examination of the member's books or otherwise, and the decision of such adjusters or officers upon all questions of fact shall be final, unless revised or modified by the Directors or Trustees of this organization, who shall have final power to decide all such questions between the Association and any of its members.

12. No salaried officer, commissioner or adjuster of this organization shall be an officer, director or stockholder of any of its members, and all communications, made to any such officer by any member, and the result of the examination by such officer of the books or business of any member, shall be strictly confidential.

13. This organization may, by authority of its Board of Directors or Executive Committee, employ counsel and cause criminal or civil legal proceedings to be begun and prosecuted, as they may be advised are desirable. It may prosecute any persons guilty as



principals or accessories of breach of the peace or injury to persons or property, in connection with any labor dispute affecting its members, and may prosecute actions at law to recover damages for injuries to persons or property, or suits in equity to prevent such injuries, in its discretion.

### NOTES ON PRECEDING SKETCH PLAN.

1. The proposed organization will not protect its members from all strikes, but will protect them from any strike or boycott in which justice, fairness and the true interest of both employer and employee require that protection shall be given. Whenever employees seek the just redress of a real grievance, and do not couple such request with unreasonable and improper demands, the employer will receive no protection from this organization.

2. It is estimated that the value of the 1902 product of the members of The Association of American Portland Cement Manufacturers was not less than \$15,000,000, and that the value of their product for 1903 will largely exceed this. One per cent. upon the 1902 product would give an annual fund of \$150,000, which is estimated to be abundantly sufficient. As the proposed company is purely mutual, should the premium in practice prove too large, each member will receive the excess back in increased annual dividends. Should the premium



prove too small, each member will pay only so much of his additional guaranteed premium as will make his total payment equal to the actual cost of the protection which he receives. This automatic adjustment of premium to the cost of risk is the especial advantage of a mutual form of insurance.

3. This organization will not protect members to the full amount of damages which they may suffer by a strike, but will guard them against actual loss, by guaranteeing all their fixed charges, and will also protect them against one-half their loss of profits, during any suspension of their business by a strike. The protection given is not so great as to make it profitable to a manufacturer to have his works closed, while the loss of one-half his profit, in case of a strike, is sufficient to compel him to make every reasonable effort to avoid one, while still probably not sufficient to induce him to make any unwise or unreasonable concession.

4. The basis of this whole plan is the proposed "Statement of Principles," which should be fair and just, both to the employer and employee, and conserve the reasonable rights and true interests of both. Should a state of facts arise not provided for in the Statement of Principles, the Directors of the proposed organization are given discretion to then take such action as they may consider just and proper.

5. A proper privacy of the business of each member will be maintained, and undesirable knowl-



edge of his affairs on the part of his competitors will be prevented.

6. To make strikes as short as possible, and to prevent injury to persons or property thereby, is manifestly to the advantage of both the proposed organization and its members. Prompt appeal to the Courts has proved to be the readiest method to accomplish this, whenever justice is on the side of the employer or criminal or illegal methods are used against him. To entrust the power to use these means to the proposed organization will expedite the settlement of labor difficulties, shorten strikes, protect persons and property and minimize losses.

### PRINCIPLES OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS.

1. Fair dealing is the fundamental and basic principle on which relations between employees and employers should rest.

2. THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS is not opposed to organizations of labor as such, but it is unalterably opposed to boycotts, black-lists and other illegal acts of interference with the personal liberty of employer or employee.

3. No person should be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of



membership or non-membership in any labor organization, and there should be no discrimination against or interference with any employee who is not a member of a labor organization, by members of such organizations.

4. With due regard to contracts, it is the right of the employee to leave his employment whenever he sees fit, and it is the right of the employer to discharge any employee when he sees fit.

5. Employers must be free to employ their work people at wages mutually satisfactory, without interference or dictation on the part of individuals or organizations not directly parties to such contracts.

6. Employers must be unmolested and unhampered in the management of their business, in determining the amount and quality of their product, and in the use of any methods or systems of pay which are just and equitable.

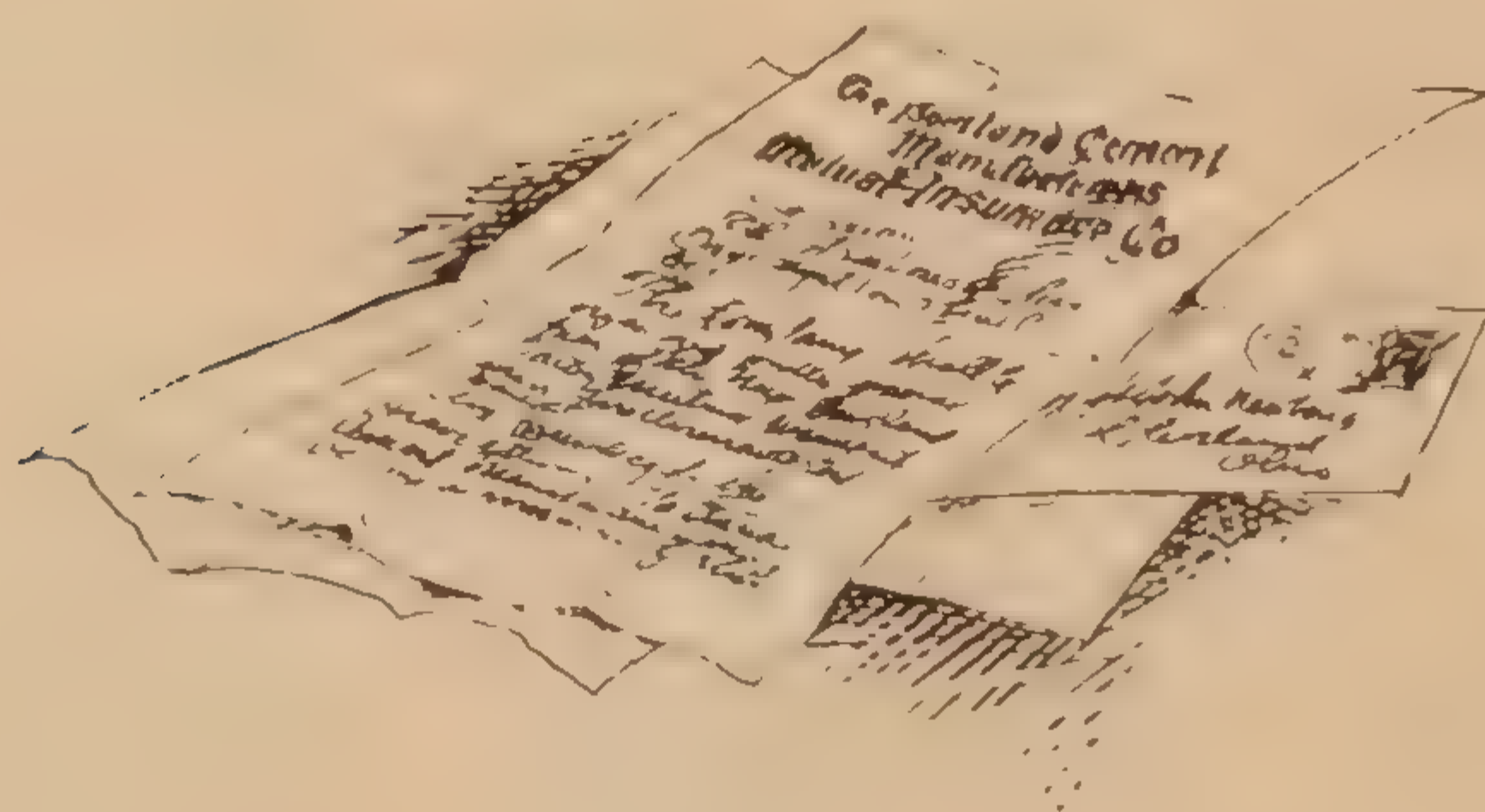
7. In the interest of employees and employers of the country, no limitation should be placed upon the opportunities of any person to learn any trade to which he or she may be adapted.

8. THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS disapproves absolutely of strikes and lock-outs, and favors an equitable adjust-



ment of all differences between employers and employees by any amicable method that will preserve the rights of both parties.

9. THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS pledges itself to oppose any and all legislation not in accord with the foregoing declaration.





## Is Roosevelt a Menace to Industry?



FOR a year or more the trade of making brass bricks and selling them for gold has kept Wall Street working over time. Prominent experts in that business secured control of the Knickerbocker and other trust companies, and of many other banks, and used them all in that lucrative work. Stocks were turned out by the ton with a real value of a trifling fraction of their face; were sold to the gullible public at or near par, and used as collateral at figures enormously in excess of their true worth.

It is only a matter of time when a crash must follow such business methods, and the longer the earthquake is put off the greater its violence. Now it has come.

President Roosevelt has said, in substance, that this fraudulent trade must stop, and that the malefactors shall be punished so far as he can bring it about. In so saying he was both right and wise.

The brass brick makers hate Roosevelt, because their plundering is stopped and the ominous shadow of the jail hangs over them. Those who bought brass bricks, at gold values, meant to sell out to some-







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body else at a profit. Now that they can't do this they rage at the President for destroying public confidence.

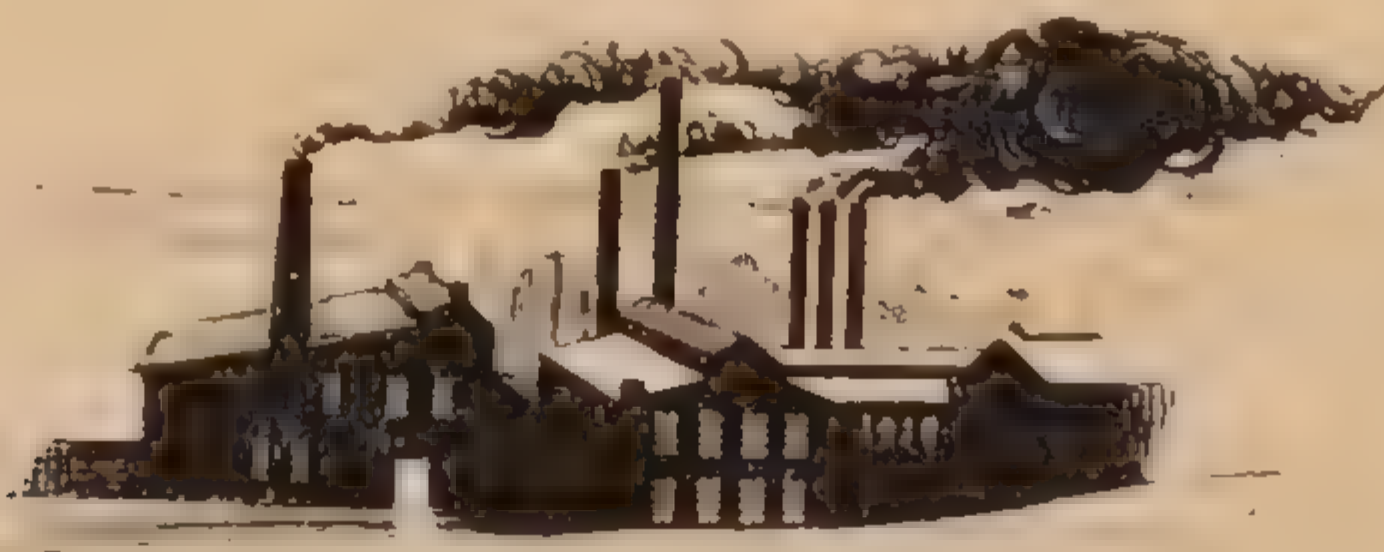
It is true that confidence has been destroyed, but the burglars who robbed the banks from the inside, and not the policeman who found their trail and gave the alarm, are to blame. If the officer had waited until everything had been stolen would business be worse or better off?

The speculative manufacture and sale of so-called securities is not the industry of the country, but a blood-sucking parasite upon it. The operation of removing this parasite will cause shock to the system, and be followed by some prostration, but must be prompt and radical nevertheless. It will bring a cure to the body politic, and the industry which is its most important activity, in due and reasonable time.

When you blame the doctor who gives a necessary, but disagreeable, antidote to poison, or uses the painful knife to excise a malignant tumor, then blame the President.

Roosevelt is not a menace to industry; he is the prophet of a doctrine which is its only hope. Common Honesty and a Square Deal. Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.

Cleveland, March 16, 1907.







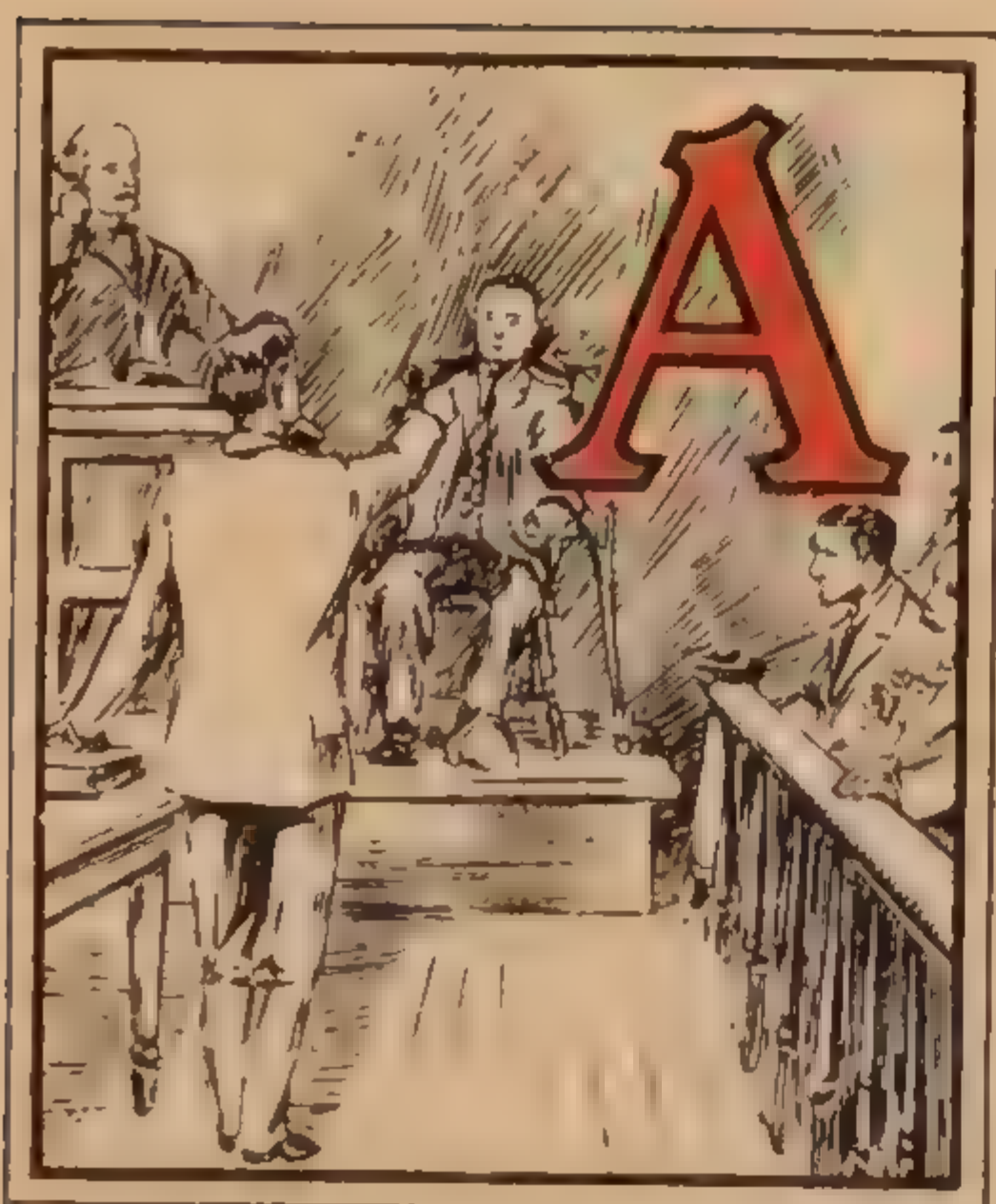
*German Iris*  
*June, 1912*







## Compensation for Injuries to Workmen



ANY considerable industrial enterprise kills a certain number of men per year and injures more or less severely a much larger number. The greatest care in purchase of material, installing safety appliances, and warning against necessary risks of the occupation, will not do more than lessen the number of accidents. These may occur from defects in machinery or material, which the greatest diligence cannot discover, from carelessness or recklessness of minor officers, from negligence of another employee, from necessary risks of the business or, most frequently of all, from the ignorance and recklessness of the injured man himself.

The condition of an injured workman is almost certainly lamentable. It is difficult for any man to look very far ahead and give up immediate pleasure for the sake of future good, and to do this requires considerable mental power, self-restraint, and education. That the laborer, or any man of only average intelligence, should sacrifice the gratification



of immediate needs and appetites, of himself, his wife and his children, for the sake of guarding against an accident which may never happen, is a good deal to expect, and it is not surprising that the average workman should waste a good deal of his earnings on beer and other luxuries rather than use the money to pay for insurance. In case of accident, a man's pay stops just when he needs it most, and he is without means to provide the necessities of life, at the very time when the extraordinary expenses of medical aid and surgical attendance must be met.

If the laborer seeks a remedy by process of law, his lawyer must necessarily take the case on a contingent fee, that is, take usually one-half, and sometimes more, of the amount finally recovered. Suit is brought, and for a time the man and his family are hopeful; but all our courts are very much behind their dockets, it is long before any case can be reached in its regular order, and then postponements and continuances are likely to further defer a hearing, so that, in many of our cities, cases are rarely reached for trial in less than two years after they are begun, and the first hearing may be much later. At the trial a jury is apt to sympathize with the injured man, and the employer, if a large corporation, is in the majority of cases held liable for damages. The protection of the employer lies in the skill of his counsel, and his ability to take the case to the upper courts, who will reverse the decision of the lower



court if error in the proceedings below can be shown, and such reversals, on grounds not affecting substantial justice, are only too common.

This system works serious injury to the State, to the employer, and to the employee. Courts are clogged with personal injury cases and justice comes very slowly to all litigants. An employee, if he recovers at all, gets compensation years after the accident, having lived as best he could during the interval, and his lawyers take half the sum paid. The employer maintains a costly legal department and, just when his own business demands his every effort and moment, may be called away for days to attend the trial of a lawsuit. Worst of all, the system breeds distrust and hatred between employee and employer and spreads the virus of socialism and anarchy. These evils press most heavily upon the laborer. The State wastes much money, but can make it up by taxation. The employer suffers great expense and may have to abandon his enterprise, but at the worst his damage is pecuniary loss. But the injured workmen has had his earning power permanently diminished or destroyed and may be driven to starvation or pauperism. The State and the employer risk money but the workman risks life.

The thing most important in any business is good feeling and loyal co-operation. Wages, salaries, interest and dividends must all come from a sin-



gle source, the profits of the business. Distrust, disaffection and disloyalty, working at cross purposes between officers or between officers and employees, are the worst evils an enterprise can suffer from. Any method which removes just grounds for complaint, and promotes loyal working together of the whole force, is most desirable, and that one should be found, which will lessen or entirely remedy the evils of the present system of settlement of claims of injured employees, seems especially essential.

The writer was admitted to the bar thirty-five years ago and engaged in active practice for over twenty years, often representing employers in personal injury cases. He thus became familiar with the employers' side of the controversy, with the great amount of time of courts taken up by such litigation, and with the bitter feeling engendered thereby. Eighteen years ago he became interested in a manufacturing company, now grown to large size, and thus learned to look at the question from the other side. His company protected itself against such claims by employers liability insurance. This consists in the employer taking out a policy calling for regular payment of a certain percentage on the amount of the payroll. The insurance company furnishes blanks, on which, when an accident occurs, the employer must at once give a full report; the insurer then assumes entire charge, effects settlements, pays lawyers, conducts the trial, and pays the amount



of the judgment if one is finally rendered and sustained. The insurer is not liable for more than a fixed sum for any one accident, but the amount is placed so high that the employer is generally fully protected. This system is essential to protect an employer against an uncertain liability, which may be very large in amount, and no able or cautious manufacturer would fail to avail himself of it. It is open, however, to two very grave objections.

First. The insurance company must pay, for the expenses of carrying on its business, about one-half the premiums received, so that the sum available to pay claims cannot be more than half the premiums, and the employer pays twice what the protection he gets is really worth.

Second. The insurance company fixes the rate charged, so that, in these days of combination, it is easy to combine to eliminate competition and raise rates to an unreasonable point. This has just been done in Ohio, on account of the passage of a recent law increasing the liability of an employer and depriving him of certain defenses, and doubtless has been or will be done in other States.

The writer found that accidents constantly occurred where the employer was clearly without liability, but the situation of the workman was so pitiable that, when he made an appeal for aid, it could



not be ignored, so that the company paid out annually about a thousand dollars in helping men who had no legal claim. To remedy this, he took out a "collective accident policy," that is one in which, for a premium based on a percentage of the payroll, an insurance company guarantees to protect an injured man to a fixed extent, regardless of employers liability. In this particular case, if a man were killed his family received a year's wages; if he received serious injuries, the indemnity was less and, in case of disability, he received half pay during the time he was out of employment, with his doctor's bill and hospital service in full. The amount paid to injured employees, where no liability existed in the previous year, was about three-fifths of the premium required, so this sum was applied on a policy protecting every workman, and the employees were assessed ten cents each per week to make up the difference. There was acute opposition to this at first, as the average workman strongly objects to have his wages touched in any way, but the two principal objectors were both hurt during the first three weeks after the policy came into force, which put an end to opposition. The system proved highly beneficial but, after a couple of years, the accounts showed that the total of claims paid by the insurance company was rather less than half the premiums they had received. On calling in the agent, and stating this to him the answer was, "That is all right. It costs fifty per cent. of our income to pay running expenses, so, unless we



receive twice as much as we pay out, we cannot come out even." Of course the only answer to this was, "That is all right from your point of view, but why should we support an insurance company? Here is a liability limited in amount, which cannot exceed a figure not too great for us to carry. We will carry this risk ourselves." This was done, a skilled insurance man being engaged to receive reports, get proofs and settle claims, at a compensation of fifteen per cent. of the total claims paid in each year, which proved eminently satisfactory, claims being adjusted more quickly and more justly than formerly, and the cost being very much less than under the old plan.

When the rates for employers liability insurance were increased, on account of the passage of a law increasing the liability of employers and modifying some of their legal defenses, the writer's attention turned to the possibility of adjusting employers liability on somewhat the same basis already in use in his own works in case of accident, and he began a study of the subject with this end in view. He did not then consider any material change in the legal relations between employer and employee, but sought to find a remedy for the grave evils which existed in the present method of fixing liability for injuries, which seemed to be as follows:

First. Uncertainty as to whether existing safeguards against accident were adequate.



Second. The cost to the State through clogging of the courts by lawsuits for the recovery of damages for personal injury, and its loss in supporting men reduced to pauperism by injury.

Third. The delay in receiving compensation which an injured man must endure, even if liability existed.

Fourth. The expense incurred by the injured man in recovering compensation, through the division of the amount with lawyers and expenses not taxable in costs.

Fifth. The expense to the employer of maintaining a costly legal department, and the interference with his business, through the time he was compelled to give to such suits.

Sixth. The bitter feeling aroused between employer and employee.

At Common Law liability of an employer to a workman injured in his employment, rests solely upon negligence of the former. Unless the employer has, either by commission of some positive act or omission of some proper safeguard, caused the injury, he is not liable for its results. In recent years this rule has been so modified that in many States the negligence of an employee, if in a position superior



to that of the man injured, is considered negligence of the employer, so that the one whose lack of care caused the accident represents the employer, and the latter suffers for the former's fault. It is manifest that one who has made every effort to safeguard his works, by using the best material obtainable, by erecting all safeguards and protection known in that particular business, and by using reasonable care in engaging workmen, should not be responsible for injuries which he cannot foresee nor guard against. If the reader will consider this question in the light of his own household experience it may make this matter clearer to him. Suppose that he has engaged a cook and housemaid, well recommended and seemingly skillful and capable. The housemaid is scrubbing the cellar steps and, being suddenly called away, leaves a bucket of water or a cake of soap in a dark corner. The cook goes down these cellar stairs, slips on the soap or stumbles over the bucket, falls to the bottom and breaks her leg. Should he pay the cook damages? From this illustration one must realize that one of the principal defenses to personal injury cases, that the accident happened through the negligence of a fellow servant, is not always unreasonable.

It is difficult to safeguard a large works against any possible accident, and a jury is apt, through natural sympathy with an injured man, to be severe on an employer and hold him bound to what seems an unreasonable degree of care. Juries being judges of



the facts, courts will not overrule their decisions, on questions of fact, unless manifestly against the weight of the evidence. The employer is therefore generally compelled to rely on defenses to such an action, the principal of which are the following:

First. That the accident was caused by the negligence of a fellow servant of the same grade as the injured man, the reasonableness of which defense in certain cases is shown by the foregoing household illustration.

Second. That the injury was caused by contributory negligence of the injured man. That is that, though the employer was negligent, the injured man was also so negligent that, without his negligence, the accident would not have happened.

Third. That the injury happened through inherent risk in the nature of the employment, or that the employee either expressly or impliedly assumed the risk.

To illustrate the last defense, suppose that one finds that a large amount of dynamite has been buried on his premises by anarchists. He desires to have this explosive removed and makes a contract with a number of laborers, stating to them the nature of the work to be done, impressing upon them its extreme risk, warning them against this danger, and saying





*Portrait of Mr. B.*







that he will not be responsible for any damage, but if they will do the work and take the chances, he will pay so much for the job. The workmen accept these terms and, in removing the dynamite, an explosion occurs and some of the men are killed or injured. The employer would be held not liable because the workmen had assumed the risk of the employment.

To remedy or alleviate these manifest evils, in the fall of last year, the writer sketched out a plan, contemplating the passage of two acts by a legislature. The first of these was meant to ensure the provision of proper safeguards, and, when such safeguards had been provided, to make official record of the fact. It created a State officer, or board of officers, skilled in mechanics, with duties as follows: On application of a manufacturer to examine his plant and report, to the owner and to the State, what protective devices or improvements were necessary to render it safe. On hearing from the owner that the changes found necessary had been completed, to make a second examination, and, if the requirements of the first report were found to have been complied with, to issue a certificate to that effect. A copy of such certificate was to be delivered to the manufacturer and a copy filed with the State, and these should be *prima facie* evidence, for one year, that the plant was safe to work in. The fees for such examinations were to be paid by the owner of the plant. This original sketch did not provide for examination at the request



of an employee, but that the law should require such examination to be made, at the request of a reasonable number of the employees, say ten per cent., might be a decided improvement.

The second and more important proposed act provided:

Immediately on the occurring of an accident, the employer must make a full report thereof to a State officer, created by the act, who must at once proceed to the works, take the testimony of witnesses, and ascertain and reduce to writing all the facts.

The State officer must request the employer, and the injured man or his representatives, to each appoint a representative, and to consent that these two persons, together with the State officer, should constitute a tribunal to decide, on the facts so determined and the law as it stood, whether the employer was liable and fix the amount of his liability. The decision of a majority of the tribunal to be final and binding and neither party to have any right of appeal.

The liability so fixed must in no case exceed a certain sum for an accident causing death, a certain less sum for accidents of less gravity, and, in case of disability, certain regular payments during its existence, which should not as a total be greater than the sum payable in case of death. The amounts were not fixed in this tentative plan, but those allowed by the



English Workmen's Compensation Act, about thirty-five hundred dollars in case of death, and proportionally less for less grave injury, seem very proper. The amount so fixed must be at once paid to the injured man, or his representatives, or preferably to the State, to be administered by it for the benefit of the injured man or his family, as the circumstances of each case might require.

A copy of this plan was sent to the Board of Commerce and the Manufacturers' Association of the writer's native State and, learning that a commission had been appointed therein to consider and report a Workmen's Compensation Act, he also sent a copy to the Governor. Severe and long continued ill health prevented any attempt to urge his plan by personal consultation.

Of course whether any plan, in which officers appointed by the State have any function, would give satisfactory results in actual practice, depends entirely upon the character of the persons filling these positions, the danger that such officers may be chosen for political reasons being always present. The acceptance of this plan, being optional with both parties, would automatically compel the State to appoint only qualified persons. Should it fail to do so, and its officers prove incompetent or unworthy, either employer or employee would be able, when the next accident occurred, to refuse to enter into an



agreement under the act and take the rights the law gave him. The State, therefore, would have to appoint good and capable men to such offices or the whole plan must fail and its benefits be lost.

Some years ago the State of New York enacted a Workmen's Compensation Act substantially to the following effect. Certain designated occupations were declared to be extra hazardous. In case of accident in such trades the employer was made liable to pay to the injured person, or his representatives, amounts fixed by a graduated scale not dissimilar to that provided by the English Workmen's Compensation Act, unless the injury was caused, in whole or in part, by the serious or willful misconduct of the injured man. This law left the injured person the option to take his compensation thereunder, or to avail himself of his legal right of action but, should a workman begin proceedings under the Compensation Act, or accept compensation thereunder, he was barred from any further remedy. The employer had no such option.

This act, and like acts now pending in various State legislatures, are produced by sympathy with the hard lot of the laborer, and a widely spread feeling that he should receive much greater consideration and protection than is now afforded him. This feeling is natural and justifiable, but hasty yielding to humanitarian impulses may produce evils greater



than those which they seek to remedy. Competition is now so keen and general, and transportation over considerable distances so easy and so cheap, that even a small handicap on an industry may cause its failure. A slightly greater burden imposed on manufacturers, in one State, may result in putting them at a hopeless disadvantage against producers of the same product in another State, where such is not imposed. Uniformity in legislation between all our States, and even between a few States closely contiguous, has already been found practically impossible. It should be clear, even to the most ardent advocate of the protection of the poor, that the destruction or even hampering of a great industry may do much greater harm to the workman than a continuance of the present system, cruel and harsh as it is. Those who declaim about making the loss caused by accident a charge on an industry should first consider whether the industry can bear the load, and what the result will be if it cannot.

It is at least doubtful whether lessening the penalties for heedlessness will not have a positively deteriorating effect on those it is sought to benefit, and whether a law, granting greater protection in case of accident, may not have the disastrous effect of increasing accidents. Most of the injuries occurring in any business come from the carelessness of the injured men themselves, and the multiplication of safety appliances, and the most urgent warnings and



cautions, will not prevent them from taking risks that no reasonable person would venture on. Familiarity with dangers breeds contempt of them, contempt breeds lack of care, until, at last, frail flesh and blood is crushed against stone and steel. Though they know the dreadful consequences of injury, men are still constantly injured solely from their own recklessness. It is possible that decreasing the penalties of carelessness may lessen care, that sure compensation for accidents may increase accidents, that a system put in force with the most earnest desire to do good, may in fact do the greatest harm.

Ill health compelled the writer to escape the last winter by going to the tropics. There were forwarded to him copies of bills introduced in the legislatures of several States and dealing, in various ways, with the subject of workmen's compensation. All of them sought to compel the employer to accept the methods of adjustment therein proposed, by depriving him of the usual common law defenses to an action for personal injury, should he refuse or fail to comply with the requirements of the acts. None of these compulsory plans seemed to present all the advantages of an optional plan, such as that hereinbefore sketched, and the constitutionality of the proposed revolutionary systems seemed very doubtful to the writer. Then came the epoch-making decision of the New York Court of Appeals unanimously holding the compensation law of that State uncon-



stitutional and void, on the broad ground that our constitutions, State and Federal, do not permit anyone to be held liable for an injury that is not his fault. This decision has been bitterly denounced by labor organizations, and by very many good men throughout the country, as reactionary, cruel and unjust. Yet it is one of the very greatest of recorded judicial decisions, and no fair-minded and intelligent man can read it without being struck with admiration. Its clear thought, logical reasoning, complete grasp of fundamental principles, precise distinctions, and particularly its amazingly accurate statement of the limitation of the power of courts, and their inability to set aside constitutional provisions, make it loom like a mountain above the desert of loosely reasoned and poorly stated opinions that make up the bulk of our reports. It fully recognizes the evils of the existing system, gives the highest praise to the admirable motives, striking ability and astonishing energy and diligence of the commission that framed the act, but ends with four impregnable conclusions. That the constitutions, Federal and State, are the supreme law of the land. That setting aside of constitutional provisions is not within the power of a legislature. That courts must follow the law and not make it. That remedy for the faults of the present system must be obtained from the people and not from the courts.

The Court holds this act not supplementary to the Common Law, but directly opposed to it, not



reformatory, but revolutionary. That it creates a liability, unknown to our jurisprudence, which neither reason nor justice can sustain, and deprives men of their right to freely contract, which is most valuable property, without due process of law. To so hold they were, in the opinion of the writer, bound by their judicial oaths and their duty as good citizens. Any other holding would be an invasion of lawful property rights, a most disastrous precedent, and bring upon our people evils infinitely greater than the act was intended to remedy. The Court discuss at length, the well known defenses, of negligence of a fellow servant, contributory negligence and assumption of risk, with their rise and development. It holds that the two first may certainly be limited, and possibly entirely abolished, by act of a legislature, and that the latter may be, to some extent, modified, but that no law, which seeks to entirely deprive the employer of all these defenses, can stand. This seems both good law and good sense.

If this decision is correct, all compensation acts, which seek to compel employers to adopt the systems they provide, by depriving them of these defenses should they fail to do so, are unconstitutional and void also. But a plan not compulsory but optional, which only goes into force by the consent of both employer and employee, does not come under the ban of this decision, is clearly constitutional and valid, and possesses the additional advantage of auto-



matically compelling the State to appoint proper and qualified persons to administer the law, an advantage of great importance, which no compulsory statute appears to be able to supply. Apparently no compulsory statute that is sufficient can be constitutional, and none that is constitutional can be sufficient.

The writer has therefore reached the conclusion that such an optional plan, following the general outline of the rough sketch given in the early part of this article, coupled with a material modification of the severity of the fellow servant and contributory negligence defenses, is not only the best method for relieving the crying ills of the present system but probably the only plan that the law and the courts will or can sustain. Such an optional plan will arouse bitter opposition from four classes of persons, all very powerful in this country, which are:

First. Politicians, who want jobs regardless of their fitness to fill them;

Second. Lawyers, who want fees regardless of the real interests of their clients;

Third. Insurance companies, who want income and whose business will be destroyed by its adoption;

Fourth. Socialists, anarchists and men of similar beliefs, who want to destroy society instead of re-



forming it and, for this purpose, to increase bitterness of feeling between classes of our people and particularly between employers and employees.

Whether the manifest advantages, resulting from the adoption of such a plan, can possibly overcome the opposition of these interests, depends on public opinion, which is the final tribunal that rules this country. To assist in arousing public interest and creating public opinion, on this important subject, is the aim and hope of the writer.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 26th, 1911.







*Some of our Japanese Iris*







## A Reformed Medium



**A**T the time of the experience hereinafter described I was about thirty-five years old, a lawyer with a fair practice, married and father of a family, and comfortably off. My education was completed at one of the great eastern colleges, where I took a bachelor's degree and gained a fair rank in my class. I have a strong taste for literature, with an especial inclination toward natural science, and have read rather widely. My health was generally excellent, though I am spare in figure, and of what is called a nervous temperament. On careful examination and criticism of myself I think I possess good common sense, and am little inclined to be carried away by my feelings, or hasty in coming to conclusions; in fact, it is my habit to reason pretty carefully over things before accepting them and to look on both sides of a question before coming to a conclusion.

In matters of belief, I followed my parents, who were church members and theoretically orthodox but of liberal tendencies. My father was a man of strong scientific tastes and considerable special



knowledge, and my mother was a woman of broad intelligence and cultivation. My education and reading rapidly liberalized my youthful orthodoxy and, after the period of boyish infidelity which most young men pass through, I settled down into something pretty near agnosticism, with an inclination to defer answering theological questions until I knew something about them, and a rather hazy confidence that such a course could do no great harm.

I had read of Spiritualism, but never had any personal experience of it, and classed it with many other crazes, as containing a small amount of truth and a great deal of humbug. The amount of trickery known to have been committed was so great, and the opportunity and motive for using it so considerable, that I had practically concluded that nothing was to be gained by investigating the subject, and that no testimony of others in regard to it was worthy of examination, much less of belief. The theory that souls of the dead communicated with the living through spiritualistic media seemed conclusively disproved by the fact that, if it were true that the best and greatest of the dead had been in communication with this earth for many years past, the world would surely have received from them some practical good, and so far as I could ascertain this was not the case. Communications, claimed to emanate from the wisest of the dead, seemed never to rise above the intellectual level of the commonplace living, and ordinary notions of the future state, couched in language of



glittering generality, seemed to be all the information that could be thus obtained from the other side of the gate of death. So, while thinking it probable that there was some unknown natural force, or some unknown action of a known force, behind the phenomena of spiritualism, clairvoyance, mind-reading and hypnotism, I considered it about hopeless to seek for any further knowledge, or any practical benefit, from investigation of these matters.

In what is called parlor mesmerism, where the blindfolded person is touched by another, and finds some hidden object, the location and nature of which he does not know, I found myself quite proficient, and have been very successful. Whether this arose from a real transference of thought, or merely from my nervous organization being sensitive to slight physical impressions, I did not know, but have always believed the latter. As an experiment I once submitted myself to a successful mesmerist, but found that his efforts produced no effect whatever.

Nearly twenty years later, while at a health resort devoted to the cure of nervous invalids, it happened that we again tried parlor mesmerism in the usual way with perfect success. Then at my suggestion the physician in charge took me into his office and blindfolded me there, while the other guests selected an object in the large gathering room, both the doctor and myself being ignorant of what it was. Then I was brought back into the middle of the big room, turned around three times and



left standing alone and untouched. Under these conditions I found the selected objects, twice in succession, simply by remaining absolutely passive and yielding to any impulse felt. This seems to me explicable only by thought transference.

Many years ago I went with a friend to see a famous slate-writing medium. We found her an attractive middle-aged woman, bright and intelligent, and evidently of sensitive nervous organization. We were shown into an upper room, brightly lighted by the afternoon sun, in the center of which was a small wooden table, with a thick cloth nailed round the edges and hanging to the carpeted floor. With the permission of the medium I moved away the table, thoroughly examined the floor, turned the table upside down and felt it all over, and found everything solid, and no trace of traps, openings or other devices. The table being replaced, the medium sat at one side of it, having her right side toward it, and we three sat at its other side and ends. Taking one of the ordinary double slates she put a very small fragment of pencil inside, closed the leaves, and passed her right hand, holding the slate, through a slit in the cloth. Her left hand lay across her lap and her feet extended beyond the table, and all were in our plain sight. The room was brightly lighted, and I watched the medium closely. After about five minutes we heard a scratching, such as a pencil makes on a slate, and in a minute or so the medium produced the slate with a message, from the particu-



lar spirit that she called her "control," written on the inside. The message was an ordinary salutation with a promise of assistance, and was plainly written. This was followed by a number of other messages produced in the same way, addressed to my friend by name, and purporting to come from his dead wife and father. They were all pleasant in tone but very general in subject matter and treatment.

At the request of the medium I wrote a note to a dead friend, addressing him by name and signing my own, asking a question, the answer to which was not in the medium's knowledge nor in my own and, after carefully folding it, placed it beneath the edge of the cloth with my foot upon it. In a few minutes a message was written upon the slate, addressed to me by name and signed with the name of my friend. It could only have been written by some one having knowledge of the contents of my note, *but did not answer my question.* The note was still under the cloth, on my side, in its original folds and apparently undisturbed. I am certain that neither the medium nor my friend saw the note while I was writing it, and do not think it possible for the medium to have reached it from where she sat. Certainly she could not have done so without making a motion which would have shown what she was doing, and I watched her closely and saw no such motion at all.

I then took a slate, scrubbed it carefully with my handkerchief and placed the bit of pencil inside,



and passed it under the table, holding it shut. The medium reached through a slit in the cloth, and took hold of the slate with me. I at once experienced a peculiar nervous thrill, in the ends of the fingers which held the slate, and in a minute or two heard and felt scratching as if some one were writing upon it. In about a minute the slate was shaken, which the medium said indicated that the message was completed, and, at my request, she let go of the slate, and I took it out on my side. Between the slates was a long message, addressed to me by name and signed by the name of my dead friend. It was of the same general character as the previous messages, and amounted to nothing in substance. The strange thing was how it got there.

I left the house suspecting that all the phenomena had been produced by clever trickery, but entirely unable to say how it was accomplished. All this took place in a strange city and the medium was not acquainted even with my name. I was especially struck with the fact that she seemed sincere and honest, and to thoroughly believe in herself and the truth of her manifestations. If she was a trickster she was a very clever actress.

I told a good many of my friends about my curious experience, but gradually ceased to think about it, and saw nothing more of the kind until the next year. Being then again in the same city, with several friends, I asked them all to go with me and see another exhibition. We had about the same success



as on my previous visit, in the way of slate-writing, though the effects were produced more slowly. At this interview I felt very noticeably curious nervous thrills in the fingers, now extending through the entire arm and accompanied with slight general disturbance of the nerves. I wrote a note to the "control" asking an explanation of my sensations, and was surprised to receive the answer, through the slate, that I was "an independent slate-writing medium, and would attain to eminence if I would develop my powers." The medium suggested that I should hold a pencil loosely upon a piece of paper and see whether it would write. I tried this, but obtained only meaningless scrawls, though my hand, when allowed to remain perfectly passive, moved about quite freely, under what seemed, so far as sensation went, a purely external impulse.

I regarded the message as merely a good joke, and laughed at it; but, on my return home, continued to often try the pencil and paper, and found my hand moved more and more freely, and the scrawls produced took on the direction and general appearance of written characters, though entirely illegible, until finally my hand wrote what seemed to be the name "Johnson." This was repeated very frequently, and finally the name "William" was written before it. Recalling what the medium said about controlling spirits, I asked whether "William Johnson" stood in that relation to me, and my hand wrote "Yes." By further questioning I ascertained that Mr. John-



son had lived in Columbus, Ohio, had died some twenty years before, and had never been acquainted with me and various other particulars.

I happened at this time to take a long sea voyage, so that I had every opportunity for continuing my discourse with my spirit friend, and progressing into intimacy, and this came rapidly. Later I secured a slate, and most of the messages were written upon it. It was only necessary for me to hold a pencil loosely upon the slate, allowing my arm to be perfectly passive, and the writing would begin. The words written never had any appreciable origin in my thoughts at the time, unless that they were answers to my questions; after a few days, however, the spirit, for I call the influence so for convenience, though now sure that it was nothing of the kind, began to make communications upon his own account, and these took the form of long addresses, breathing a lofty morality, a great kindness for me, and a desire to reform certain tendencies of mine, which I well knew to be harmful.

I fear that it is impossible for me to make a third person understand how entirely those messages seemed to come from some thinking being outside of myself, and to use my hand and pencil only as an instrument; but the illusion in this respect was complete. Then too, the character and spirit of the messages were such as to strongly incline me to confidence. They recalled me, a sceptic, to faith. They persuaded me, a self indulgent man, to self denial



and the restraint of that in me which I knew to be evil, and to the cultivation of what good traits I possessed. All this was done in the most sympathetic and kindly manner, and with a complete comprehension of my temptations, and sympathy with my feelings. In the plainest language the most intimate thoughts of my heart were commented upon, and my past transgressions were presented to me without a gloss. Altogether the reality was so perfect, and the plausibility so great, that I am amazed, looking back upon it all, that I did not entirely believe. For in fact I never did entirely believe. The contrast with all my former convictions was too violent for my faith to wholly accept the new doctrine. I kept a little saving doubt always with me, not purposely, but of necessity, and I firmly believe that that doubt, or rather the training that caused it, was the means of saving me from insanity afterwards.

The spirit constantly assured me that I should be able to produce slate writing, and urged me to frequently make the attempt, and, fortunately, I made that a sort of test of the reality of the influence. I said that, when I produced writing on the slate, I would believe entirely, but not until then. I was directed to take the double slate, put in the piece of pencil, wrap the whole in a cloth, place my fingers upon the slate beneath the cloth, and allow myself to be perfectly passive, not willing the writing to come, but confining my thought as far as possible to that subject. In these trials I found the nervous thrills



in the fingers rapidly increase in strength and pervade the arms to the elbows, the sensation being like an electric shock, though longer, or like that felt in the state called "asleep." These thrills would come in waves, increasing and subsiding, and though strange were not painful. My spirit guides assured me that in one of these "accesses," as they called them, the writing would begin, and would soon become easy. They promised success from day to day, but still it was not obtained, and, consequently, my entire adhesion was never given.

I also soon found that my counsellors, at least in things temporal, were not accurate. Any question I asked would receive an answer, but, at least half the time, these were entirely incorrect. I also found the messages inconsistent and sometimes directly contradictory. On asking an explanation I would be told that I "was surrounded by countless spirits, of different degrees of intelligence and ability, and that some of the younger were mischievous," or something of that character; in fact such an explanation as any one could invent after the fact.

Soon it became unnecessary for me to use a pencil and I could write with my finger on the table, or any plain surface, and so get the message, and my attention would be called by a slight thrill of the right arm. Later it became unnecessary for me to write at all. After the preliminary thrill, which was now more sudden and violent, the message would be produced in my mind, word by word as if spoken,



and always with the same lack of apparent relation to my own thoughts, and retaining most vividly its character of being external in origin. It was a voice, clearly articulate and distinct, and differing from the speech of a human friend only in being inaudible to others. Among a crowd or alone, I carried on long conversations with my invisible friend without a word spoken aloud on either side. I put to him the most searching questions on the origin of things, the existence of the Deity, the destiny of man, the permission of evil and the purpose of pain, and received replies, which were always given with assurance, and generally commended themselves to my judgment as reasonable and just. Sometimes the answer would be that "even the spirits did not know that, God alone knew, and it would all be well," but this would be only in response to an inquiry as to the motive of creation, or some such inexplicable matter.

A whole system of theology was outlined to me, and one of a strange and attractive nature. Great emphasis was placed on the statement that man and spirit rose or sank, in the spiritual scale, as each had greater or less love for those about him and for the maker of it all. Love was the measure of progress and the test of the relative position of each being upon the ladder. All nature was undergoing a great evolutionary movement; individuals rising or falling, but the great sum of motion being toward the better. Man was but one stage of the development



of a being which began with the lowest inorganic matter, and ended, beyond the rank of the loftiest angels, in absorption into the Deity, who was the origin and destination of all existence. When any being sank so low as to be void of affection for man or God, he became a demon, used sometimes as a minister of God's will, but generally confined to distant planets, and suffering unbearable punishment. Such a being was powerless to harm except by the will of the Deity, and with the effect of producing ultimate good, but was himself totally depraved, and only to be finally pardoned and reclaimed through God's mercy.

I will not try to describe further the world which surrounded me now, non-existent to all others, but to me so vivid as to make the real world seem shadowy, but beg the reader to realize, if possible, how great the change was from my former existence of careless, faithless self-indulgence, to this region of high thought and pure morality, and how strong a hold such an experience must have taken on a man doubtful of good, almost hopeless of the future, and secretly disgusted with the world and his life in it; but must hurry on to the later acts of my drama.

Now nearly all my time and attention were given up to this one supreme interest. The loved and lost constantly came to me, and I talked with them, far more freely and fully, and with far greater frankness and candor, than is possible between the living. My whole life was watched over, and I was



spiritually advised about every subject, and before every decision, even the most trivial. Before long the constant messages became a serious interference with continuity of thought. I was frequently interrupted in my office when trying to concentrate my mind on business, and this grew to be a serious annoyance. When I reasoned with my troublesome friends they would excuse themselves, and leave me for a while, but were likely to return at any time, and their promises were rarely kept. The good understanding and friendly relations between us seemed to be passing away, and the messages grew harsher in tone, and showed less consideration for my feelings. Finally, one night after I had gone to bed, the spirit took offense, and a torment began which consisted in the constant repetition of a trivial sentence. I struggled to resist but could not. The never ceasing round of words grew unendurable, like the torture of the water-drop. I felt myself in the grasp of some inexplicable power, malevolent in intention, and from which, being intangible, all human protection was vain. It seemed as if I must go mad if the torment continued. Then came a cessation, and a fierce voice seemed to exult over my subjection, and at the slightest effort of my bewildered mind to think, the dreadful repetition began again. In my extremity, hopeless of all human assistance, I called on God to help me, and besought Him most fervently for aid. And the aid came; the dreadful voice ceased; I seemed to hear loving voices bewail-



ing my suffering, and promising me help. I was told that my tormentor was a demon, who had been driven away and would not return, and was soothed to sleep as if by loving hands.

The next day I went to my physician and fully stated the case to him. We talked over all the circumstances, and he warned me most solemnly against allowing myself to go further with the subject, saying that death or insanity would certainly follow. I finally promised him that, at least for the present, I would not willingly receive communications, and would try, with the help of some medicine which he gave me, to resist the unknown power. That night the torment came again, and in my agony I prayed for help, but no help came, undoubtedly because my confidence had been shaken, and only when completely exhausted did sleep come to me.

By this time I had made up my mind that, whatever the nature of the power was, it was evil and dangerous, and that further communing with it meant destruction. I took a hammer and broke my slate, and resolved to do all in my power to resist. On my doctor's advice I went to the mountains on a shooting trip. This proved unfortunate, as I was too much alone and had too much leisure for thinking. The obsession was now almost continuous, and only by constant effort of will could I resist at all, and all the messages were threatening, dreadful and most perplexingly contradictory and inconsistent. At night I suffered torments, and lay awake for hour



after hour, repeating all the prose and poetry I could recall, trying to so occupy my mind as to leave no room for the awful voices. I was almost sleepless, constantly on the rack, and finally broke down, lost my courage and started for home, but with little hope of reaching it.

At this time my mental distress surpassed anything which I had ever imagined, and was a strange compound of terror, perplexity and despair. No human or physical assistance could ward off an attack from a power, intangible and invisible, but most powerful and malevolent. Whether I was really attacked by spiritual powers, or not, I knew that my mind was undergoing the most intense strain, and that insanity was probable. At the end of my long drive to the railroad I was so exhausted that the suffering was less, and was able to send a telegram to my doctor, asking him to meet me on the way, and then to sit down in a sort of stupor that was almost rest. I got a book and tried to read, and managed to some extent to keep my thoughts on the page, though constantly interrupted, but while on the train I was suddenly struck with the similarity of one of the messages to a conscious thought of my own of some time before, and then first conceived clearly the idea, which had indistinctly occurred to me previously, that I was possibly troubled by a morbid state of the memory, and not by an outside agency. I began experimenting, and after some time discovered that, when I had once clearly framed a thought and then



allowed my mind to be passive, the substance of this thought might be returned to me as a message, though the form would be changed from the first person to the second. Here was a gleam of light, and, before the city where my doctor was to meet me was reached, I had explained the manifestations to myself by a reasonably satisfactory working hypothesis and partially verified it by experiment, and was immensely relieved in my mind. Brain disease was bad enough, but at least capable of being treated by human means, and, in contrast to being the sport of intangible demons, seemed attractive. That night I slept soundly, partly from relief and partly from exhaustion, and in the morning my physician met me and took me home.

For months after I suffered keenly and only slept by the use of anodynes, and for a long time after any relaxation of the constant watch I kept over myself, brought trouble at once; but the influence grew less and less powerful, and at last entirely disappeared. What tormented me most was the constant repetition of an idea, to which I have already referred. This I controlled by repeating to myself, mentally, the words "Patience" and "Rest," simultaneously. Finding by experience that my mind could clearly receive two ideas at the same time, but that this seemed to be the limit of its capacity, and that, when occupied with these two words, it had no room for anything else. Doubtless also these two ideas acted as an auto-suggestion, and produced a state of mind corresponding to their significance.



It has been hard for me to tell this story, for I am not proud of it and it is painful to recall, and I have only brought myself to do so from thinking that it might be useful to others. The facts as stated are absolutely exact, and seem to me to throw at least a little light on the character of the human mind as well as on the nature of some of the phenomena of spiritualism and other mystical beliefs. I can now understand how Spiritualistic Mediums can be honestly mistaken, and can take the countless and multi-varying ideas, which are ordinarily never distinctly formulated in consciousness, when so repeated, like reflections from a mental mirror, for bona-fide messages from spirits. Lately I have read Mr. Moll's book on "Hypnotism" and found his account of automatic writing, and his theory of the secondary consciousness, most suggestive and interesting in the light of my own experience.

I am now reasonably well satisfied that the strange phenomena which I have imperfectly described may be hypothetically explained substantially as follows, on the physiological side.

Of the countless objects and events, surrounding man at every moment, each individual one makes a distinct impression upon him and leaves its trace upon his brain, although but a small fraction of these impressions are ever recognized by primary consciousness. Each impression so produced may be figured as a track or pathway through the brain substance, and memory as a conscious state, accompany-

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ing or caused by the passage of a wave of nervous energy along this track, which recalls, more or less imperfectly, the producing original image or event. So the "Association of Ideas" may be physically explained by supposing that a wave of energy, on intersecting the track formed by a previous brain impression, finds it easier to follow the former path, as a line of least resistance, than to continue its course through undisturbed brain tissue. Continued unusual mental activity and strain produce a morbid and irritable state of the brain matter, which renders these recalled impressions more violent and noticeable. In my case this condition was gradually produced by my concentration on the spiritualistic idea, and by practice the power of noting these faint memories became more perfect.

Never having been noted in consciousness, or having been long forgotten, these recurrent ideas seemed to have no origin in my personality, but to come from some source outside of myself. In the same way each of my wonderings as to the nature of this strange power, and each of my terrors and hopes, produced its record in my brain, and would be again reflected to my consciousness on the passage of another stimulus, and take the same external character, being inclined strongly to do so from my course of thought and my expectant attention. Habit rapidly grew, and continual practice brought greater ability in perception, while continued and increasing strain promoted the morbid condition of the nervous sys-



tem. Insanity, or a reasonable explanation, were the only possible outcome.

Then, too, I have been brought to realize to some extent, the immense power of conviction, belief, over man; "the power of the fixed idea." Let belief be only strong enough and it brings corresponding action as a necessary consequence. Man's welfare, his worldly prosperity, his health, and his life itself become of secondary importance in his own eyes. Faith, complete and unquestioning, can do anything with man, and it makes no difference whether this faith is grounded in truth or error, provided it be sufficiently complete. The Christian Martyr, braving the fiery stake with rapture; the Indian devotee, hurling himself under the wheels of the Car of Jagath; the cruel Inquisitor, smiling over the fiery torments of the heretic; the so-called Christian Scientist, seeing her nearest and dearest dying for the lack of proper medical care; and the poor hypnotic subject, who yields up his own mind to the idea suggested by the operator; are one and all instances of the same law, and one and all are under the power of the fixed idea. Faith can indeed remove mountains, but she is powerful for evil as for good, and may be as complete and as effectual, when based on a dreadful error, or an abject superstition, as when resting on the most perfect moral and spiritual law which the mind of man has conceived.

Of one thing I am well assured. Spiritualism is wholly based on a morbid mental condition of the



medium. It is incapable of doing any real good and may do the greatest harm. The man who dallies with it is playing with fire, and risking the most terrible misfortunes. It is to be dreaded and avoided like a pestilence.

The one unsolved question to me is, whether slate-writing is produced by trickery or by the actual transmission of force in some manner not understood. Should I have obtained writing by persevering in the trial? I do not really know, but at any rate my experiments in that direction are over.

I was in perfect health at the beginning of this experience, was much broken down at its climax, but am now reasonably well again. My trouble was mental in its cause, and mental in its cure. I made my own torment and worked out my own salvation.

The reader may believe this a personal experience, that of a friend, or pure fiction, as he may think probable, but it will be wise for him to act as though it were absolutely accurate.





Having few or no pictures available for some chapters, those on hand have been arranged as well as possible, but do not always fit the text.



THE END



























